THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AUGUST 12, 1922

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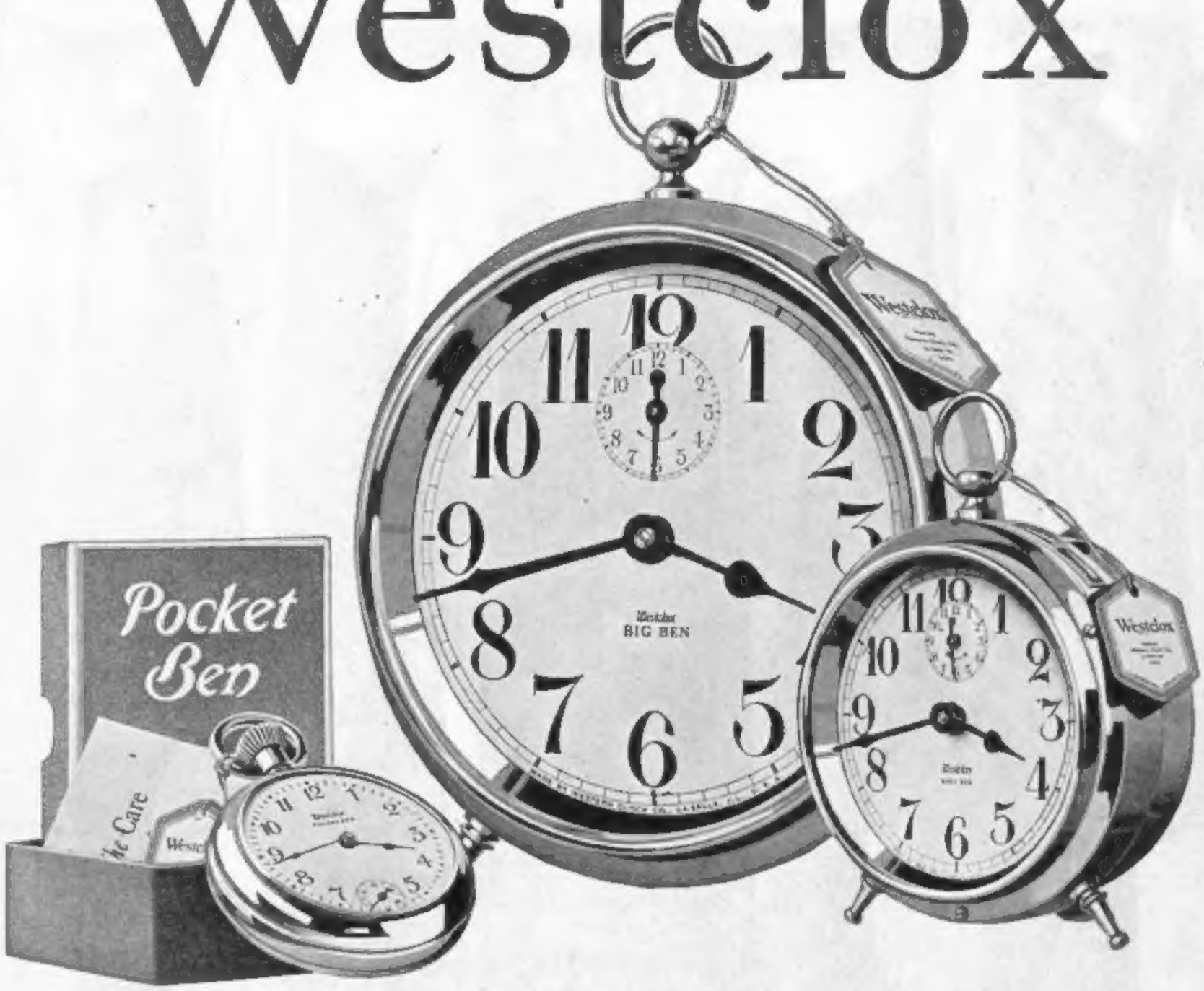

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LAUGHTER, LTD.

"Am I Really Like Trixie Trueman?" I Says. "I Don't Care So Much for Some of the Others. I Go to Pictures a Lot, and I'm Awfully Critical"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Introduction

WHEN some people write the story of their life it is a sign that they are dead. Take Johnson, the one that Boswell wrote the scenario for. And look how Shakspere wrote about Cæsar after somebody had handed him a haymaker. And so forth.

There are in the motion-picture world also a class of dead ones who allow somebody else to write their biography. Dead from the neck up, anyways. They may be alive as stars all right, but they couldn't write a continuity for the story of a custard pie. So when one of the trade or fan papers decide to shove a piece of their private history before the public for consideration of one dollar in hand paid and other good and valuable consideration, why all the star generally does is sign the piece and phone down to the publicity department for some new stills.

As a result there is a lot of misunderstanding in the public mind about what goes on in pictures. I mean about the real inside dope. Some have the idea that we are a bunch of sky chasers who never hit anything lower than the roof of the Singer Building, and are morally as bad if not worse than what they think rich society people are. But these of course are not the sappy fans who believe what they read in the picture magazines. These latter go around with the cuckoo illusion that a motion-picture star's private life is all front lawn, white flannel clothes, dainty children and sweet mothers, the whole served with vanilla sauce, and tinctured with extract of noble sentiment. While as a plain matter of fact neither type of fan is correct.

Realizing it to be high time somebody who knew told the truth about pictures and picture people was what decided me on writing my own story instead of making my mark just over The End on the stuff Benny had sent up to me from our lot.

"Miss Delane," says young Mr. Rolf, our publicity head, flapping a fat typewritten manuscript at me. "The Big Egg has O.K'd this script for Closeups. It's your autobiography and it ought to go over big. Kate Kinner wrote it—the girl who did your How-I-Brush-My-Teeth story, and that thing of yours about The Way to Hold Men, for the same magazine."

"Give me it," I says, reaching for the dope sheet; and he did, and this is what I saw:

MY PAST AND MY PEOPLE

Bonnie Delane, Famous Silvercrown Star, tells her own story exclusively for Closeups Magazine. The inner life of America's best-known picture actress revealed for the first time for Closeups readers.

"Oh, is that a fact?" I says, very much interested. "This is a revelation not only to the public but to me. How does your department get that way, anyhow?"

"Oh, it's a good story," says Slim Rolf hastily. "You'll like it. We start you out the daughter of a Spanish countess and describe your father, the general, and how you went to the most exclusive schools and convents until the big smash came, and ——"

"Hold!" I says. "Big smash is well said! And as for old General Debility—say, Slim, how far do you think you can go, anyways? With your imagination you ought to be in the scenario department."

"Well, far be it from me to tell the truth on you, honey," says Rolf with a grin.

"That's a nasty crack from a broken little mug like you!" I says. "What's the matter with introducing a little truth into pictures for a novelty?"

"What do you want to do—wreck the industry?" says he.

"Say, listen!" I says. "Pictures are too strong ever to be wrecked by anything unless it's this false front the ones that is in it keeps up all the time."

"Whatter you mean, false front?" says Rolf.

"I mean in the private lives of actors and etcetera. If the picture people really lived the lives the picture magazines attribute to them they would all be dead of anæmia long ago!"

"Ennui!" says Slim.

"Well, something weakening!" I conceded. "And say, honey," I went on, "you don't for one minute think the public believes that guff, do you?"

"They buy it," he pointed out. "You see, Bonnie, they don't want to know the truth!"

"Don't they, though!" I exclaimed. "Say, listen! There's nothing in the world they would rather know. Pictures are the biggest, most important art in the world today and have got the biggest future of any, and the public knows it. Also the public hears a lot of dope about wild times, big money, crooked contracts, and something-for-nothing generally; and as it is their admission money which is being spent that way, they are interested. Also because of the glamour of it, Slim, but most of all because pictures have come to stay—people believe in them, and with cause. They are the greatest ——"

"Whoa!" says Rolfie. "Any time you get fired come over to the hot-air department and see me."

"But I mean it!" I says earnestly. "This is the greatest art-industry in the world, and truth would never hurt it; truth, you know, kid, never injured any innocent party yet!"

"Have a heart!" says Slim. "When did pictures get so pure?"

"Oh, I know there is plenty of crooks out of jail," I says impatiently, "but they are not all in the picture business. There are also plenty of angels out of heaven, and they are not all registered exclusively with us, either. And my publishing twelve installments of fumigated biography isn't going to fool anybody. Why, nobody could be as pure or as swell as this stuff makes me out, and live! I refuse to let it be printed."

"Well, the magazine has contracted for your life story, and we got to deliver. Besides, think of the publicity!" remarked Slim.

"All right!" I says, inspired. "I got nothing to do for the next week; I'll write it myself!"

Rolf looked at me as if he'd overdrawn at the bank.

"Well, go easy, now!" he says uncomfortably. "Of course you are your own boss and can do as you like, but just kindly remember you are under no real necessity to tell on the family."

"I'll tell nothing uncalled for," I says. "Although, of course, no matter what I write somebody will be sure to kick about it."

"And you'll publish what you write?" says Slim, wrinkling up his nose in a troubled way he has.

"I will," I says, firm as an old maid at the altar.

"Well, I wisht you'd leave me see it before it goes out," says Rolf.

"Nix!" I replied.

"But there's likely to be mistakes in grammar and everything!" Rolfie objected frankly.

"There will be, in the grammar," I said. "But no editing from you, much obliged just the same!"

"Well, don't put any salt on the tail of any boomerang, that's all, Bonnie," says Slim, gloomily picking up his kelly and the rejected script, "or you might catch it in the neck yourself!"

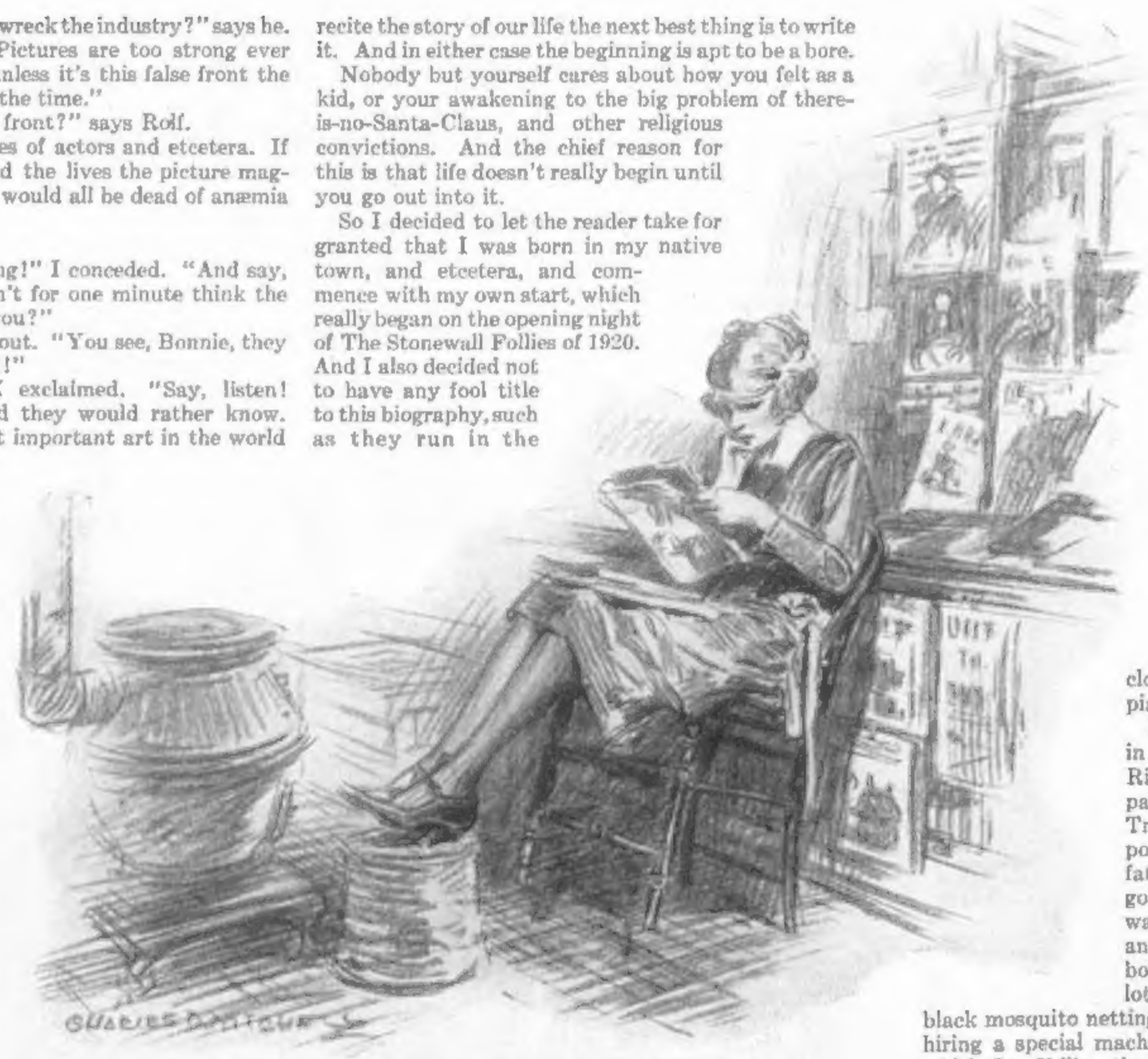
Flashing which melancholy subtitle he departed, and left me stacked up against the big proposition which I had undertaken.

Well, after Slim had gone I got to thinking the matter over, and the more I thought the greater amount of enjoyment I got out of it.

To begin with, everybody will realize how much pleasure it is for any woman to talk about herself. And further, the merest dumb-bell will realize what a kick is to be got out of telling the story of one's life. Anybody will do it—just give 'em the chance, that's all! Of course the habit is mostly confined to drunks, but pretty nearly anyone will come across after a little urging, and some, on the contrary, you can't stop from doing it. And lacking the chance to recite the story of our life the next best thing is to write it. And in either case the beginning is apt to be a bore.

Nobody but yourself cares about how you felt as a kid, or your awakening to the big problem of there-is-no-Santa-Claus, and other religious convictions. And the chief reason for this is that life doesn't really begin until you go out into it.

So I decided to let the reader take for granted that I was born in my native town, and etcetera, and commence with my own start, which really began on the opening night of The Stonewall Follies of 1920. And I also decided not to have any fool title to this biography, such as they run in the ordinary picture magazine, but to call it by the simple plain name of



I Never Looked at the Cheap Fiction Stuff, Hardly. I Deliberately Let it Lie While I Pried Off a Lot of Culture

THE REAL STORY OF BONNIE DELANE'S STARTLING CAREER
BY HERSELF

I

I NEVER could of done it if I had known Stricky was in the audience. You know how it is, perhaps. You can make a swell snappy speech at the stag dinner, but only stutter if friend wife is amongst those present. Or if your sweetie is down front, the valedictory which sounded so well in front of your bedroom mirror comes out like the contents of a nonrefillable bottle, in little spouts and dashes.

So it's a good thing I didn't know Strick was there until afterward, although why I didn't see him when I looked out at the audience from behind the curtains of the high-school-auditorium stage is a wonder to me, because to begin with he was a complete stranger to our town and was sitting all the time with Bert Green, our leading and only photographer, and I was kind of looking for old Bert, he being a particular friend of mine and had taken a lot of photos of me free, on account of my map going so well in his showcase.

But some way or another I missed seeing either of those boys. You know the way a big hall seating nearly three hundred people and all lit up with a dozen or more electric lights looks from the stage—sort of blurry and confusing. I could hardly tell one from another, except, of course, pop, but then I had bought his seat myself and I could plainly see him occupying it and a little bit of the seats on either hand, as well.

Then I was terribly excited too. Ridiculous, of course, because here I had been acting in every show the Stonewall Dramatic Club had given for the past three winters, or since I was just barely fifteen, and had ought to of become accustomed to the big audiences that always turned out on these occasions. But although I played the leading woman's part the year we gave The Mikado and had led the Floradora Sextet in the performance we gave for the benefit of the new church organ, and other parts besides, not to mention receiving the Mrs. Carrie Benton Prize for elocution in grammar school, I had never got over being nervous before a performance, and going all hot and cold and my throat pulsing and other bona fide symptoms of the genuine artistic temperament. And this night of the Stonewall Follies of 1920, which was a sort of super amateur vaudeville, I was about to do a daring novelty specialty which my chum Ella Benton and Mr. Schoonmacker, our choirmaster, and I had gotten up ourselves, so I felt more temperamental than usual.

It was really a wonderful program we had, taking off all the follies of the town of Stonewall, you see. There was a opening violin solo by little Annie Benton, Ella's younger sister, and the committee had put that on the program first because of being afraid the folks wouldn't wait for it otherwise as Annie was only eleven and her mother had kindly but firmly volunteered Annie's services.

Then after Annie had played Moonlight on the Sonata, by Beethoven, there was a scream of a skit on our Ladies' Literary Club meeting, with fat old Mr. Edwards, the bicycle-repair-shop man, as Mrs. Edwards, his own wife, leading the meeting. Then after that a couple of the boys sang a song that had a line on pretty nearly everybody in the hall in it, to the tune of You'd be Surprised, and Mr. Schoonmacker, in evening clothes, played A Medley Jazz on the piano, and then came our act.

It was a parody on Trixie Trueman in her great special film production Rich Men's Daughters, and I took the part of Trixie. It was the scene where Trixie is rocking the cradle with her poor little unwanted baby in it, and her father—that was Mr. Schoonmacker—goes off to work, and the heavy—that was Ella, in boy's clothes, mustache and all—comes in and tries to kill them both. If I do say it we had gone to a lot of trouble with the set, having hung black mosquito netting between us and the audience, and hiring a special machine all the way from New Haven, which Joe Shilke, the colored janitor of the school, operated for us from the balcony and which threw a flickery light on us while we acted, giving just exactly the effect of a moving picture—almost.

Well, I went through my part without accident, and Mr. Schoonmacker was fine, and if Ella hadn't lost her mustache in the excitement towards the end, the act would of gone off perfectly. By good luck the folks thought she lost it on purpose, and anyways the act went over big, so that when I left the stage my cheeks felt like they was burning up, and I hardly knew I was walking as I come around through the wings where the blackboards and desks and things which usually occupied the stage had been stored for the evening, meaning to go down front in my costume and make-up and see the rest of the show myself; also to give the audience another chance to look at me the way I was. It's awful hard to lay off acting, once you got a costume on.

Well, as I come down the steps from the stage door that opened out into the hall, naturally one or two grabbed me and told me how good I was, and first among them of course was Bert.

"Bonnie, you were immense!" he says in a loud whisper, his glasses falling off his long nose the way they always did every few minutes when he got excited, but always fortunately being caught by the black string he had them on. "Immense—simply great! We all thought you were wonderful!"

"Did you, honest, Bert?" I whispered back. And then I noticed Bert was not alone. Behind him in the dimness was another man—some boy, I could lamp that, even in the dark! And then in another second Bert was making us acquainted.

"Meet Miss Bonnie McFadden, Mr. Greg Strickland," Bert whispered. "Stricky thought your acting was immense," he added in a whisper as the elegant Mr. Strickland and I shook.

"Delighted!" he murmured. "Aren't you coming to sit with us?"

I could only nod dumbly, because the curtain was getting ready to struggle up again by now, and we had to hustle into our seats. But all through the next number, which was a kind of Americanized Greek dance, rendered by Miss Lassell, the Delsarte teacher, I could hardly look at the stage for looking at Mr. Strickland, and yet trying not to let him know it.

This bird was far different from any which had as yet flown into our town; I got that right away. And I was in a position to know, because of meeting probably more visiting men than any other girl. You see I did practically all the buying for pop's store and saw every traveling man that come through. But none of these were the least bit like Mr. Strickland.

I kept sizing him up out of the corner of my eye, and he certainly had class. Washed? Within a inch of his life!

He was the most thoroughly washed-looking person I had ever set eyes on. He even smelled faintly of some clean scent that wasn't soap and certainly wasn't cologne. The handkerchief peeping out of his breast pocket was pure linen with a hand-embroidered cut-work monogram, and everything else about him was to match. I don't mean in the sense of socks and tie and colored border. Far from it. I mean he had class, snap, and an awful lot of knowledge showed in every line. He sure give me a thrill, and made me wild with excitement about who and what he was and where he come from. And when in the middle of Miss Lassell's Greek dance he leaned across me and whispered to Bert, I nearly passed out on the minute, for here is what he said.

"I say, Bert!" he whispered, not loud, but only so's the people in our immediate vicinity could hear him—"I say, Bert, the last time I had dinner with Doug and Mary, Charlie did a parody of a dance like that, and by Jove, it was almost as funny as this is!"

"Is that so?" says Bert. "It must of been immense! Mr. Strickland is in the pictures," he added to me.

Well, he didn't need to. I had got it the first time. My heart give a jump so big it's a wonder I didn't lose it. So that was the answer, was it? I might of known! Perhaps he was even a well-known lead? I took a good look at his handsome profile, and decided not. If he had been anybody's juvenile I would of known it, for very few had got by me, even then, and I don't know how our local picture theater would of met expenses only for Ella and me.

"So you are in the pictures, Mr. Strickland?" I whispered at him.

"Ah—yes!" he whispered back. "Casting director with Silvercrown."

That was pretty nearly too much for me. If he had of said he was the President it wouldn't of been half the jolt. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, in front, heard, and turned to look. Also everybody else in hearing distance, one at a time, the way they do when they overhear things. Then Miss Lassell's act was over to polite clapping and the lights come on. Right away Mr. Strickland turned toward me, leaning on the back of his chair, his big brown eyes sort of eating me up.

"I say, Bertie, old boy," said he, still looking at me, however, "can't we cut out of this and go somewhere? I'm sure Miss McFadden has seen this amateur stuff often enough already, and I'm dying to talk to the only real actress in the show!"

Imagine!

"Why, I guess we could go over to the ice-cream parlor," says Bert.

"How about it?" says Strickland quickly to me, already reaching for his hat. "Let's go!"

"All right!" I says. "But my make-up ——"

"Oh, never mind it," says Strickland. "It is charmingly becoming."

And then somehow we were up and leaving the hall. A thing which simply wasn't done at a Stonewall Dramatic Club's annual performance. People turned and stared. But all of a sudden I felt miles above them; I belonged to the professional world. I was a talented young actress using her privilege of behaving different from the common herd and just naturally beating it off in company with a casting director and a art photographer. We should worry about a bunch of hicks gathered to watch a bum amateur show, or what they thought of us!

In fact the only thing worried me was that pop might spot us and wish himself on the party. But luckily he didn't, and I got my coat out of the lobby as quick as I could, and then the three of us set off along the wet, wintry street in the dark, with the damp leaves sticking to the tar pavements and to our shoes, down towards Joe's place, where the red-and-white electric ice-cream sign made a bright spot in the silent center of town.

"Are you staying here long?" I asked as soon as I got courage enough to control my throat.

"Just for tonight," said he. "I have my reservations West for tomorrow. I've wired the Coast to expect me by Monday at the latest."

"California?" says I.

"Yes," says Mr. Strickland, swishing at the dead leaves. "Hollywood. You'd better come along," he added, laughing.

"Sure thing!" I says. "Will you get me a job?"

"I'd like the chance, no kidding," says he. "You have a face that would screen wonderfully, Miss McFadden."

"That's what I always tell her!" says old Bert eagerly. "I'd just like to show you the last set of cabinet photos I've made of her."

"I'd like to see them," says Strickland. "Of course you know you are exactly Trixie Trueman's type," he went on. "Only of course she is dark. By the way, I see in the papers that she hasn't yet signed her new contract with Silvercrown, just as I advised her. He only offered her twenty-five hundred a week, which is of course absurd for a girl in her position.

"I told her she'd be a fool to take it unless he gave her a piece of the picture as well."

"Of course!" I says, trying to appear as casual as he. "How ridiculous!"

"Why, I think it's immense!" put in Bert, his eyeglasses falling off. "Simply immense! What they tell about the big money in pictures is really so, then? I always thought it was just for advertising!"

"Of course it's true," says the visitor. "Fairbanks makes at least a million a year, and heaven only knows what the producers rake in! Of course a little chap like myself isn't worth much—I only draw down five hundred a week, but then, what do you expect for doing all the real work?"

He seemed to think so little of the money that I didn't dare pass any remark about that. But an idea was already simmering in my brain.

"Bert," I says, "if Mr. Strickland would really like to see how I photograph couldn't you show him some pictures?"

"Why not run up to the studio instead of the ice-cream place?" said Mr. Strickland. "We can smoke up there."

"Well, if Bonnie says so," says Bert doubtfully. "We are right at it now."

"Of course, why not?" I says, trying to be naturally Bohemian, but my heart pounding. To begin with, it was the first time anybody in Stonewall had called Bert's shop a studio. Secondly, it was also the first time I had ever gone to a studio at night. But I did it. That evening I was crazy, and happy. All made up like an actress, in a studio, with two professional men; with cigarettes, even! When we were inside, and Bert was getting out my pictures, I even took a cigarette myself, from Mr. Strickland's gold-filled case.

"You know you really ought to go in the pictures, Miss McFadden!" he says, lighting it for me. "No kidding; you are wasting your time in this dead little burg."

"Am I really like Trixie Trueman?" I says. "She's my favorite. I don't care so much for some of the others. I go to pictures a lot, and I'm awfully critical."

"No wonder!" says he. "Considering what a lot most actors get away with! But you'd be a hit, I know! I'll say you are the best-looking girl I've seen in years. You won't mind me saying that?"

"And you think I'd screen?" says I.

"My dear girl, it's my business to know!" he comes back at me. "What do you think a casting director is?"

Well, up to then I hadn't been exactly sure, but now I realized that my hunch had been right. He was the bird that picked the chickens for parts! I wasn't any more excited than if I had found a diamond necklace. But I didn't show it—much.

"You know you really are a most unusual type," he went on. "Quite ideal, in fact. Those yellow curls, now—I'll bet they are your own!"

"Of course!" I says.

"Trixie's aren't," said he.

"What?" says I.

"Great heavens, I've seen her pin them on!" he laughed.

I just absolutely couldn't speak for a moment. They paid her twenty-five hundred a week and her hair was false, and mine was real! Why, if that was so my hair ought to be worth heavens knew what!

"Look at these!" says Bert proudly, bringing out my pictures, every one of them mounted on his special embossed extra-strong folders, sepia finished.

There I was at two years, at six, at ten. Then in my graduation dress. And these I sort of hated Mr. Strickland to see, but Bert loved them all. The one with the gauze around my bare shoulders and the rose behind my ear had more class, and my heart thumped hard when Mr. Strickland held it up to the arch light.

"Wonderful future!" he murmured. "All you've got to do is to try! You ought to come out to the Coast. It's the only sensible thing to do."

"Of course if I were to come out to Los Angeles," I says languidly, "it would have to be worth while. I can't really afford experiments."

"Hollywood is where you'd go," says he. "That's the real picture center. And of course you couldn't expect to make a million right off the post. A bit would be as much as you'd be likely to pry off for a while, but even seventy-five or a hundred a week is enough to exist on until you got on your feet. As I was saying to Bill Hart the other night over at his place, 'Bill,' I said, 'the trouble with pictures is that there are not enough people in them willing to start at the bottom; they all want to jump in at the top.'"

"I'd start at the beginning," I said breathlessly, "and I'd manage on seventy-five a week! Why, Mr. Strickland, I never received seventy-five dollars all at once in my life! Do you think I could make that much?"

He laughed in that easy, refined way of his, showing his white teeth, awfully sharp under the neat little dark mustache.

"Say, listen, Bonnie," he says. "You'd knock 'em cold out there. Why, you'd draw a job at that price twenty-four hours after you landed."

"Your words are like music, Stricky," I says right back at him, first name and all, just to show I was no amateur. "But I don't see how I could get away."

"Say, listen!" he said. "Why not come out? Think of Hollywood as compared to this dump! No cold, no rain to speak of—lots of sunshine and flowers all the year. And the beaches—wait until you see the beaches! You couldn't give me the East! Not after living ten years on the Coast! Why, there's nothing to it!"

He meant no argument against it. I give a sigh and stared about at Bert's handsome, real varnished, all-solid-white-pine studio with the framed group of the Sunshine Society Convention on the south wall. Gee, but it seemed unreal to me at that moment! The only reality was the picture of California that Stricky had just parked in my mind. It was as delicious as perfume. But I didn't lose my head. I'd met too many traveling men single-handed, for that.

"California would be nice," I says, "if you are sure I could get a job there."

"Why, there's nothing to it!" he says again. "With your face, your hair, your figure, and your height —— About four feet eight, aren't you?"

(Continued on Page 40)

As I Come Down the Steps From the Stage Door, Naturally One or Two Grabbed Me and Told Me How Good I Was, and First Among Them of Course Was Bert

THE CHANGING EAST

JAPAN IN TRANSITION

By Isaac F. Marcosson

General Yamanashi

Baroness Ishimoto, Japan's Woman Liberal

Yusuke Tsurumi

ONE day last February a vast crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Imperial Diet Building in Tokio. The space immediately in front of the low rambling structure had been roped off, but every adjacent street was packed with a slow-moving mass of people.

An almost uncanny hush pervaded this assemblage. Save for the eternal clop-clop of wooden shoes, the incessant rattle of police sabers, and the jingle of spurs on the mounted gendarmes, there was no noise. As I viewed this spectacle I wondered how seventy-five thousand men—and this is a conservative estimate—could be so well behaved. Even for Japan, where repression of feeling is a fine art, it was remarkable.

But that was only one detail of an astonishing demonstration. Another was embodied in the elaborate precautions taken by the authorities to preserve order. There were at least eight thousand uniformed officials of one kind or another, ranging from ordinary Tokio police to smartly clad cavalrymen. Every one of them looked for trouble, yet was unable to find it. Strict orders had been given to keep the host on the move, and the moment a man stopped he was hustled on. The only deviation from the endless chain of humanity was when a little kimonoed figure left the line and handed a petition, often signed in blood, to a Diet functionary who stood surrounded by soldiers.

Although not a jeer escaped from this crowd, nevertheless it seemed to release a dull murmur like the far-away beat of the sea. The demonstration that I have described—the government declared that it was a staged spectacle and without significance—was organized to influence the Diet in favor of the universal manhood suffrage bill then before that body. It was a forlorn hope, because four days later the measure was killed according to the program framed by the powers that be. Hence that orderly crowd might have let off a little steam for all the good that their restraint had done them.

The Worm Begins to Turn

I PRESENT this slice of Tokio life for several reasons. The first is to show that even in Japan the worm, otherwise the public, has begun to turn. After decades of blind acquiescence to the bureaucratic will the instinct for something like political and social independence is asserting itself. Other Diets will continue to squelch universal-suffrage bills, but each year it will become increasingly difficult. This is evident from the fact that the protest of last year was slight compared with the show I witnessed.

The day will doubtless come when the demand of the people will be heeded, but it may be remote. Nothing moves swiftly in the Orient. Time is the cheapest of all commodities. Where a Western nation, under similar provocation, would take the bit into its teeth and ride to freedom through a shambles, the Japanese will calmly say to himself: "There is plenty of time. We will try the peaceful process again." Meanwhile a vague liberalism is seething in its own way and you need not wander far in the Island Empire to find that democracy has become more than a phrase. For the moment it is a new toy and the Japanese are a little shy of what seems to many to be a dangerous plaything. But no one can doubt that it has arrived.

So much for one side of the picture. The other, as also revealed by the memorable scene before the Diet Building, shows that in the Japan of today, as in the Russia of yesterday, officialdom is determined to defend its prerogatives to the last ditch. All the forces of reaction are still mobilized to defeat the popular will. What happened on the streets in February was duplicated in the legislative halls. A bureaucracy that is nothing more or less than an Oriental Tammany Hall decreed that the suffrage bill be defeated, and it was.

Here in a nutshell you have the line-up in what will probably be the last of the struggles for popular government. Japan is in transition, and on the outcome will depend not only the political destiny of an unusual people but something of the fate of the entire Orient as well. Even if China achieves the miracle of a stable and unified government, Japan will continue as the unofficial steward of Asia.

No phase of the changing East therefore is more vital—certainly none is more picturesque—than this drama of new thought and action which has begun to unfold amid an austere imperial setting. The extraordinary feature is that regardless of what lengths Japanese liberalism may go—and its hand was strengthened by the Washington conference—the emperor business is likely to continue. In Japan as in no other country the sovereign is the traditional Son of Heaven, a deity who ranks first in the loyalty of his people. Even if Japan went Bolshevik, which is highly improbable, the mob that might burn down a bank or loot the home of a profiteer would assemble half an hour later before the Imperial Palace and yell "*Banzai!*" for the Mikado. Because of such kinks as this the process of evolution is invested with peculiar interest and may be delayed.

Do not delude yourself with the idea, however, that the East is dead slow. Certain changes are coming so swift and fast, especially in Japan, that the populace cannot realize them. The movement for universal suffrage, for example, has developed to an extent that surprises the instigators. In the Foreign Office, that traditional and hidebound agency for enforcing the bureaucratic idea, the junior secretaries are in revolt against the procedure that prescribes long years of drastic routine before an opportunity is given for the display of individual talent. The leader is the young Marquis Komura, Councillor of the Foreign Office and heir of the great statesman who headed the Japanese delegation at the Portsmouth conference. The latter would turn over in his grave if he knew the radical tendencies of his son. In the government itself the established order of one week is in the scrap heap the next. When I was in Japan in March, Viscount Takahashi was apparently intrenched as Premier. When I returned in June his ministry had not only fallen but a dent had been made in the system that ordained cabinets.

Prophecy a Hazardous Business

IN CHINA it is even more difficult to keep abreast of the march of events, and it is infinitely harder to try to chronicle them. During the last week of March I visited Marshal Chang Tso-lin at Mukden. At that time he was not only viceroy of Manchuria but dictator of the Peking Government as well. War lord of the North, enormously rich, and with a huge army at his back, his position seemed impregnable. Before the article I wrote about him reached America he had been defeated by General Wu Pei-fu, and the Chinese situation was reversed. Instead of being China's strong man, as he was unanimously hailed when I talked with him, he was merely a discredited soldier trying to reorganize his shattered forces.

Hence prophecy, always a dangerous proposition no matter where projected, becomes a much more uncertain venture when you deal with the Orient, particularly in these shifting times. I can only point out what I have actually seen and heard, and let it go at that. So far as Japan is affected, even the most casual visitor must agree with Lafcadio Hearn that the longer you remain in the country the less you know about what is really going on in the people's minds.

To find out just what is going on in Japan requires a preliminary survey. To begin with, there is nothing actually new in the fact that the empire is in transition. She has been in a state of evolution ever since Commodore Perry dropped anchor in the harbor of Yeddo in 1853. From that moment feudalism began to take on the veneer of

modernism. What most people do not realize about Japan is that despite all the assimilation of so-called Western civilization the feudal idea persists amid foreign clothes, aëroplanes and telephones. Wherever you turn you see some evidence of the weird contrasts that prevail. The tracks of the best railway express service in the Orient, for example, parallel the worst excuse for public highways in the world. As a matter of fact Japan, with all her progress, has no good roads.

Yukio Ozaki, Japan's Foremost Liberal

Deep down within most Japanese—and this includes the enlightened and traveled ones—there is an eternal conflict between the feudal conception as symbolized in the ancient ideals of art, religion, literature and government, and modern thought. Whether to tradition or ancestors, loyalty is a fetish with the Nipponese. In the face of this dilemma the much-advertised expansion of Japan in industry and otherwise is all the more remarkable because it is an external transformation. You can never tell what a Japanese is thinking about by what he does. An Osaka magnate may build a chain of factories equipped with every modern time and labor saving device. He may speak excellent English, wear a morning coat in his office, and eat foreign food at his up-to-date club at lunch time. The Westerner who does business with him will say, "What a completely westernized Japanese he is!" Yet the moment this hypothetical little brown brother gets home in the evening he may strip off his morning coat, give his neck immunity from the ordeal of a stiff starched collar, put on a flowing kimono and eat his evening repast seated on the floor and with the aid of chopsticks. Moreover, if he wants diversion he is likely to call in a geisha to amuse him with song and dance. In other words, as soon as he leaves the glare of the outside world he becomes the unreconstructed Japanese in life and habit.

Occidental Veneer

I ONCE asked a highly intelligent Japanese who wore foreign clothes every day and with whom I came in frequent contact how he felt when he put on his kimono. His immediate reply was, "I feel as if I were really living again, for I detest Western clothes."

In Tokio a well-informed American told me a story which shows how unerringly the "advanced" Japanese run true to form and tradition the moment they get back to their home land. Here it is in substance: The son of a rich and famous old family met the daughter of an equally illustrious Japanese line in New York. They were both wearing foreign clothes and dwelt for the moment in an alien land. The young man broke all the traditions of his country by falling in love with the girl and marrying her. As most people know, practically all marriages in Japan are arranged. Sentiment seldom enters into the proceedings, and there is never a display of affection as we know it. Kissing among grown-ups is an almost unheard-of sacrilege. All kissing scenes are cut out of foreign motion pictures shown in Japan.

So long as these young people lived in America the husband was a devoted lover. Six months after the wedding the couple returned to Japan. Instantly the husband's attitude changed. He assumed the conventional mastery of his household and his wife became the equally conventional lay figure on whom not a single evidence of affection was lavished. To the friend who asked her why she was depressed her answer was, "My husband has not kissed me once since we set foot in Japan. In America he treated me as an equal. Here I am merely a Japanese wife."

Despite her far-flung commerce, her ready adaptability to the last word in science and invention and her rise to be a world power, the Japanese consciousness—that is, her real mental attitude—remained practically unchanged throughout the whole evolution. Take the public schools: The course of study prescribes English, German, geography and mathematics, but the larger doctrine that is impressed day after day is the gospel of a higher patriotism—a blind allegiance to Emperor and country—that transcends all other subjects. When little Hashimuro Togo grows up it naturally follows that this ideal of the old fealty is dominant in him.

Now you can perhaps understand what was meant when I said that the marvel of Japanese acquisition of things Western was almost entirely on the surface. It was a clever disguise that in many instances masked a directly opposite state of mind. It is only within the last few years that the real change began. The demand for universal suffrage is one of its many manifestations. For generations the Japanese have been a disciplined people who accepted the decrees of authority without a murmur. The Emperor, as I have intimated, was a godhead who could do no wrong. Every imperial rescript was hailed as the emanation from an inspired fountainhead of wisdom. The idea of popular privilege has lately broken in on that one-time serenity, and the result was the impressive demonstration before the Diet Building last February.

For years Japanese submission to an ironclad system of police rule and espionage was perfect. Yet in 1919, and later in 1920, when the price of rice soared to an almost impossible figure, the riots at Osaka and Kobe indicated that underneath the repression lurked the mob spirit.

So, too, with labor. Before the Great War, wages and the standard of living were lower in Japan than in almost any other civilized country. The workers in both field and factory were as acquiescent to their employers as to the government and police. Save for local guilds they were disorganized. Today labor is not only becoming coördinated but is articulate. Moreover it has developed an ugly temper. Coincident with the first faint gropings after socialism has come an understanding of what sabotage means. Labor now refuses to accept dismissal without bonus, and it has actually put fear into the hearts of capitalism; this, too, in the face of the fact that there is not a single labor union, as we know the type, in Japan.

The Trend Toward Liberalism

SUCH radical ideas as birth control, disarmament, drastic reduction of the army and real party government are additional evidences that at last the Japanese mind is

Bunji Suzuki, Japan's Labor Leader

working in the direction of a bloodless revolution that is bound to be one of the most interesting processes of the next ten years. Advanced liberals are contending that too much patriotism and too little practicality are taught in the public schools, and that more efficiency and less traditional chivalry will lift the country out of its present economic slump. Women are committing what was formerly considered the unpardonable sin of attending political meetings, and—wonder of wonders!—policewomen patrol the streets of Tokio. So it goes.

With this preamble we can now examine the concrete activities that are changing the social, economic and political structure of Japan.

First and foremost is the break-up of the autocracy that has really ruled Japan since the Restoration of 1868, when the Emperor Meiji mounted the throne. This autocracy was embodied in the Elder Statesmen, otherwise the Genro. Chief among them was Prince Yamagata.

In a previous article describing my audience with the Prince Regent I explained in detail the system by which the Genro, answerable only to the Emperor himself, constituted themselves the masters of the empire. Since the passing of this picturesque group enters vitally into the picture of changing Japan, it is necessary to rehearse briefly the part they played in the creation of the strangest political trust known to history.

The Japanese constitution, framed by Prince Ito, the Bismarck of Japan and second only to Yamagata in the councils of the Genro, theoretically provided for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, but it did not achieve the equivalent of parliamentary government under a limited monarch such as obtains in Europe.

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A Street Demonstration for Universal Male Suffrage in Japan

THE DEADFALL

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

DEFEAT and drink had loosened Ross Breen's tongue. Normally he wrapped himself in a sullen silence which was near to dignity; but now as he saw Sheriff Dan Mackenzie on the courthouse steps he hailed him noisily, in a harsh, peremptory key that interrupted the talk among the groups of men who lounged along the pipe rails; a shout that gave Ross Breen, for the moment, a monopoly of their grave, deliberate attention. The sense of an interested audience seemed to encourage Breen. Before he had reached the foot of the steps he began to talk at the top of a shrill, angry voice, his fat face redder than ever, a thick bunch of dirty bills waved in his lifted hand.

"Right yere's your blood money, Mackenzie—take an' count it! Want everybody sh'd see me pay it!"

The lean gray sheriff did not move. He let Breen bring the money to him halfway up the stairs, and the look of his placid, gentle old face did not change. Breen thrust the bills at him with a motion that was like a blow.

"Reckon you won't levy on my place like you been claimin' you would. They's four thousand there, Mackenzie; every cent you an' Rufe McLean been blackmailin' out'n me with your fixed jury an' your crooked courts! Figured you'd sell me out at auction, did you? Well, you won't git no chance!"

The sheriff took the money without haste.

"The winner gits his bite mostly, Ross. Reckon the loser'd ought to be allowed his bark. Come inside an' I'll fix up a receipt for this. Wait"—he lifted his hand gently as Breen's mouth opened for another shout—"the judge is up yonder by that there window, and he don't like to hear folks call him crooked."

Breen held his breath with a visible effort and submitted to the mild suggestion of the sheriff's hand on his elbow. They went in together and the talk began again at the railing. There was some sympathy for Breen, in spite of his unpopularity. The county had not yet accepted the new state law which holds a man responsible for damage done by brush fires improperly managed on his own lands. Not so many years before the woods were deliberately fired every winter, so that the tender new shoots of the indestructible bunch grass might provide a brief pasturage for grazing stock. To forbid a landowner to burn over his ground as seemed good to him smacked a little of the kind of oppression which these back-country farmers would never learn to tolerate. But Breen's offense had been flagrant enough to lose him the verdict in three successive trials of Rufus McLean's suit; he had fired the grass on a wide front, with a whistling wind to drive it straight at McLean's clearing. He had not given McLean the notice required by both written and unwritten law. He had made no effort to limit or control the fire, which roared through the scrub, leaped McLean's firebreaks and swept his land bare of house and sheds and curing barns before he could begin to fight it.

Under the old law McLean would have borne the loss. The new statute gave him a claim so incontestable that even the reluctant jury granted it, and the higher courts, to which the frothing Breen appealed, successively sustained the verdict.

There was a stubborn remnant of theoretical disagreement with the award among the groups along the railing; but when Breen reappeared, still vocal, no one accepted the unusual proffer of his flask, and he rehearsed his complaint to auditors who nodded and spat in silence. Presently he seemed to detect the significance of that silence, and his accustomed taciturnity came back upon him. He drew away, slouching against the rail, his red jowls scored with a deep crease about his set, retruded chin, his little, deep-set eyes fixed sullenly on the road.

He did not answer Steve Duncan's cheerful word as he drove by in the light high-wheeled wagon he used for his daily trips to Dundee when the fords were too deep for the battered car in which, at low water, he carried the mails. Steve Duncan would have accepted a chance at that flask, but Ross Breen's moment of generosity had passed. The carrier grinned at the rebuff and drove on. At the courthouse gate Sim Cole, Mackenzie's deputy, stopped him.

"Sheriff wants you should come in a minute, Steve." Cole spoke importantly, his voice lifted for the benefit of the men at the railing. Steve grinned again.

Mackenzie Looked Up From the Big Table at Which He Performed His Detested Clerical Duties

"Done found me out, has he, Sim? You reckon they're fixin' to hang me?"

He twisted the reins about the socketed whip and vaulted the wheel. He annoyed Cole by stopping to shake hands with two or three of the bystanders on their way into the courthouse.

Mackenzie looked up from the big bare table at which he performed his detested clerical duties. His sober look relaxed a little as Steve shook hands.

"Obliged to you for comin' up, Steve. I'd 've come out to the road, only ——"

He stopped and regarded Cole thoughtfully. "Sim, hate to fret you with runnin' errands, but I want to know if Ab Flint's around town. Suppose you go over to the hotel and find out."

Cole looked rebellion for a moment, but the placid old eyes moved him reluctantly through the door. Mackenzie closed it deliberately, tugged at the table drawer and produced the bills Breen had left with him. Duncan's eyes went wide.

"Been robbin' a bank, sheriff?"

Mackenzie frowned.

"Steve, I'd kind of like to git this money down to Rufe McLean's soon's I can, and it's court day, so's I can't ride over myself. Rufe's been waitin' a right good while for it."

Duncan nodded.

"Figured Ross Breen'd pay it sometime. Claimed he wouldn't. How much is they in that pile, sheriff?"

He whistled reverently when Mackenzie told him.

"Four thousand! Never figured I'd see that much, all in one lump, thataway. How much does it heft?"

He lifted the heap and weighed it respectfully. Mackenzie interrupted the experiment.

"Reckon you can carry it down yonder to Rufe's, Steve? Hate to bother you, but you're bound to go past his place anyhow."

Duncan looked up slantingly, his eyes seeming to dance.

"You aim to trust me with all that money?"

"Figured on it some." Mackenzie grinned this time. "Reckon you're as safe as I'd be, Steve."

"Darned if I know how safe I am, sheriff. That's sure one power of money to go totin' around—and yonder's the hills. 'F I got it in my head to skip, you an' Sim'd have a nice day's work trailin' me back yonder. Find a needle in a haystack quicker'n a man in them hills—a man that knowed 'em like I do."

"Don't reckon Sim and me'll have to hunt, Steve." Mackenzie's voice evened. "You better git started."

"Hope nobody finds out I'm carryin' it." Duncan drew a mock-sober face. "Git held up, like as not, if folks knowed I had a gold mine on me. Wish't I'd fetched Lin's old gun this trip."

"Won't need it, Steve. Nobody knows. That's why I sent Sim Cole out'n the office."

"Jest you an' me, eh?" Duncan looked thoughtful. "Looks like it'd ought to be all right, sure enough." He gathered the bills together.

"Better leave me wrop 'em for you." Mackenzie fumbled in the drawer and brought out a sheet of brown paper and a stick of sealing wax. "Most gen'ly seal up money, Steve."

"Wait—I got a notion, sheriff." Duncan checked him with a gesture. "You take an' wrop me up a dummy instead; just trash—newspapers an' such—an' seal it an' mark it. I'll carry the money in my pockets till I git out'n the town, an' then I'll hide it in the cushion. Got a hole in there a-purpose. Most always carries the registered sack there. See?"

The sheriff grinned gently at his eagerness.

"You been readin' some dime novel, I reckon."

"That's how I got the notion," said Duncan, unabashed. "Read how this messenger that was lookin' to git held up fooled the robbers. Hid the real stuff in his shoe an' fixed up a dummy package! Smart, wasn't it? He knowed 't if they didn't find nothin' they'd hunt till they did, so he let 'em find the dummy. Figured that'd keep 'em happy till they got a good ways off."

"Gittin' me scared, Steve, the way you talk." Mackenzie grinned again. "Reckon we better play safe, like you say."

He found old newspapers and clipped them to the size of the bills, made a convincing packet with the brown wrapper, tied it with heavy cord and splashed the red wax on the knots. At Duncan's suggestion he added the rubber-stamped imprint of his office. The carrier crowded the bills into his pockets, his fingers a little uncertain with excitement.

"Give you a receipt, sheriff ——"

"Oh, that's all right, Steve. No need to do that."

"No, bound to do it. Same as I sign the book at the post office. Suppose I take an' skip with this money. Where'd you be? Who'd know I ever got it?"

Mackenzie yielded once more. He dropped the receipt into the drawer and went to the window. Steve Duncan carried the impressive package in plain sight as he walked out to his wagon. Mackenzie's glance moved along the railing. He frowned a little, and then as he turned away his face resumed its tranquil benignity. He was quite sure that Ross Breen no longer leaned against the rail with the rest.

II

SIM COLE was enjoying himself. The task of guiding the little tin car along the deep ruts in the sand did not in the least hamper his tongue, and the topic was inexhaustible and pleasing.

"It's a pity you didn't ask me before you took an' run a risk like that, sheriff. I never had no confidence in that Steve Duncan; nor any other hillbilly neither. Can't trust them hill folks with real money. I don't see how you ever come to ——"

"Better watch where you're drivin', Sim." Mackenzie spoke gently as the front wheels climbed out of the ruts and jerked the car to the inkberry thicket that crowded in on the narrow track. "Seems like you done told me about this two-three times before now. Looks like I made a mistake, sure enough."

"Mistake!" Cole laughed. "Why, sheriff, don't you see where you're goin' to be at if we don't take and ketch Steve 'fore he gets shet of that money? You're liable, person'ly, for every cent you give him! Rufe McLean's bound to come down on you for that four thousand. Ross Breen's got your receipt and Rufe's gen'ral release.

He's clear. You're responsible to Rufe. It's your lookout if you take an' trust a hill thief to carry the money for you."

"When we get out to Lin Duncan's I reckon I wouldn't go talkin' very much about hill folks bein' thieves, Sim. Lin ain't apt to take it kindly."

"He better git used to it right soon," said Cole. "If he stays around here he's liable to hear meaner chat than anythun' I been sayin'. Most likely him an' Steve was in this together, when you git right down to it. Wouldn't surprise me if Lin was back yonder in the hills by now, helpin Steve spend that four thousand."

"Reckon You-All Come Out About Steve"

Mackenzie waved his hand as the car emerged on the tiny clearing in the scrub. Lin Duncan was at work with his ax at the farther edge where a stand of young pines had reconquered the wreckage of the original forest.

He turned and glanced at the approaching car and then resumed his work; as Cole stopped the engine the young, straight tree came down like a flail. Duncan turned slowly, his hand on the ax helve, his thin face expressionless as a bird's, with something, too, of a birdlike quality in the bright straight eye, the high cheek bones, the thin hooked nose.

"Evenin'," he said, after an uneasy pause, as if even the word cost him an effort. His voice was thin, but there was an odd resonance in it. "Reckon you-all come out about Steve."

"You bet we did!" Sim Cole slid over the side of the car and walked toward him, aggressive, belligerent. "We want to know ——"

Duncan turned his back and swung up the ax. He handled it with that uncanny skill of his race—the men who can find shelter and warmth and food in the harsh, niggard hills with only ax and gun for tools. The blade sheared the branches, one at each stroke, as clean and close to the trunk as if they had been cut by a careful saw. Mackenzie walked around in front of him.

"Sort of wanted some chat with you, Lin." Duncan straightened abruptly. Mackenzie went on without haste. "I'm right worried about Steve, Lin."

Duncan's eye flicked toward Cole. Mackenzie saw it.

"You know my deputy, don't you—Sim Cole? Sim an' me aimed to look into this thing some."

"Look—then." Duncan lifted his ax again. "It's your job. I ain't sheriff, an' if I was it wouldn't make no difference. Steve an' me was —— Steve's all the brother I got. I ain't goin' to lift a finger to put him in no jail."

"I knowed it!" Sim Cole snapped his fingers. "I knowed Steve got away with that money, all the time. I said so right off!" He wheeled toward Mackenzie. "You got to admit I was right, sheriff, an' you was wrong when you said Steve didn't——"

Mackenzie's eyes did not waver from Lin Duncan's face. The ax paused in the air. Duncan straightened slowly.

"You claim it wasn't Steve 't took that there money?"

Mackenzie did not answer at once. He seemed embarrassed. Sim Cole saw it and ventured a triumphant chuckle.

The sheriff rubbed his chin with the back of his hand. "Always liked Steve, Lin. Reckon I don't have to prove that—wouldn't 've asked him to carry that money over to Rufe if I hadn't figured he was a right trusty boy. Kind of hate to own up I was wrong, mebbe." He wagged his head slowly. "They ain't no proof 't Steve took it."

Again Sim Cole risked a chuckle. His old hope of contesting the next nomination for sheriff had revived since the disappearance of Steve Duncan with Rufe McLean's four thousand dollars. Hewitt County, behind the times as it was, could hardly help realizing now that Dan Mackenzie wasn't fit for his job any more. And Mackenzie's obstinate refusal to take Steve Duncan's guilt for granted had played straight into the deputy's hand. Folks would have been mainly sorry for the old man if he'd admitted his blunder instead of trying to deny it in the face of the plain facts. Usually Sim saved his disrespectful comments for occasions when the sheriff wasn't present, but since yesterday he had ventured to state them to Mackenzie's face.

"No proof! Why, don't his own brother admit he done it? Didn't he jest say ——"

"You don't figure Steve done it, do you, Lin?" Mackenzie spoke in the same gentle key as before, his voice almost plaintive. "Steve didn't have a gun; he might've got held up."

Lin Duncan's lips drew away from his teeth. His eyes flickered again in Cole's direction.

Mackenzie, watching him close, saw something like fear in them.

"He didn't git held up, Mackenzie. It was Steve 't got the money, sure enough. Reckon you jest hate to admit you was a fool to trust him like you said."

"Mebbe." Mackenzie nodded, and if he heard Cole's laugh he gave no sign of it. "Reckon you wouldn't own up, neither, without you was pretty sure, Lin. What makes you sure it was Steve?"

Lin Duncan leaned on the heel of his helve.

"I'll tell you, Mackenzie. It was thisaway: When the team come back yest'd'y without Steve I knowed somethin' was wrong. The mail sacks was gone, an' I knowed Steve couldn't 've been to Dundee an' delivered 'em, that time o' day. So I took an' back-tracked the team—they's plenty soft spots in the road where the track shows an' I found where Steve went into town first, an' then where he come back past the fork, an' kep' on down toward Dundee, like he always done. I could track the team easy enough down by the big swamp. The tracks run right into the ford and come right back again. That was the team comin' home by itself—that last track. I figured Steve must've turned somewheres on the far side, so I waded across—mighty nigh had to swim in the deep spot and the track never come out. Then I knowed Steve'd turned the team in the ford and left 'em come home alone. Reckon he figured on mixin' up the trail thataway. Ain't no team 't could turn in the ford by itself—bound to upset the wagon without a good driver handled 'em."

Mackenzie thought for a moment.

"That's all so, Lin; but it don't prove 't Steve—he might've got held up on the near side of the branch. It might've been the man 't held him up 't drove in there like you say"

Again Duncan's eyes twitted toward Cole, and his lips flattened over his teeth.

"You're bound I sh'd prove he done it, ain't you? Ain't willin' to see the hole in the grindstone without somebody shoves your head into it. I'll tell you how I knowed it was Steve's doin', sheriff. When the team come home the first thing I done was to turn over the cushion in the seat. He had a hole on the under side, and he'd carry the registered mail in there. So's if anybody ever took an' tried to rob him they wouldn't be so apt to find it. Nobody else knowed that trick. When I looked in there the hole was empty. That give me the notion first. I didn't know then 't Steve had all that money. So I drove in town to find out. You was in court, Mackenzie, or I'd 've told you first off. I went to the post office an' told 'em there. And two-three people told me Steve was carryin' a heap of money down to Rufe McLean. Then I knowed all I needed an' I come back. If Steve'd got held up that money'd 've been under the seat, or the seat would've showed 't somebody'd been at it. Steve he had that hole hid right pretty. Nobody else could've shet it up again like I found it—only Steve." He nodded at Sim Cole.

"You figured it out right—Mackenzie's wrong. He don't want to look foolish, that's all they is to that."

"Looks thataway," conceded the sheriff mildly. "Like to take a look at that cushion though, Lin."

Duncan turned without answering and marched toward the shed where Steve's old flivver stood beside the wagon. He jerked the cushion from the seat—a worn and lumpy thing borrowed from the car. Cole and Mackenzie leaned over it as he laid it before them upside down, revealing a sheet of tarpaulin clumsily stitched to the frame so that it concealed the springs.

"Got a good eye if you can find the hole," said Duncan. "I shet it up like I found it—like Steve always left it."

Cole squatted and went over the stitching carefully. There was no break in the cloth and the stout thread was intact.

"Show us," he said. "There's no hole here."

(Continued on Page 72)

"I Give In When He Went to Hold the Lamp Under 'em. He Let On He'd Burn 'em Clean Off if I Told Him Wrong"

CANADA BARS THE GATES

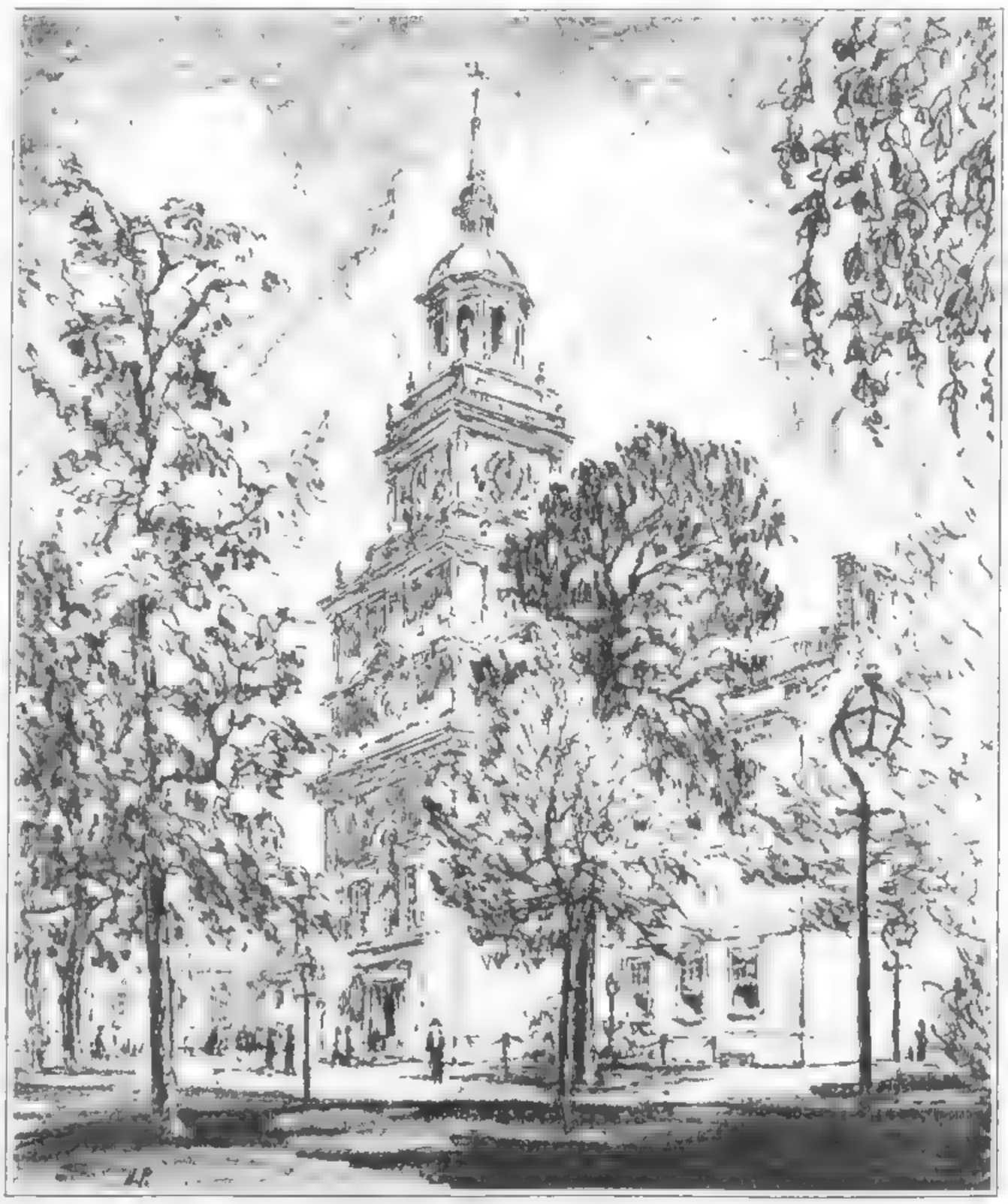
By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PULLINGER

THERE are two general methods of meeting an emergency. One is the right method and the other is the wrong method. This fact is apparent to any grown person whose mental age is over eleven years, and who therefore does not fall under the head of a moron or of a high-grade imbecile. The moron, being cursed with emotional instability and a low intellectual level, gratifies his own desires without regard for right or wrong. He recks not of the morrow, so long as he is pleased by what he does today. Consequently one needn't expect him to grasp the fact that the best general method of meeting an emergency is the right method. If he likes the wrong method it becomes the right method for him. That is what makes him a moron.

Some time ago the United States, which for years had been inundated with millions of low-grade immigrants from Central and Southeastern Europe, woke from a sleep which made that of Rip Van Winkle look like a cat nap, and realized that quick action was needed in order to prevent the transfer to America of all of Europe's slum dwellers, human parasites, incompetents, paupers and what is sometimes known as the submerged tenth. The awakening should have come at least forty years earlier; but the fact that it came at all is cause for a certain amount of rejoicing.

Testimony was presented before the House Immigration Committee and the Senate Immigration Committee which showed conclusively that the bulk of European immigration that had poured into America of late years was of a low grade. This testimony came from American consuls, diplomatic representatives and trained observers in every part of Europe. It has been corroborated in every detail by the army mental tests, carried out on 1,700,000 officers and men during the war. These mental tests proved scientifically that the average mentality of the new immigration from Central and Southeastern Europe—of practically all our recent immigration, that is to say—has been very low.



The Home of American Citizenship—Independence Hall, Philadelphia

The result of the overwhelming mass of testimony that was poured out before the House and the Senate Immigration Committees was the Three Per Cent Immigration Law.

The Three Per Cent Immigration Law was supposed to remain in force for one year, during which time the House and Senate Immigration Committees were to frame a scientific and permanent immigration law which would give America the immigrants that she needed for her well-being, and keep out further floods of the undesirable aliens who have already made so many sections of this country into a mixture in which are blended the worst of America and the worst of Europe, and who have confronted America with a perpetual emergency ever since 1880.

The Canadian Selective System

THE Three Per Cent Law, however, solved no emergency. Instead of permitting 1,000,000 or 1,500,000 immigrants to enter the country in one year's time, as the old law would have done, it cut the yearly immigration quota to approximately 350,000. The fact that this law permits a smaller amount of bad stock to enter the country than was permitted to enter before it went into effect is its one good feature. It admits thousands upon thousands of people that America doesn't want and doesn't need and cannot use, and it admits thousands whose feeble brains will forever be incapable of grasping the general principles of our form of government. Not only have the House and the Senate failed to substitute a sound and permanent immigration law for the Three Per Cent Law, but they have reënacted it for another two years—until June 30, 1924. And in addition to this the immigration leaders in the House are planning to base a permanent law on the percentage plan, which is not and can never be a method by which America can get the sort of immigrants that she wants.

Let us now turn slightly to the north and spend a few pleasant moments in contemplating our next-door neighbor, Canada.

Canada needs immigrants and needs them badly. The country is large and sparsely peopled—an empire in extent and resources, but a province in population. Canada's population at the present time is, in round numbers, only about 8,500,000; and throughout Canada there is a demand that these figures be doubled. "Immigration," says the Montreal Gazette, "is deemed the sovereign remedy for the national ills of Canada. Double the population and you halve the debt; double population and therefrom will issue reduced taxation, enlarged trade and a traffic capable of sustaining even the overbuilt railway system." Canada needs immigrants, and the United States doesn't need them and doesn't want them; yet Canada, needing them as she does, absolutely refuses to admit Europeans of the sort that constitute the bulk of United States immigration under the Three Per Cent Law. The United States, wanting no immigrants, takes the poorest in the world; Canada, wanting all the immigrants she can get, will take only those people who will be good citizens of Canada, and of value in the building up of the country. Canada, confronted by the same emergency that has confronted the United States in the matter of immigration since 1880, rigorously excludes the slum dweller, the parasite, the incompetent and the pauper. She bars the mentally warped, the physically deficient and the economically undesirable. No immigrant enters Canada unless he is an immigrant that Canada needs. And that is the right method.

The Canadian immigration laws are worthy of being explained in some detail. Not only do they provide an excellent example of a simple and honest method of handling immigration properly, but they are—or ought to be—something of a jolt to many distinguished American legislators who are fond of remarking carelessly that the Canadian immigration laws are almost exactly the same as the United States immigration laws. The Canadian laws are like ours in the same way that a race horse is like a rocking-horse. The general contour is very similar, but there is a marked difference in speed.

The Joker

THE Canadian Parliament passed an immigration law which specified the classes of persons who couldn't be admitted persons who are diseased or who may become public charges, and so on—and took up such matters as the protection of immigrants and their deportation and the fining of steamship companies. And then right into the middle of it Parliament slipped the little joker which makes the Canadian law into a regular law, and which puts it as far ahead of the American law as the finest fruits of the Chautauqua platform are ahead of the monkey.

This comprehensive and gratifying example of good judgment and common sense, familiarly known as Section 38 of the Immigrant Act, reads:

> The Governor in Council may, by proclamation or order whenever he deems it necessary or expedient,
>
> *(a)* prohibit the landing in Canada or at any specified port of entry in Canada of any immigrant who has come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which he is a native or naturalized citizen, and upon a through ticket purchased in that country, or prepaid in Canada;
>
> *(b)* prohibit the landing in Canada of passengers brought to Canada by any transportation company which refuses or neglects to comply with the provisions of this Act;
>
> *(c)* prohibit or limit in number for a stated period or permanently the landing in Canada, or the landing at any specified port or ports of entry in Canada, of immigrants belonging to any nationality or race or of immigrants of any specified class or occupation, by reason of any economic, industrial or other condition temporarily existing in Canada or because such immigrants are deemed unsuitable having regard to the climatic, industrial, social, educational, labour or other conditions or requirements of Canada or because such immigrants are deemed undesirable owing to their peculiar customs, habits, modes of life and methods of holding property, and because of their probable inability to become readily assimilated or to assume the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizenship within a reasonable time after their entry.

Section C of the foregoing excerpt from the Canadian laws should be of particular interest to our legislators. Ever since 1880 the United States has been deluged with millions of immigrants who have been emphatically and distinctly unsuitable with regard to industrial, social, labor and other conditions and requirements of the United States, who have been notoriously undesirable because of their peculiar customs, habits and modes of life, and who have been definitely proved unassimilable and incapable of assuming the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship within a reasonable time after their entry.

Our legislators apparently do not know how—or are unwilling—to separate the bad immigrant from the good immigrant, and to prohibit or limit in number the bad immigrants because they are bad. Therefore it seems obvious that if the United States is ever to have an

immigration law which will protect the country and the people of the country from an influx of undesirables such as has been going on for the past forty years and such as is going on at the present moment, Congress will have to delegate to a board or commission the authority to regulate the flow of immigration in the same way that the Canadian Parliament has delegated that authority to the Governor-General in Council.

Congress, however, is determined not to delegate any such authority to any sort of board or commission. It doesn't like to delegate authority to anyone. The usual remark concerning an immigration commission which is tossed off is that there are too many commissions and that most of them are no good. That is true. There are too many commissions. Most of them provide soft jobs for politicians. Most of them would be more useful to the country if they were abolished.

But the intelligent man who finds himself handicapped by violent pains in the side usually knows enough to put himself in the hands of the most expert surgeon obtainable. If he puts himself in the hands of an amateur plumber he seldom has an opportunity to admire the beautiful flowers which are sent to the house by sorrowing friends.

When Congress objects to commissions it is justified. But when it leaps to the conclusion that because the country has been cursed with too many useless commissions in the past all commissions must necessarily be useless, it is proceeding on the assumption that immigration is not an extremely important matter to America. America is sick from trying to digest indigestible immigration, and she needs expert medical advice. Furthermore, she needs it in a hurry. If Congress and the President of the United States realize the importance of a sound immigration policy to the future of the United States and of the American people, they can between them name an immigration commission whose judgment will be as sound and as unassailable and as free from prejudice and partisanship and politics as is the Supreme Court.

Protective Orders in Council

THE Canadians, in their stand on immigration, have proceeded on the idea that nothing whatever is more important to any nation than the people whom it permits to become a part of its national life. Each immigrant is a spring in the unit; and each immigrant couple means thousands of ultimate descendants.

One of Nature's great mysteries is the unwillingness or the inability of well-intentioned but soft-hearted people to understand the inevitable result of bad stock on future generations

The Canadian immigration authorities are thoroughly awake to the incontrovertible facts of immigration—such facts as the ultimate result of bad stock on the future of the race, and the inevitable tendency of the best stock to die out while the worst stock is energetically reproducing itself. They are familiar with the findings of such biologists as Edwin Grant Conklin and Charles Benedict Davenport. They have drawn careful conclusions from the fact that although the slave trade brought not more than 400,000 negroes to the United States, there are now more than 10,000,000 negroes and mulattoes in the country. These facts cannot be dodged. Rules of biology that were true 1000 years ago are true today and will be true forever. The result of filling the United States with millions of the worst stock in Europe will be a very terrible thing in another 200 years. No other reason should be necessary in order to cause any nation to shut out bad immigrants and admit only good immigrants; and no other reason should be necessary in order to make every legislator admit instantly and wholeheartedly that the keeping out of bad immigrants is a matter of the utmost importance to the nation.

There are a great many people who argue that this country's immigration problem is so acute that all immigration, bad and good alike, should be excluded for five years or for ten years. If such an extreme exclusion law could ever be forced through the Senate—and there is a slim chance that it could be done—tremendous pressure would instantly be brought to bear by the newest and most undesirable elements of our population to secure the admission of certain friends and relatives. This pressure is brought to bear even under the Three Per Cent Law and has proved almost impossible to resist. If, under a total exclusion law, exception were made in a few cases, as they certainly would be, they would be made in a few more and a few more and a few more—and the ultimate result would be a fair-sized immigration of the most undesirable European elements and the total exclusion of all the good elements.

Canada has realized to the full the importance and the danger of bad immigration; and it was this realization which caused the Canadian Parliament to delegate to the Governor-General in Council the power to protect the country against changing immigration conditions. Bad immigration is too important a matter to continue unchecked for a year or two years or three years, while a bewildered legislative body tries to make up its mind what to do. Emergencies must be met as they arise—met firmly, courageously and immediately. Consequently the Governor-General in Council makes regulations as the necessity arises; and these regulations have all the force and effect of law.

More than one United States immigration commissioner has viewed the Canadian system with awe and delight, and mourned bitterly because he hadn't the same power to protect America.

Canada's protection against undesirables lies in two Orders in Council. The first one, which is comparatively harmless, reads:

> The Governor-General in Council . . . is pleased to order as follows: From and after the date hereof the landing in Canada shall be and the same is hereby prohibited of any immigrant who has come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which he is a native or naturalized citizen and upon a through ticket purchased in that country or prepaid in Canada.

Note the beautiful simplicity of this order. Yet it disposes of the highly undesirable classes who travel on passports of countries other than their own, and of those who take up a temporary residence in an adjacent country with the idea of crossing the border at a later date.

The second Order in Council, which closes a big door in the face of all Canadian immigration and then opens a small door to the immigrants that Canada needs, is the most drastic immigration regulation that Canada has ever put into effect; and it was directly brought about by the nature of the slum-dwelling immigrants who have been pouring out of Europe in recent years.

The United States has been getting enormous quantities of this sort of immigration ever since 1880. Canada has been getting it for only a fraction of that time, and in much smaller quantities. But so far as Canada is concerned, a little is too much.

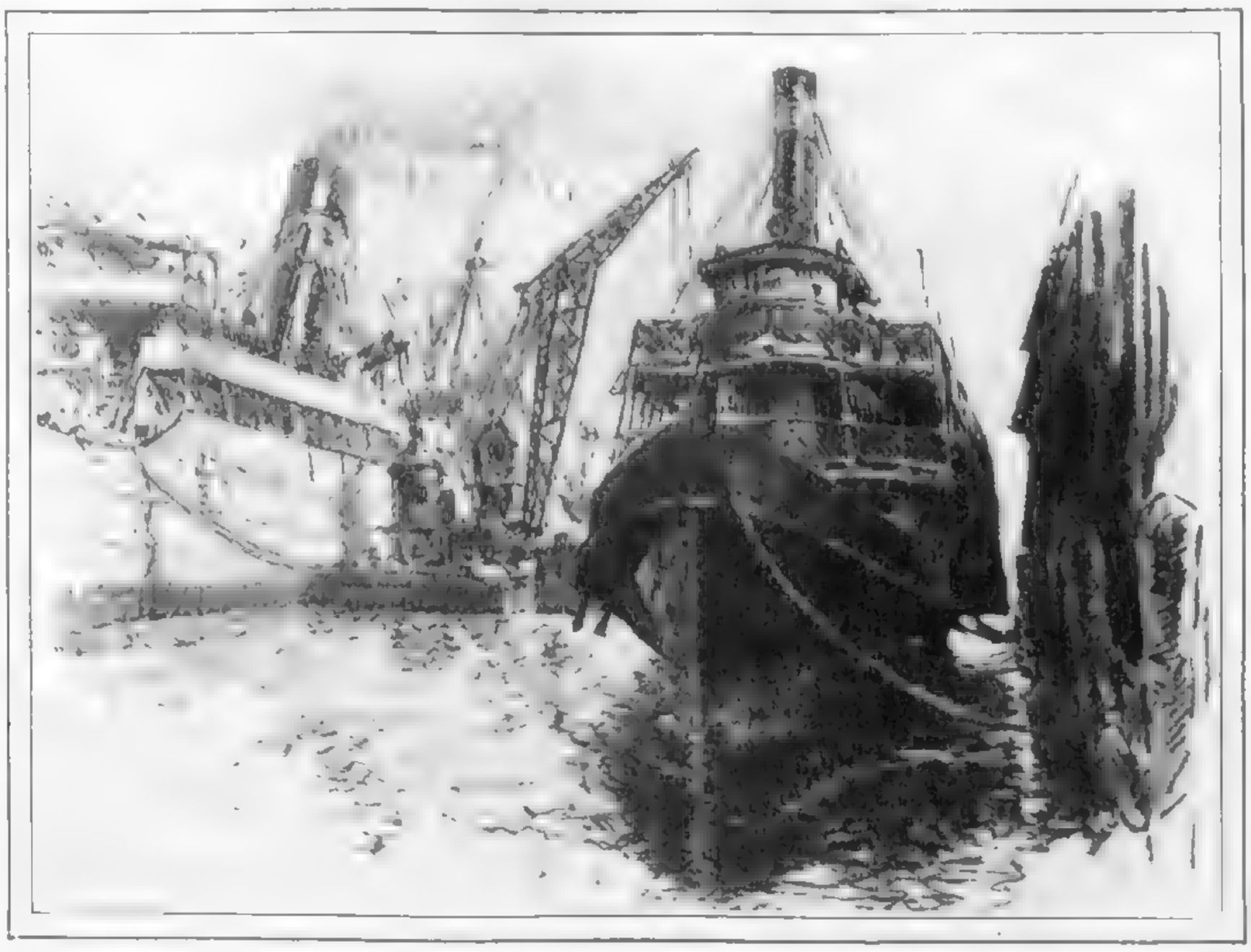
How Undesirables are Excluded

THIS second order, numbered 717 and dated May 9, 1922, states that "His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, on the recommendation of the Acting Minister of Immigration and Colonization . . . is pleased to make the following regulation and the same is hereby made and established accordingly:

> From and after the date hereof and until otherwise ordered, the landing in Canada of any immigrant is hereby prohibited, except as hereinafter provided:
>
> The Immigration Officer in Charge may admit any immigrant who otherwise complies with the provisions of the Immigration Act, if it is shown to his satisfaction that such immigrant is,
>
> 1. A bona fide agriculturist entering Canada to farm and has sufficient means to begin farming in Canada.
>
> 2. A bona fide farm labourer entering Canada to follow that occupation and has reasonable assurance of employment.
>
> 3. A female domestic servant entering Canada to follow that occupation and has reasonable assurance of employment.
>
> AND PROVIDED further that the Immigration Officer in Charge may admit
>
> *(a)* The wife and family [family in this case meaning children] of any person legally admitted to and resident in Canada who is in a position to receive and care for his dependents.
>
> *(b)* The national of any country in regard to which there is in operation a special treaty or agreement or convention regulating immigration.
>
> *(c)* Any British subject entering Canada directly or indirectly from Great Britain or Ireland, the United States of America or any self-governing British Dominion or Newfoundland, who shall satisfy the Immigration Officer in Charge at the port of entry that he has sufficient means to maintain himself until employment is secured.
>
> *(d)* Any American citizen entering Canada from the United States, provided it is shown to the satisfaction of the Minister of Immigration and Colonization that his labour or service is required in Canada.

Nothing could be simpler and easier to put into effect than this order. It admits nobody that Canada doesn't want. It is supplemented by a third Order in Council reading thus:

> The landing in Canada is hereby prohibited of any immigrant who is not in possession of a valid passport issued in and by the Government of the Country of which such person is a subject or citizen, visèd as follows:
>
> 1. The passport of any alien immigrant landing in Canada from the Continent of Europe, whether directly or indirectly via Great Britain or Ireland, shall carry the visé of a Canadian Immigration Officer stationed on the Continent of Europe.
>
> 2. The passport of any immigrant not included in the last preceding paragraph shall carry the visé of a British diplomatic or consular officer. For the purpose of this regulation, a passport to be valid must be presented within one year of the date of its issue. PROVIDED that this regulation shall not apply to British subjects landing in Canada directly or indirectly from Great Britain or Ireland, the United States of America or any self-governing British dominion, or Newfoundland, nor shall it apply to American citizens nor to immigrants landing in Canada from the United States who have been resident in the United States for at least one year immediately prior to their landing in Canada.



In this way Canada does her

(Continued on Page 100)

A NOSE FOR NEWS

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THIS is a newspaper story the hero of which is not a cub reporter who stumbles on a big piece of news, makes a note on his cuff, and beats the town. Properly speaking the chief figure is not a person at all, but a nose. And such a nose! It was attached to Marcus Quigley, managing editor of The Morning Voice. Or, properly speaking again, Marcus Quigley was attached to it. For to all beholders the fact was instantly and entirely clear that the nose was not made for the man, but that the man was made for the nose. The insignificant spiderlike body of Mr. Quigley was obviously an after-thought, made of what bits of material were left over after the masterpiece of a nose was finished. In the city room of The Morning Voice, one corner of which was quite filled by the nose, it was commonly said that there were five wonders of the western world—the Grand Cañon, Niagara Falls, the Mississippi, the lower Manhattan sky line and Marcus Quigley's nose.

Architecturally it was impressive, a regular cathedral of a nose, of the modern school in its size and simplicity of outline, and with Gothic touches about the nave and transept. Its bridge was a stupendous feat of nasal engineering. Geographically it was a promontory, if not actually a peninsula. It was not long or hooked or fat—but a nose of straight, incisive, vigorous lines; it suggested the first few rough strokes of a master sculptor's chisel, working in granite. And yet, for all its massiveness and apparent immobility, it was oddly sensitive. When Marcus Quigley scented a story, and grew excited therefore, the tip of his nose quivered perceptibly.

Taken merely as an ornament, this nose was remarkable enough. But it was no mere ornament, no mere device for smelling and breathing; it was that rare and uncanny phenomenon—a nose for news.

"Here, Quigley! What Is This?" The Words Came Bellowing Up From the Colonel's Barrel of Chest

It was because of his nose and its genius that Marcus Quigley received a salary of three hundred dollars a week from Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler, the owner of The Morning Voice. And Mr. Quigley was not overpaid. That nose made him worth many times fifteen thousand a year to his paper. He knew this of course, for a good newspaper editor knows everything; but it did not make him discontented. For he also knew that he would have done the work for a hundred a week, or twenty-five, or for nothing at all. News getting was his passion. To detect the scent of a good news story, to see its tracks along the trail of daily events, to run it to earth, to drag it from its lair, to nail its skin, properly tanned and stuffed, on the front page of The Morning Voice—that was the breath of life to Marcus Quigley; he knew no other, nor wanted to. It was in his blood; in short, he was a born newspaper man. That disease is incurable.

He could have had a plate-glass private office with a mahogany desk as big as a billiard table, but he preferred to be as close to the firing line as he could get. So he inhabited an ancient roll-top desk in a corner of the city room, and he wouldn't have traded that desk, battered though it was, charred by cigars, chipped by editorial shears, ever littered with paper and pencil stubs, for any desk in the land. It was the desk he had first had when he rose from a district reporter to managing editor; so it must have been at least twenty-five years old, for he had been at the news helm of the paper a quarter of a century. His eyebrows had become the color of cobwebs in the service of The Morning Voice; lately he had taken to wearing elastic-sided shoes; but his nose for news was as strong and as sharp as ever.

His eyes were lit by an unappeasable curiosity; they were constantly peering and flitting; he could read a column at a glance and pluck from it the salient facts. For a managing editor he was unusually mild; he was not a desk banger; he was no fire-breathing czar of the city room; he said little, and that in a low voice. Reporters liked him because he stood behind them when they were right, and did not heckle them unduly when they were wrong. From his manner one would have judged him to be a rather gentle soul, of no special endowment as to spine. And he did tolerate many things; he did not quarrel with the editorial policy of the paper, he did not row with the advertising manager or the foreman of the composing room, although to do these things is deemed a constitutional right by managing editors. On one point, however, he was as adament, as unshakable as the Rocky Mountains: if a story was news he'd run it. That was his creed.

He did not argue, he did not grow heated; he simply sighted his small bright eyes along his nose, looked fixedly at one and said quietly, "It's news. This is a newspaper. That story goes in."

One knew from the way he said it that the only way to prevent the story from appearing in the paper was to murder Marcus Quigley, or fire him.

Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler had often been tempted to do both. But a man does not make seven million dollars, as Colonel Fowler had, by yielding to every passing fit of passion. He had only recently bought The Morning Voice, but he knew its history; he could remember the anæmic state of its circulation and the paucity of its advertising in the distant days before Marcus Quigley became its guiding spirit. That nose of Mr. Quigley's had breathed life into The Morning Voice and made it the necessary breakfast companion of a quarter of a million people. The colonel was too shrewd a newspaper man himself not to see the asset he had in that nose. Years before, back in the little country town of his birth, Colonel Fowler had been a newspaper man himself. He was the son of a small-town editor, born, as he sometimes put it, under a printing press; but when he found that his father's estate, after forty years of toil, consisted of two fishing rods and an old panama hat, the astute colonel concluded that the position in life he craved could better be obtained in the world of finance. When he became rich, as in due course he did, he bought The Morning Voice, partly as a pet and partly because he liked to see "Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler, Editor and Publisher," on the masthead of a big city newspaper.

Colonel Fowler had not, however, entirely reconciled himself to Marcus Quigley's nose. He was not a meek man—one seldom makes seven million dollars by being meek—nor was he weighed down by an inferiority complex. What he had he had gained by thrusting himself lustily into the fray and taking what he desired by direct and sometimes violent methods. The world was his oyster, and he was fond of oysters. Also he loved combat. He was an imperious person, the colonel, who wanted what he wanted when he wanted it—and got it. Some people said he was too impulsive, but they also admitted that his impulses were generally good.

Colonel Fowler was one of those men who do not enjoy sitting any place but at the head of the table, because it seems to them that that is where they belong. So he was chairman of the board of directors of the traction company, and of two banks, commodore of his yacht club, and head of the vestry of his church. In all his activities and interests—and they were many—he was king: a benevolent autocrat who brooked no brother near his throne; in all his fields of endeavor he was boss; in all, that is, except one—his newspaper. And this state of affairs he did not greatly like.

It was true that in most departments of The Morning Voice no one dared say him nay. He might fire advertising managers by the score and did; he might on the editorial page flay whomsoever he pleased and did; he might, if the fancy struck him, print the sheet on green paper with crimson ink; but when it came to a question of news he ran up against the nose of Marcus Quigley.

Not that he deferred to it—for the colonel was no deferrer; indeed he fought it, almost daily, in a never-ending series of pitched battles. Oftimes he stormed in a burly voice that made the typewriters in the city room quiver in every key, and even caused the linotype machines downstairs to drop a letter.

But all he ever got out of Marcus Quigley in reply was, "It's news, colonel. News is news. The story must go in."

Colonel Fowler knew that the story would have to go in or Marcus Quigley would go out. He was not sure that he could afford to have that happen, yet.

The truth was that Colonel Fowler was a little jealous down within him of that nose of Marcus Quigley's. He knew its record, but he was not entirely convinced that even that nose was any better than his own. He had an idea that it might be right ninety-nine times, but that on the hundredth it would go wrong, and he had a more or less fixed intention of being on the spot when the nose came to grief.

Perhaps Earl Geppert had something to do with the fact that Colonel Fowler could never make up his mind that he had better accept the verdicts of Marcus Quigley's nose. Perhaps Earl Geppert had something to do with the sowing of tiny seeds of disgruntlement that of late had been rankling a little in the colonel's broad bosom. Earl Geppert was a clever young man, and an ambitious one; his eyes were clever, his conversation clever, his clothes clever; he exhaled an aroma of cleverness as the lemon verbena exhales perfume. The cleverest thing he had done to date was to marry the favorite niece of Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler and attach himself to the pay roll of The Morning Voice.

Just what his position was was an office mystery; he gave the impression of being engaged in important secret work of some kind, the results of which were never apparent. It was rumored that he was learning the business and that he was in line for a big job. It was further rumored that Marcus Quigley's verdict on Geppert, given to the colonel himself, was: "Geppert? Smart, yes. Smooth, yes. Clever, yes. Nose for news, no."

On saying this, so the rumor ran, Marcus Quigley had pointed his own nose at the colonel for emphasis. Whatever Geppert's plans, capabilities, ambitions were, he was in and about The Morning Voice office. Also, as he was a relative, he visited the home of Colonel Fowler as frequently as possible; and also, he brought with him a budget of office gossip, and a judicious modicum of flattery—and the colonel was much too human not to enjoy both.

It is not unlikely that on these visits to the owner of The Morning Voice Geppert talked of Marcus Quigley. It is unlikely that so adroit a young man as he unquestionably was, ever said anything directly against the managing editor, but it is likely that he did mention the benefit a newspaper derives from the injection of new blood; that he did linger over the phrase "old fogies in editorial chairs"; and that he did narrate, ever so mildly and respectfully, how he had heard a reporter say that the only man who had the colonel buffaloed was a certain editor with a prominent beak.

The colonel laughed at this anecdote, but his laughter did not have a wholly merry ring. He had a feeling that he, Colonel Fowler, was not the man it was safe for anybody to buffalo.

Marcus Quigley, on the other hand, did not visit the home of his employer, nor, so far as anyone knew, any home but his own. That he had a home was for years merely a surmise. All that was certain was that when he finished his twelve-hour workday, which he did each morning at two, he tucked a fresh copy of his paper under his arm and disappeared, presumably into the suburbs, to reappear at two in the afternoon with a clean collar and with his nose for news evidently refreshed by slumber.

Eventually it was learned that he had not only a home but a family. Heber discovered this. Heber, who was one of the younger reporters, was on the late watch one night and the city room's rush had died down a bit. Marcus Quigley called Heber to his desk.

"College man, aren't you, Heber?"

"Yes, sir."

"What college?"

Heber told him.

"Is it a good place, Heber?"

"I think so."

"What does it cost?"

"It cost me about a thousand a year."

The managing editor wrote that down in his big careful hand. "Much gambling there?"

"Very little."

"Many fast fellows?"

"A few, of course. On the whole a decent crowd."

"Good place to send a boy, you think?"

"Yes—of course, though it depends on the type of boy."

"The boy I have in mind," said the managing editor, "is an only son; perhaps he's been a little spoiled. He's fairly bright but not very strong."

"My college would be a good place for him, I think," said Heber. Then, his reporter's curiosity getting the better of him: "Whose boy is he?"

"Mine," said Marcus Quigley.

"Yours?" exclaimed Heber. "Why, I didn't know you had one."

"I have," said Marcus Quigley, and to his usually straight and serious lips came a smile. "One."

"I hope he likes college," said Heber.

"Thank you, Heber." Marcus Quigley's manner had grown almost shy. "I hope so too."

Marcus Quigley did not mention his son again. It must have been two years later when it occurred to Heber to inquire about him. The managing editor was usually too busy to talk of personal affairs, even if he was inclined to be communicative, which he habitually was not.

Heber caught him during one of his rare moments of inactivity, and asked, "How is that boy of yours getting on?"

The look of concentration changed to a beam of pride. "Very well, thanks. Very well. He's a good boy."

Heber in narrating the incident later said, "I never thought the old fellow could look so utterly human. Why, his face was actually tender!"

Later, when the war was on, the reporters noticed that one corner of Marcus Quigley's desk, usually buried beneath an avalanche of paper, was kept carefully clean, so that the editor might see a small photograph he had pasted there. It was the photograph of a young man in the uniform of an ensign in the United States Navy, and though his nose was by no means so prodigious as Mr. Quigley's, one could detect a certain family resemblance. The reporters noticed also that Marcus Quigley always sent for the latest war news, particularly the casualty lists, the instant he got to the office, and scanned them with swift nervous eyes.

But he did not talk about his son. They decided that it was diffidence that kept him from doing so; so the family life of Marcus Quigley remained more or less wrapped in mystery.

There was no mystery, however, about the staff's estimate of his editorial ability. One and all they agreed—to use Heber's words—that "the old boy is a whale of a good newspaper man, who can see a yarn a mile off, knows how to get it and how to play it when he gets it." But even the staff did not understand how utterly the getting and printing of news absorbed the small man with the huge nose. To him it was a fetish—and more: it was his religion.

Once in a great while he gave voice to what was always in his mind, and preached his gospel to a group of reporters.

"A newspaper lives to give news. If it does not give the news—all the news—fully, clearly, fairly, it is no newspaper, but a dead rag. A newspaper is really a public institution, with a sacred duty to all the people.

"News is alive. It breathes. It has personality. It's interesting. The best news is about people, living people. What makes a good news story? Here are four important elements:

"Blood, action, women, big names. Get those four things in a story and any man or woman will read it.

"Develop your nose for news. Look for the story in everything. See people as characters in a drama. Is their drama a thriller? Does it grip your brain? Does it force you to watch it? If it does it's a real story.

"When an editor strikes a story like that he's got to print it, despite hell and high water. He owes that to his paper and to the people. An editor who doesn't print news when he knows it is news is the most contemptible creature in God's green world."

He did not preach often; he was too busy. But those who heard him never forgot his words. Certainly Earl Geppert did not forget them, for he heard the managing editor's little sermon, and that evening in Colonel Fowler's library smilingly gave a more or less accurate version of it for the benefit of the colonel.

"Odd fish, old Quigley," remarked Geppert.

"A stubborn fish," said the colonel; he was in a not very amiable mood.

"I wonder," mused Geppert, "if he means all that."

"Means all what?"

"About printing a story, come what may."

"Maybe," grunted the colonel. "Maybe not." The owner of The Morning Voice dropped cigar ashes on his dinner coat, swore, then said, "I've never made up my mind, Geppert, whether it is a case of high principles or just plain ornery mulishness."

"Neither have I," said Geppert quickly. "But some day we may find out."

The "we" had been carefully calculated.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—as yet," said the clever young man. "I was just thinking about the old fable, that's all."

"What fable?"

"'It depends on whose ox is gored,'" quoted Geppert; his smile was meaningful.

"Old Mark Quigley has gored a few of my oxen," grumbled the colonel.

"Ever gore any of his own?" queried Geppert; his smile was insinuating.

"Hasn't any to gore," grunted the colonel. He glowered at the red tip of his cigar; a fresh sense of injury seemed to be awakened in him by Geppert's words. "Only last week," complained the colonel, "he insisted on printing that story about the elevator falling in the Ludwig-Pratt department store, and now old man Ludwig swears he'll never run another line of advertising in The Morning Voice."

Mr. Geppert made clucking sounds, indicative of horror at Marcus Quigley and condolence for Colonel Fowler.

When the clever young man rose to go he extended his hand to the colonel. "I hope you get a lot of trout on your trip to Maine," he said.

"Thanks," said the colonel.

"Gone long, sir?"

"No; about a week. Can't keep away from the local political situation too long these days."

Mr. Geppert smiled.

"I understand we'll soon be calling you senator."

Colonel Fowler laughed.

"You keep your ear close to the ground, don't you, Geppert?"

"Oh, one hears talk."

"What have you heard?" The colonel's tone mirrored his interest.

"Well," said Geppert, "I have heard that Big Ed Sheehan will hold a quiet meeting of the state committee next week and—well—the rumor says he favors you."

"Oh, does he?" The colonel was elaborately casual. "Interesting if true. Well, good night, Geppert."

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"I Wonder," Mused Geppert, "If He Means All That, About Printing a Story, Come What May"

CALLED TO THE COLOR

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

SINCE I came out of Russia I have quite frequently set myself to the fortunately impossible task of imagining a triumph of Bolshevism in the United States, and whenever I do I visualize a marching column of American boys in Trotzky helmets. There could not possibly be anything more unbecoming to the American type of young manhood.

There are boys in the United States who would wear the Trotzky helmet, but they are not Americans. There are boys in the United States who would march under the Red flag if the police would permit them to do so, but they are not Americans. And that is what I am thinking of when I say it is fortunately impossible to imagine a triumph of Bolshevism in the United States. To a large extent and in a very definite sense the American boy is the United States. Bolshevism, otherwise communism, otherwise internationalism, is primarily militaristic. It can support itself in no way except through the imposition of a military tyranny.

The Russians have need to console themselves in any way they can, and large numbers of them derive a certain amount of consolation from the fact that their country has provided the rest of the world with a perfect example of what not to do. They argue that an epoch-making experiment in socialism somewhere was inevitable sooner or later, and say that as long as they had to be the victims, all well and good, but that other peoples should regard them with friendly sympathy and should feel toward them a sense of gratitude rather than resentment. There is an element of rueful humor in this argument and our noncommunistic Russian friends laugh when they present it, but at the same time they are quite sincere about it and say that, with the Russian example in plain view, any country that tolerates Bolshevism in any of its forms or phases will deserve whatever consequences may ensue.

Up to the present Trotzky's army continues to be the only going concern in Russia, but in contemplating the possibility that at this juncture he may attempt to use it within Russia further to consolidate militant communism and his own power I am reminded that it is a Red Army really in nothing but name; and in a small minority of its rank and file, of course. But its ranks are filled with the best as well as the worst youth of Russia, and its majority sentiment, if it were permitted to express sentiment, would probably be diametrically opposed to the principles it is organized to uphold.

In a former article I said that the ranks of the Red Army are filled because the Red Army is fed, but in making this statement I had in mind a thought that it would be difficult to hold together, even under compulsion, such a vast military establishment if the conditions of service were not made attractive in comparison with conditions existing in other walks of life. You must picture to yourself the fact that in Russia the Red Army is ever present and inescapable. It is hardly possible to go into the streets of any city without encountering marching columns of troops. It is as though the country were mobilized for a great war.

Government Regulation of Everything

IN RUSSIA everything is compulsory, including labor, military service and observance of fixed regulations governing practically every act of every citizen's everyday life. The only real volunteers in the country are the volunteer dictators. There is a Communist Party, to be sure, but it represents only about 2½ per cent of the population, and I cannot believe that there are many really intelligent men in this party who have not within the past year or so considerably modified their communistic views. It is in the Communist Party in Russia, where communism has had its great opportunity, that communism is fading away.

The Russian labor unions, which should be strong bodies safeguarding the rights of labor and upholding a stable government, have to all intents and purposes ceased to exist. Labor has enslaved itself in the system of soviets. The soviets are merely nuclei of labor organization and are themselves subject to a dictatorship that is anything but proletarian, while the great body of labor is reduced to worse than serfdom: it is reduced to the irreducible condition of nothing to do. I wonder why the great heralds of the millennium are unable to look facts in the face.

My heart goes out to the youth of Russia. Young Russia is being very badly brought up. The educational program of the soviet government is quite Utopian as to theory, but like everything else Utopian, it is practically nonexistent in actual fact. Young Russia is growing up in complete ignorance of nearly everything except a howling and hairy idea that there is no God and that everything modern civilization has achieved can be summed up in a single phrase—"the enslavement of the workers." It is all very sad; it is also unimaginable in this day and generation; yet it is true.

However, I began to write with a vision in my mind of a marching column of Red soldiers and I wish to say that, despite the Trotzky helmet, the Red Army, taken all in all, is one of the finest-looking bodies of men I have ever seen. The Russian race is physically magnificent; this we all know. A Russian army could be nothing but splendid as to its mere physical proportions, but a majority of the boys in the Red Army are splendid also in their bearing; they hold their heads high and have a certain surprising pride in themselves. I have stood and watched them by the hour, trying to make them out. It may be that their pride is only the pride of youth, and again it may be, on the part of many, a kind of unconscious defiance in answer to the question that is forever in the eyes of the people who watch them and who listen to the stirring strains of the four-four-measure songs they sing. These songs are not Russian; they are not as The Marseillaise or The Star-Spangled Banner; they are somber songs of militant fanaticism; they are hymns of hate.

The question in the eyes of the onlooking people is: "Whither goest thou, and for what purpose?"

The Trotzky helmet I have described, but perhaps I may be permitted to quote myself, or to say again that it is an atrocity in the form of headgear that was perpetrated by Trotzky and that, being a combination of helmet and cap, it has both a visor and a peak and serves to make its wearer look both flat-headed and low-browed. On the flat spot just above the visor there is either a red star or a crossed hammer and sickle done in red.

For the most part the young men of Russia—and particularly the young men of the higher grades of society—were as reluctant to join the Red Army as a majority of American soldiers would be to join a similar establishment designed to overthrow recognized authority in their own country. These young Russians saw their world going down before their eyes into irredeemable chaos, and to many of them the thought of becoming identified with Bolshevism was intolerable. I have in mind an intimate instance.

Brought In Off the Streets. A Prisonik in Petrograd

Bullet or Red Star?

A FRIEND of mine in a certain Russian city had an only son. My friend is a professional man of very high character, who would command respect in any community. His tragedy unfolded itself in the early days of the Red régime. His modest but charming country estate had been confiscated and was at the time in the hands of a quarreling and unruly mob of the very peasants he had spent his life in endeavoring to uplift and enlighten. With his wife and daughter and this only son he had been turned out of his not at all extravagant but somewhat handsome and interestingly historic home in the city, and was living in a couple of mean rooms in a kind of tenement which had been assigned to him by the commissariat on housing arrangements. The boy was spending his time prowling round the streets, mixing with the crowds and watching the development of events. He was eighteen years old and his class had been called up for service in the Red Army.

One day he went to his father and said, "Father, I have made up my mind. I'd rather have a bullet in my head than wear a red star on it. What shall I do?"

When my friend told me this he put his head down upon his folded arms on the desk in front of him and his broad shoulders were shaken by terrible sobs.

He controlled himself presently, however, and looking up with a kind of twisted apologetic smile he said, "It was a good deal of a problem to put up to me, was it not?" Like so many of his class in Russia he speaks perfect English. He looked deeply thoughtful for a moment, then: "There was comparative safety for the boy in the Red Army," he continued. "It would have been so easy for him to fall in with the necessities of the time and go through with it, as so many thousands have done and are doing. But to suggest such a thing to him would have been equivalent to advising him to forget every principle he had been taught to respect. I couldn't do that. Neither could I help him to get away, because that would have been to endanger my own life—as I learned by experience and leave his mother and sister without protection. What I did do was to give him a few family jewels and all the money I could get together and tell him to go his own way and do the best he could for himself. He had been thinking of a plan to escape from the country and I thought he might succeed. He knew that if he failed he would get the bullet in his head right enough, but he was willing to take that risk. He kissed us all good-by and walked out into the night, and that was the last we ever heard of him."

The rest of this story is almost unbelievable, but it is true, nevertheless. And there is nothing unusual about

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DOING THE "DARBY"

By L. B. Yates

The Start and—at the Right—the Finish

NOBODY can write a really comprehensive story of the English Derby unless he goes back two or three days before the race is really run, and if you will allow me that privilege I will come out boldly and say that on the evening of the Monday previous to the running of this historic event the British Empire from Calcutta to Kamloops was jarred from her moorings, not to say moved several inches due south.

Now at the particular time of which I write things were happening and occurring in and about the activities of said empire. For instance, there were the proceedings over at Genoa, and the American financiers had just arrived with a boatload of adding machines and several bottles of red ink to fill in the off side of the ledger. Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith were closeted with Mr. Churchill, thrashing out the Irish situation. Over at the American Club, in Piccadilly, eight patriotic sons of Sam were maintaining the prestige of the indoor national sport, and if I am not mistaken there was as much as eight pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence in the pot, and the opener had bet one quid as a starter.

Tense moments, but that was not nearly the worst of it, because all at once a diminutive page boy, white to the very gills, bust right in upon the proceedings and—zowie! bamm! the awful thing had happened! The cargo fell overboard because it was reported on the very best authority that Pondoland, favorite for the Derby, had been seen out at exercise that very morning with a bandage on his left hind leg. The bookmakers had boosted his price two points in the betting and everything was on the toboggan.

The Focus of All British Eyes

NOW I ask you one and all if that was not enough to wreck the constitution and personality of any English-speaking nation? Well, no matter what you think, I will tell you here and now it did that very thing. Long before the chickens left the roost next morning England and her tributaries were running round in circles and throwing dust in the air; and let me impress upon you that it takes something more than the usual in earthquakes or tornadoes to make the inhabitants of the so-called merrie kingdom sit up and take what you might call real notice.

Let us, for instance, consider the good old editor of the London Sunday Times; and, by the way, said representative voice of a serious-minded people has just celebrated its hundredth birthday. Well, sir, that erudite journalist with fine patriotic frenzy took his trusty pen in one hand and an equally reliable pad of paper in the other, and unburdened his conscience in the following editorial, which was duly double leaded and printed in circus type, where all who ran might read, or who read might run, just as it suited them. But if you think his sentiments were not stamped by the seal of British approval you lose another bet; moreover, if what follows is not a full and complete confession of faith and an undeniable declaration of independence you can go to the doorkeeper and get your money back.

Here is what the editor had to say:

THE DAY

Derby Day in the national calendar is *the* day. No one can quite know England who has not seen the race and caught its atmosphere. We are a nation of horse lovers and of gamblers and the Derby fuses both passions into something near a frenzy. Go about in the huge world that lives outside the columns of the daily newspapers and you will not find people worrying about German reparations or Mr. Winston Churchill. They are doing something much pleasanter and more sensible. They are thinking, talking and day-dreaming of Epsom and Pondoland, and their chances in the sweepstake and the luck of the draw and the impossibility of the horse they fancy being beaten.

Our people thrill to the Derby as to no other event in the sporting year. The great ones of the land are overshadowed by it into a just insignificance. A cabinet minister with double pneumonia would arouse far less concern than a Derby favourite with a cough. We are all apt in our own little worlds to think ourselves people of consequence. And so we may be. But we get our importance into better perspective when something happens that is really national—not the affair of any class or clique, but the feverish interest of everybody. Then we shrink to quite a wholesome size, and only become inflated again as Derby Day recedes. Next Wednesday, let us hope, will be a day of good sport. In any case, it will be a day when the noblest of animals will teach his masters their proper place.

Favorites

NOW with all these influences at work on a Christian gentleman who finds three thousand miles of salt water between himself and the Maryland Jockey Club back home, is it any wonder that he fell from grace and started out to try to pick the winner himself?

Of course the moment the story of Pondoland's mishap was made public he went back in the betting, St. Louis being immediately installed favorite in his place; and in this connection an English friend invited me to witness some school

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Donoghue on Captain Cuttle Returning to the Unsaddling Enclosure After the Great Race

SHIRT SLEEVES

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

What do you think Hercules would have been if there had not been such a lion, and hydra, and stag and boar and certain unjust and hurtful men whom Hercules used to drive away and clear out? . . . Why then, he would not have been Hercules!

EPICTETUS.

JUDGE Galt, the oldest and closest friend his father had had, came home with Grant after the funeral. Neighbor women—kindly souls who wanted to put their arms around the young man's bowed shoulders and comfort him—had aired and swept and cleaned the house and prepared enough food for a dozen men, and had gone away protestingly, at his request. The big old house, in which he had been born, but to which in the past six years he had come only for his vacations, creaked as though under heavy footsteps, and from distant parts of it came sounds that were like groans. But these noises did not disturb the young man. It seemed to him that he could hear nothing quite so plainly as the blows of the axes, the whine of long saws and the frequent crescendo sweep and crash of the great trees in the timber piece above the house. The last assets of the Buckley place were going—gone!

Judge Galt put his hat, overcoat and muffler on a table and sat down in the big chair by the fire.

"Pull up, son," he said gently. "Let's have a little talk."

Grant Buckley obeyed wearily. He did not want to talk; he wanted to be left alone. He was intensely sorry for himself; and although his father's sudden death had shocked and saddened him, he could not repress a feeling of anger because of what that death had unexpectedly revealed to him. To all intents and purposes, he told himself, he was a pauper.

"You haven't had much time to look things over, Grant," the old lawyer said, slowly filling a pipe with fingers that shook from age. "But you know the main facts about the place. What do you figure you are going to do about it?"

"What can I do except give up and get out?" Grant asked, shrugging.

"Well, now I don't know about that." The old man lighted his pipe and puffed serenely for a moment. "I suppose you are thinking about going back to the city."

"Yes. There's no place else."

"Going to find a job there?"

"I'd have to, of course."

"Thought about what you could get?"

"A place at the bottom somewhere, of course. I have no profession—not even a trade." He laughed shortly. "I was brought up to suppose that I was a rich man's son."

"Don't be unjust about that, Grant," the judge said, looking up sharply. "Your father didn't know himself how bad things were. He was always hoping for the best, you know."

"He might have told me what he did know—about the mortgages and the shameful price he got for the timber. Wait! There goes another pine. Two or three hundred dollars' worth of lumber in it—and Maxwell & Roth are taking it away for about thirty cents!"

"It seems hard, son," the old man agreed. "The timber sale was probably a mistake. But your father was trying to keep up appearances. And you know why?"

"We'd always been thought the wealthiest family in the valley. I suppose most people still think we are—perhaps everyone but old Hatton."

"I Have Peculiar Notions About a Husband. He'll Never Come for Me From Out of Our Own Bunch"

"Your father didn't care anything about what the valley folks thought, Grant. He only cared what your city and college friends thought about you."

"It was mistaken kindness; you'll admit that, judge."

"Maybe so, son; maybe so. But your father loved you; looks to me like there's no getting very far beyond that."

The young man's throat closed.

"I know he did, judge. I don't mean to be hard. Well, the upshot of it all is that I must think about earning a living."

"That's true." Judge Galt smiled. "Most of us get to that point sooner or later. Why don't you stay here to do it, Grant?"

"You mean in the valley?"

"I mean on the place."

"You must be joking! Father had forty years' experience here and sunk a fortune. What I have left is twelve hundred acres of poor land, the pasturage leased and the money spent, and the timber going down while we sit here—sold for a song. What would you give for the Buckley ranch yourself, judge?"

"If I had money," the old lawyer said slowly, "I wouldn't invest it in the ranch; I'd invest it in you."

Grant laughed.

"I wouldn't pay one per cent on a thousand dollars!"

"That would depend, Grant." The old man leaned back, crossed his legs, tamped down his pipe, puffed steadily again. "Son, the young American with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up is the best investment on earth to-day."

"That's fine patriotic theory, judge."

"It's more than that. You know Lars Johansen, don't you—over beyond Clyde?"

"I used to, and I have heard about his success."

"Lars came here to the valley twenty, twenty-five years ago with a pack on his back. He took a bad piece of ground, to begin with. He married a sickly wife. He had his dairy herd wiped out twice, once by drought and once by disease. I can't put a name to everything that's hit Lars. Today he stands pretty close to the top of the list of well-to-do men in the South River district. He could sell out for a couple of hundred thousand and still have some odds and ends of stock and land and things left over. Pretty good citizen, too, Lars is. They had him in the legislature, and he can be congressman from this district a year from now if he wants to be. I don't know a man in these parts who is better thought of."

"He was a born farmer, and he's been lucky."

"He wasn't a born farmer or a farmer at all, son. He was a deep-sea sailor. And as for luck—well, pretty near all of Lars' drawings from the grab bag of fortune have been blanks. He has been the unluckiest man I ever knew. But he was a worker—and he still is. Grant, my boy, the young man who is willing to work starts right there with a hundred-thousand-dollar plant—a going concern, ready for business!"

"Why shouldn't I go to the city, then, judge?"

The young man colored slightly.

"The friends I've made, and the social connections ——"

"Let's begin with that," the judge interrupted, knocking his pipe on the andiron. "The social connections you've made. Men and girls probably, eh?"

"Yes, a few."

"Your ears are pink, Grant. Come right out and call it a girl. How's that? All right? In those social connections you are speaking of, do you know anybody who works with his coat off?"

"That's only a way of expressing an idea, judge. You mean ——"

"Put it that way. Has your university training been the sort that would make you peel your coat off when you started on a stiff job? I don't say there aren't men in the city who work tooth and nail and eyelashes; but are they your college friends? Social connections mean white-collar jobs, as the bohunks say. They mean pink teas and tennis parties and dances and putting a ten-thousand-a-year front on a twelve-hundred-dollar clerk. Be honest now, don't they?"

Buckley flushed.

"Do you think I'm lazy, judge—a lounge lizard?"

"I do not, Grant. I think that your social connections—your college friends—and the idea you've had and they've had that you were a rich rancher's son would force you to live up to a certain standard. And if that standard would include taking off your coat and rolling up your sleeves, then I'll quit talking. I think the place for a land-poor rancher's son and heir is on that land rather than in the city, son."

"I see what you mean, judge. But it looks so hopeless."

"Let it rest right there for now. Think it over. And I wish you'd come down to the house with me for a few nights. Mrs. Galt'd be pleased to have you."

"Not tonight, judge. Thanks a lot. I'm all right—and I want to get used to it."

"That's the spirit, son! Drop in any time. Anything we can do, you know ——"

The judge drove off presently in his ancient surrey, drawn by the old black mare that had been in the Galt family for twenty years. Grant Buckley went back into the house to face his problem.

All the time the judge had been talking his mind had been going back to his last call on Harriet Ashe. He had gone to her with the telegram announcing his father's fatal illness; supposing himself to be heir to a considerable fortune he had asked her bluntly to marry him.

"I already have a chance to buy into Ralston & Wade," he had said. "I don't know the stock-and-bond business, but I think I can learn. We shouldn't be rich, dear, but we'd have enough."

Harriet had looked at him out of those keen gray eyes of hers and a little frown had come to her face.

"I'm sorry, Ulys," she had said, "but it's absolutely no. I like you just as I do the rest of the boys in the crowd; you've been nice to me and we've had some good times together. But I have peculiar notions about a husband. He'll never come for me from out of our own bunch."

There had been other things said, but her speech had remained. He had felt the discovery of his own poverty-stricken estate the more keenly because of what he had said, rather boastfully, to Harriet Ashe. Vague ideas of going back and working up to where he could stand out from the crowd had filled his mind. But he saw now that both Harriet and the judge had expressed the same thought, though in different terms. He was a very ordinary and inconspicuous member of the social set, and now would find himself in jeopardy of losing that place, inferior as it was.

Two days later he called on Judge Galt in the dingy little office in Riverbank.

"I'm going to take my coat off and stay, judge," he said soberly.

Roger Brown, his roommate during three years of his university career, scarcely knew Grant when he came up for a week in the fall.

"You look like a horse, Ulys! Come on down with me and I'll talk the dad into giving you a job as foreman of a gang of stevedores."

"No, thanks, Brownie I'm going to stick it out here "

"You're a queer cuss. You don't like the country "

"Yes, I do. I am liking it better all the time. A fellow can work with his coat off here "

"No doubt of that, I'd say. But how about the old gang don't you miss us? And Harriet?"

"I Will Take Care of Your Notes for a Time and Give You One More Chance"

"Oh, I miss a lot of things. But I can have them again some day."

"You'll get to be such a rube you can't put studs in a dress shirt."

"I might live through even that."

"Come across now, my son. Tell your Uncle Hank the truth. Don't you want to come back? I can get you in at Ford & Jessup's, and you can hire someone to run this blooming plantation of yours."

"Not the way I run it, Roger. No, I'm going to make it go here. Tell me some news, now, and hang up your siren harp."

Two weeks after Brown's departure Grant had a letter that he saw with a thrill—and a sharp pang. Harriet Ashe wrote:

Brownie tells me that you are big as a tackle and as hard as nails. He says you work from sunrise to dark, and then finish up after supper. I knew you could, Grant, but I didn't suppose you ever would.

Even that, though, doesn't explain why you never write to your old friends. We talk about you, and for some unknown reason everyone asks me for news. I have to tell them *Quien sabe*. Is that a proper way to treat a lady?

He tried to write fully, but tore the letter up. None of the details of his long days, his struggles, his hopes and disappointments, his fighting and his defeats, had any color in them. Even his few victories seemed tame, and all of them had to be qualified by so many complex conditional factors. So he wrote briefly, trying to be light and humorous—his old self. Harriet Ashe, with all she had and stood for, was one of the things he had had to put out of his life when he took his coat off.

Meantime he had gained a pretty accurate knowledge of where his affairs stood. The bottom lands—less than two hundred acres—would be ready in the spring for barley and alfalfa; in time they would carry hogs and a dairy string and might provide income enough to pay expenses. The hill land had raised him a small hay crop and would probably do better another year. He could not bear to go near the timber—eight hundred acres of it stretching up from the valley on both sides of the cañon and on for two miles and more in the narrow draw above Lower Hellgate. Maxwell & Roth, the outfit that had bought the trees, were driving their big gangs hard to get out of the upper woods before snow fell, and they were leaving everything except the very best timber. It was something to know that in five years the second growth and the old trees that were being passed by the lumbermen would form a protective covering for the watershed. But hour after hour the big logs shot down the temporary flume to the road on the east line of the ranch, and every stick of it seemed to Grant Buckley like stolen goods.

On the other side of the ledger were accumulated small debts of something over three thousand dollars, and a perfect crazy quilt of mortgages covering the entire property. The total ran to eighty thousand dollars, and under the auctioneer's hammer the ranch would not bring ninety at the best. Samuel Hatton, president and practically owner of the Riverbank State Bank, held all these mortgages. He made no pretense of altruism in connection with the loans they represented.

"I let your father have all I thought the ranch would be good for, Mr. Buckley," the old man said. He was quiet voiced, impersonal, exact. "I would like to see you clear the place, and I will do anything I can to help you except loan you more money or extend your present notes. It is the bank's money, not mine."

"I haven't come to ask for favors, Mr. Hatton," Grant said. "But as a business proposition I think I will have to have an extension on the note that comes due next spring."

"Don't count on it, my young friend. It's better for you to face the facts."

"Thanks," Grant said. "You are right about that last, at any rate."

There was, he saw, no possible chance to pay that five thousand dollars and the interest in April if he was to go on with his contemplated improvements. He made a hasty trip to the city, but realized that he could look for no financial assistance there. He even consulted Judge Galt and the Noonans about selling a part of the place, but they discouraged him. The market for farm lands was never more slack.

Grant dismissed three of the four men he had kept all during the fall and put eleven hundred dollars of his scanty reserve into a herd of half-starved steers from Montana, where drought and early snows had been disastrous. Old-timers in the valley gaped at this news; but they had to admit that young Buckley was a hustler.

He cared for those steers as though they had been spring lambs. He and his star-faced black horse never

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All Through January They Moved Up and Down the Cañon With the Herd, Finding Half a Day's Grazing at a Time and Then Shifting On

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT WAS more than mere curiosity that made me seek Lawrence Livingston. I wished to know how he had made his first million, not because it made a rich man of him but because it definitely established him as a brilliant trader. That he had at last hit upon a successful method of operating in stocks was the all-important thing. How had he hit upon it?

When I saw him I asked him point-blank, "What change did you make in your methods of trading after the Union Pacific incident in Saratoga in the summer of 1906?"

"Perhaps I gave you a wrong impression of what the incident did to me," he said deprecatingly. "It merely made me more independent than ever of tips and talk—that is, of the opinions and surmises and suspicions of other people, however friendly or however able they might be personally. Events, not vanity, proved for me that I could read the tape more accurately than most of the people about me. I also was better equipped than the average customer of Harding Brothers in that I was utterly free from speculative prejudices. The bear side doesn't appeal to me any more than the bull side, or vice versa. My one steadfast prejudice is against being wrong.

"Even as a lad I always got my own meanings out of such facts as I observed. It is the only way in which the meaning reaches me. I cannot get out of facts what somebody tells me to get. They are my facts, don't you see? If I believe something you can be sure it is because I simply must. When I am long of stocks it is because my reading of conditions has made me bullish. But you find many people, reputed to be intelligent, who are bullish because they have stocks. I do not allow my possessions—or my prepossessions either—to do any thinking for me. That is why I told you that I never argue with the tape. To be angry at the market because it unexpectedly or even illogically goes against you is like getting mad at your lungs because you have pneumonia.

"I had been gradually approaching the full realization of how much more than tape reading there was to stock speculation. Old man Partridge's insistence on the vital importance of being continuously bullish in a bull market doubtless made my mind dwell on the need above all other things of determining the kind of market a man is trading in. I began to see more definitely how the big money must necessarily be in the big swing. Whatever might seem to give a big swing its initial impulse, the fact is that its continuance is not the result of manipulation by pools or artifice by financiers, but depends upon basic conditions. And no matter who opposes it, the swing must run as far and as fast and as long as the impelling forces determine."

Preparation for Big Operations

"AFTER Saratoga I began to see more clearly—perhaps I should say more maturely—that since the entire list moves in accordance with the main current there was not so much need as I had imagined to study individual plays or the behavior of this or the other stock. Also, by thinking of the swing one was not limited in his trading. He could buy or sell the entire list. In certain stocks a short line is dangerous after a man sells more than a certain percentage of the capital stock, the amount depending upon how, where and by whom the stock is held. But he could sell a million shares of the general list—if he had the price—without the danger of being squeezed. A great deal of money used to be made periodically by insiders in the old days out of the shorts and their carefully fostered fears of corners and squeezes.

"Obviously the thing to do was to be bullish in a bull market and bearish in a bear market. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But I had to grasp that general principle firmly before I saw that to put it into practice really meant to anticipate probabilities. It took me a long time to learn to trade on those lines. But in justice to myself I must remind you that up to then I had never had a big enough stake to speculate that way. A big swing will mean big money if your line is big, and to be able to swing a big line you need a big balance at your broker's.

"I always had—or felt that I had—to make my daily bread out of the stock market. It interfered with my efforts to increase the stake available for the more profitable but slower and therefore more immediately expensive method of trading on swings.

"After Saratoga not only did my confidence in myself grow stronger but my brokers ceased to think of me as a sporadically lucky Kid Plunger. They had made a great deal out of me in commissions, but now I was in a fair way to become their star customer and as such to have a value beyond the actual volume of my trading. A customer who makes money is an asset to any commission house.

"The moment I ceased to be satisfied with merely reading the tape I ceased to concern myself exclusively with the fluctuations in specific stocks, and when that happened I simply had to study the game from a different angle. I worked back from the quotation to first principles; from price fluctuations to basic conditions.

"Of course I had been reading the daily dope for years. All traders do. But much of it was gossip, some of it deliberately false, and the rest merely the personal opinion of the writers. The reputable weekly reviews when they touched upon underlying conditions were not entirely satisfactory to me. The point of view of the financial editors was not mine as a rule. It was not a vital matter for them to marshal their facts and draw their conclusions from them, but it was for me. Also there was a vast difference in our appraisal of the element of time. The analysis of the week that had passed was less important than the forecast of the weeks that were to come.

"For years I had been the victim of an unfortunate combination of inexperience, youth and insufficient capital. But now I felt the elation of a discoverer. My new attitude toward the game explained my repeated failures to make big money in New York. But now with adequate resources, experience and confidence, I was in such a hurry to try the new key that I did not notice that there was another lock on the door—a time lock! It was a perfectly natural oversight. I had to pay the usual tuition—a good whack per step.

"I studied the situation in 1906 and I thought that the money outlook was particularly serious. Much actual wealth the world over had been destroyed. Everybody must sooner or later feel the pinch, and therefore nobody would be in position to help anybody. It would not be the kind of hard times that come from the swapping of a house worth ten thousand dollars for a carload of race horses worth eight thousand dollars. It was the complete destruction of the house by fire and of most of the horses by a railroad wreck. It was good hard cash that went up in cannon smoke in the Boer War, and the millions spent for feeding nonproducing soldiers in South Africa meant no help from British investors as in the past. Also, the earthquake and the fire in San Francisco and other disasters touched manufacturers, farmers, merchants, laborers and millionaires. The railroads must suffer greatly. I figured that nothing could stave off one peach of a smash. Such being the case there was but one thing to do—sell stocks!

"I told you I had already observed that my initial transaction, after I made up my mind which way I was going to trade, was apt to show me a profit. And now when I decided to sell I plunged. Since we undoubtedly were entering upon a genuine bear market I was sure I should make the biggest killing of my career.

"The market went off. Then it came back. It shaded off again and then it began to advance steadily. My paper profits vanished and my paper losses grew. One day it looked as if not a bear would be left to tell the tale of the strictly genuine bear market. I couldn't stand the gaff. I covered. If I hadn't I shouldn't have had enough left to buy a postal card. I lost most of my fur, but it was better to live to fight another day."

Correct in Theory, Wrong in Practice

"I HAD made a mistake. But where? I was bearish in a bear market. That was wise. I had sold stocks short too soon. That was proper, but also costly. My position was right, but my play was wrong. However, every day brought the market nearer to the inevitable smash. So I waited, and when the rally began to falter and pause I let them have as much stock as my sadly diminished margin permitted. I was right this time—for one whole day, for on the next there was another rally. Another big bite out of yours truly! So I read the tape and covered and waited. In due course I sold again—and again they went down promisingly and then they rudely rallied.

"It looked as if the market were doing its best to make me go back to my old and simple ways of bucket-shop trading. It was the first time I had worked with a definite forward-looking plan embracing the entire market instead of one or two stocks. I figured that I must win if I held out. Of course at that time I had not developed my system of placing my bets or I would have put out my short line on a declining market, as I explained to you the last time. I should not then have lost so much of my margin.

I should have been wrong, but not hurt. You see, I had observed certain facts, but had not learned to coordinate them. My incomplete observation not only did not help but actually hindered.

"I have always found it profitable to study my mistakes. Thus I eventually discovered that it was all very well not to lose your bear position in a bear market, but that at all times the tape should be read to determine the propitiousness of the time for operating. If you begin right you will not see your profitable position seriously menaced; and then you will find no trouble in sitting tight.

"Of course today I have greater confidence in the accuracy of my observations—in which neither hopes nor hobbies play any part—and also I have greater facilities for verifying my facts as well as for variously testing the correctness of my views. But in 1906 the succession of rallies dangerously impaired my margins.

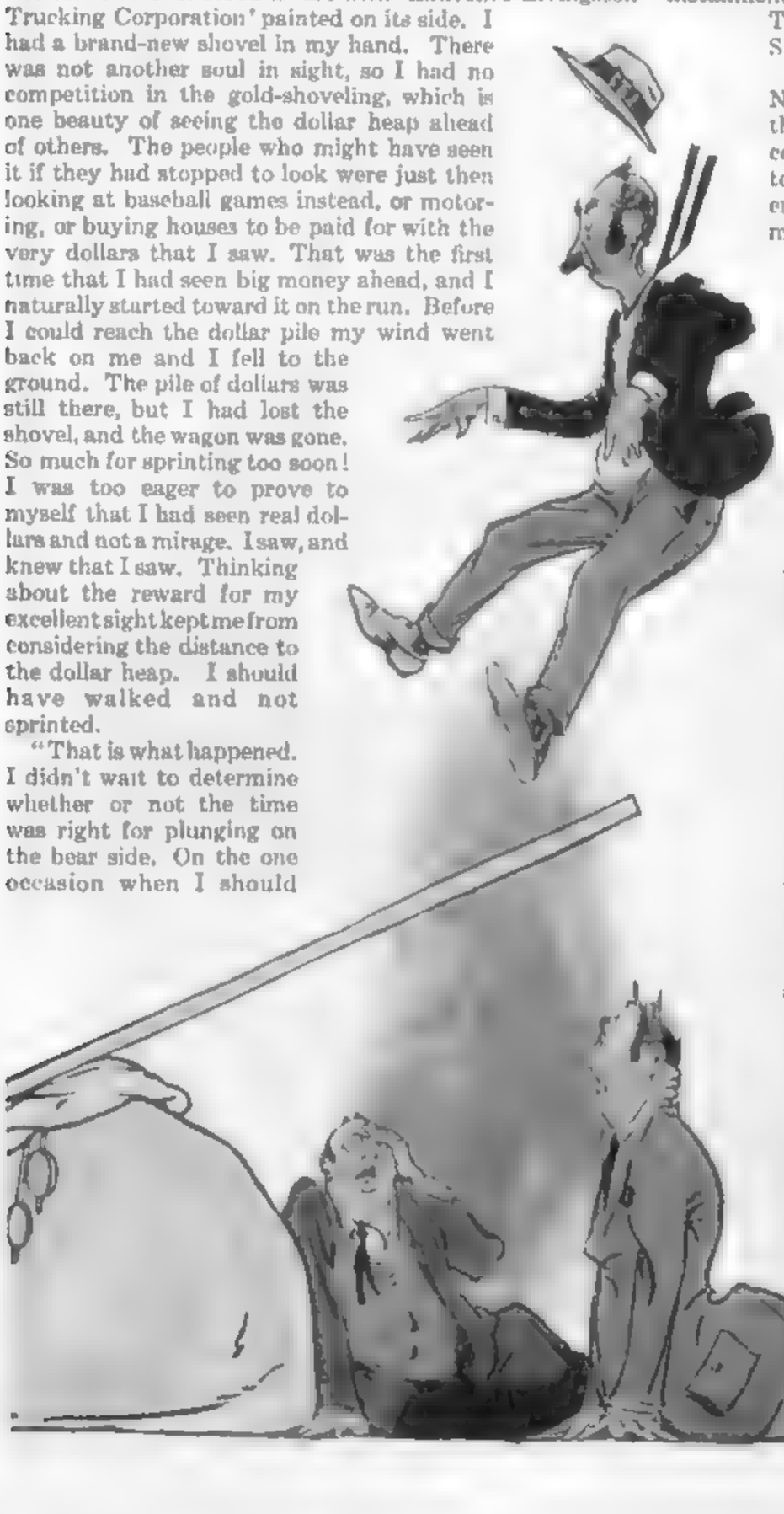
"I was nearly twenty-seven years old. I had been at the game twelve years. But the first time I traded because of a crisis that was still to come I found that I had been using a telescope. Between my first glimpse of the storm cloud and the time for cashing in on the big break the stretch was evidently so much greater than I had thought that I began to wonder whether I really saw what I thought I saw so clearly. We had had many warnings and sensational ascensions in call-money rates. Still some of the great financiers talked hopefully—at least to newspaper reporters—and the ensuing rallies in the stock market gave the lie to the calamity howlers. Was I fundamentally wrong in being bearish or merely temporarily wrong in having begun to sell short too soon?"

Right, but Busted

"I DECIDED that I began too soon, but that I really couldn't help it. Then the market began to sell off. That was my opportunity. I sold all I could, and then stocks rallied again, to quite a high level.

"It cleaned me out. There I was—right and busted!

"I tell you it was remarkable. What happened was this: I looked ahead and saw a big pile of dollars. Out of it stuck a sign. It had 'Help yourself' on it, in huge letters. Beside it stood a cart with 'Lawrence Livingston Trucking Corporation' painted on its side. I had a brand-new shovel in my hand. There was not another soul in sight, so I had no competition in the gold-shoveling, which is one beauty of seeing the dollar heap ahead of others. The people who might have seen it if they had stopped to look were just then looking at baseball games instead, or motoring, or buying houses to be paid for with the very dollars that I saw. That was the first time that I had seen big money ahead, and I naturally started toward it on the run. Before I could reach the dollar pile my wind went back on me and I fell to the ground. The pile of dollars was still there, but I had lost the shovel, and the wagon was gone. So much for sprinting too soon! I was too eager to prove to myself that I had seen real dollars and not a mirage. I saw, and knew that I saw. Thinking about the reward for my excellent sight kept me from considering the distance to the dollar heap. I should have walked and not sprinted.



"That is what happened. I didn't wait to determine whether or not the time was right for plunging on the bear side. On the one occasion when I should have invoked the aid of my tape reading I didn't do it. That is how I came to learn that even when one is properly bearish at the very beginning of a bear market it is well not to begin selling until there is no danger of the engine backfiring.

"I had traded in a good many thousands of shares at Harding's office in all those years, and, moreover, the firm had confidence in me and our relations were of the pleasantest. I think they felt that I was bound to be right again very shortly and they knew that with my habit of pushing my luck all I needed was a start and I'd more than recover what I had lost. They had made a great deal of money out of my trading and they would make more. So there was no trouble about my being able to trade there again as long as my credit stood high.

"The succession of spankings I had received made me less aggressively cocksure; perhaps I should say less careless, for of course I knew I was just so much nearer to the smash. All I could do was wait watchfully, as I should have done before plunging. It wasn't a case of locking the stable after the horse was stolen. I simply had to be sure, the next time I tried. If a man didn't make mistakes he'd own the world in a month. But if he didn't profit by his mistakes he wouldn't own a blessed thing.

"Well, sir, one fine morning I came downtown feeling cocksure once more. There wasn't any doubt this time. I had read an advertisement in the financial pages of all the newspapers that was the high sign I hadn't the sense to wait for before plunging. It was the announcement of a new issue of stock by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads. The payments were to be made on the installment plan for the convenience of the stockholders. This consideration was something new in Wall Street. It struck me as more than ominous.

"For years the unfailing bull item on Great Northern preferred had been the announcement that another melon was to be cut, said melon consisting of the right of the lucky stockholders to subscribe at par to a new issue of Great Northern stock. These rights were valuable, since the market price was always way above par. But now the money market was such that the most powerful banking houses in the country were none too sure the stockholders would be able to pay cash for the bargain. And Great Northern preferred was selling at about 330!

"As soon as I got to the office I told Ed Harding, 'The time to sell is right now. This is when I should have begun. Just look at that ad, will you?'

"He had seen it. I pointed out what the bankers' confession amounted to in my opinion, but he couldn't quite see the big break right on top of us. He thought it better to wait before putting out a very big short line by reason of the market's habit of having big rallies. If I waited prices might be lower, but the operation would be safer.

"'Ed,' I said to him, 'the longer the delay in starting the sharper the break will be when it does start. That ad is a signed confession on the part of the bankers. What they fear is what I hope. This is a sign for us to get aboard the bear wagon. It is all we needed. If I had ten million dollars I'd stake every cent of it this minute.'

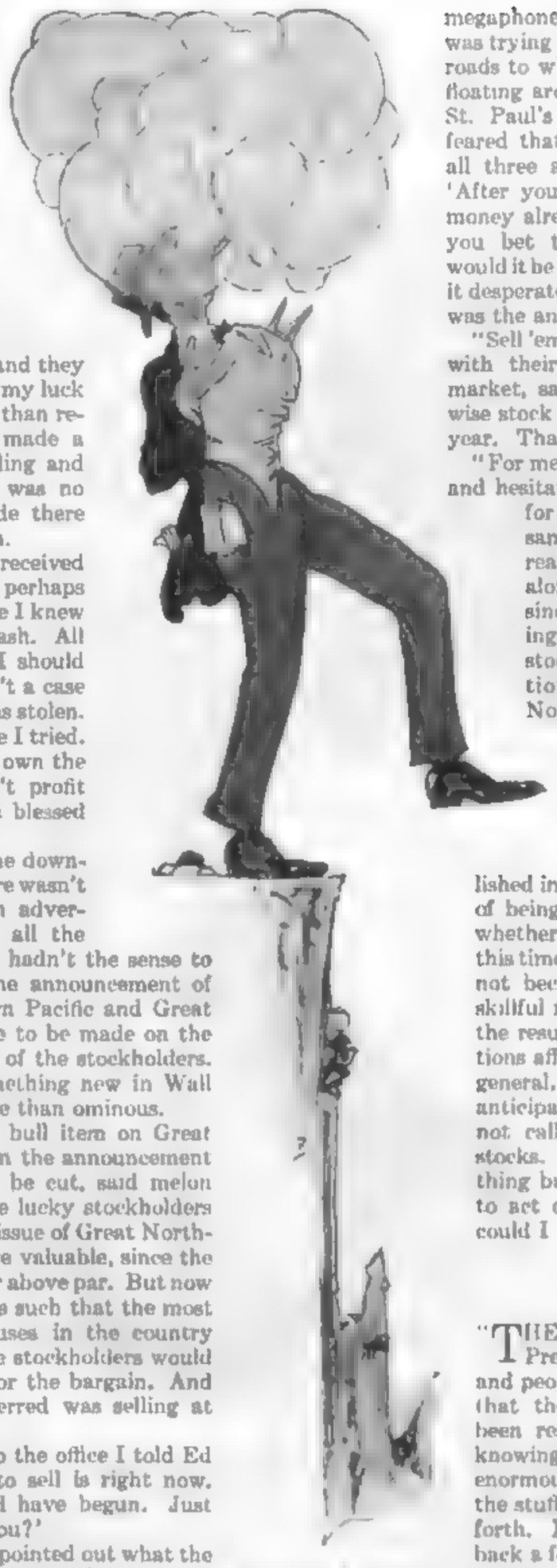
"I had to do some more talking and arguing. He wasn't content with the only inferences a sane man could draw from that amazing advertisement. It was enough for me, but not for most of the people in the office. I sold a little; too little.

"A few days later St. Paul very kindly came out with an announcement of an issue of its own; either stock or notes, I forget which. But that doesn't matter. What mattered then was that I noticed the moment I read it that the date of payment was set ahead of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific payments, which had been announced earlier. It was as plain as though they had used a megaphone that grand old St. Paul was trying to beat the two other railroads to what little money there was floating around in Wall Street. The St. Paul's bankers quite obviously feared that there wasn't enough for all three and they were not saying 'After you, my dear Alphonse!' If money already was that scarce—and you bet the bankers knew—what would it be later? The railroads needed it desperately. It wasn't there. What was the answer?

"Sell 'em! Of course! The suckers, with their eyes fixed on the stock market, saw little—that week. The wise stock operators saw much—that year. That was the difference.

"For me, that was the end of doubt and hesitation. I made up my mind for keeps then and there. That same morning I began what really was my first campaign along the lines that I have since followed. I told Harding what I thought and how I stood, and he made no objections to my selling Great Northern preferred at around 330, and other stocks at high prices. I profited by my mistakes and sold more intelligently.

"My reputation and my credit were reestablished in a jiffy. That is the beauty of being right in a broker's office, whether by accident or not. But this time I was cold-bloodedly right, not because of a hunch or from skillful reading of the tape, but as the result of my analysis of conditions affecting the stock market in general. I wasn't guessing. I was anticipating the inevitable. It did not call for any courage to sell stocks. I simply could not see anything but lower prices, and I had to act on it, didn't I? What else could I do?"



Critical Days

"THE whole list was soft as mush. Presently there came a rally and people came to me to warn me that the end of the decline had been reached. The big interests, knowing the short interest to be enormous, had decided to squeeze the stuffing out of the bears, and so forth. It would set us pessimists back a few millions. It was a cinch that the big fellows would have no mercy. I used to thank these kindly counselors. I wouldn't even argue, because then they would have thought that I wasn't grateful for the warnings.

"The friend who had been in Atlantic City with me was in agony. He could understand the hunch that was followed by the earthquake. He couldn't disbelieve in such agencies, since I had made a quarter of a million by intelligently obeying my blind impulse to sell Union Pacific. He even said it was Providence working in its mysterious way to make me sell stocks when he himself was bullish. And he could understand my second U. P. trade in Saratoga because he could understand any deal that involved one stock on which the tip definitely fixed the movement in advance, either up or down. But this thing of predicting that all stocks were bound to go down used to exasperate him.

"What good did that kind of dope do anybody? How in blazes could a gentleman tell what to do?

"I recalled old Partridge's favorite remark, 'Well, this is a bull market, you know,' as though that were tip enough for anybody who was wise enough; as in truth it was. It was very curious how, after suffering tremendous losses from a break of fifteen or twenty points, people who were still hanging on welcomed a three-point rally and were certain the bottom had been reached and complete recovery begun.

"One day my friend came to me and asked me, 'Have you covered?'

"'Why should I?' I said.

"'For the best reason in the world.'

"'What reason is that?'

"'To make money. They've touched bottom and what goes down must come up. Isn't that so?'

(Continued on Page 90)

THE VAN ROON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

With a Scared Look He Moved to the Door and Slipped a Bolt Across. He Said Sullenly: "Not Goin' to be Mixed Up Wiv It—Not Me"

XXXVIII

MR. KELLER cleared a space near the fire and elaborately arranged a second screen, which June noticed was decorated with nude figures.

"There you are," he said. "That'll keep you snug. And if you sit on a stool by the fire with a rug over your knees you'll be as warm as a kitten."

June paled, but she did not speak.

"Begin as soon as you like: the sooner the better. Are you quite sure you won't have just a spot?" Again he pointed to the bottle on the table. "You look as if you want a drop of something."

Once more June declined the offer in a voice which in her own ear seemed absurdly small and faint.

"Pity," said Mr. Keller cheerfully as he looked at her. "It'd put some life in you." And then, as she was still inert, he went on in a tone which pleasantly mingled gentlemanliness and business, "I always pay a sovereign an hour, you know—for the altogether."

A light of fear came into June's large eyes. "Does it mean," she asked shyly and awkwardly as she looked away from him, "that I shall have to take off my clothes?"

"Why, of course," he said matter-of-factly.

Her obvious embarrassment was not lost upon him, but the knowledge did not appear in his manner.

June shivered slightly. In that shiver a deep instinct spoke for her. "I couldn't do that," she said.

As she spoke she had to fight a powerful desire to burst into tears. But her latent fear of this man had suddenly grown. Overdriven as she was, however, she was yet conscious of a stern need to keep a hold upon herself. She knew nothing, less than nothing, of her host beyond the fact that he was smooth of speech. On the surface he was a gentleman, but as he stood looking down at her now she glimpsed in his dark eyes that which seemed to countervail everything.

Again she shivered. The sense of helplessness was paralyzing. It was as if a chasm had abruptly opened right under her feet. She was at his mercy. But she must not give one thought, so long as a spark of will remained with her, to the possibility of throwing herself upon it.

He continued to stand looking at her while she fought against a welling weakness that must have been only too patent. Then, as if a little puzzled by her, he went and fetched a glass from another part of the studio. He poured out a small quantity of spirit and offered it neat.

"Drink this. It'll do you good."

His voice for the first time had the grip of authority. He held the glass to her lips, but as if containing deadly fumes they shrank from contact with it.

"Don't be a little fool!" The sharp tone was like the touch of a whip. "Why don't you do as you are told?"

She had not the strength to resent the command, even if she was able to muster the power to resist it.

"Look here," he said, confronted by a limit to patience. "Why have you come here? What's the matter with you? Tell me."

She remained mute. There was nothing she could tell. A lodging for the night, food, advice, protection were what she sought. Dominated completely as she was by their paramount need, she yet did not dare to confide in Keller. The subtle change that had come upon him since he had fixed up the screen and poured out the whisky filled her with an intense longing to get away. In spite of a growing weakness, which now threatened dire collapse, the subtle feelers of her mind were on the track of danger.

With a slow gathering of will that was a form of agony she sought to collect the force to rise from the perilous comfort of the low wicker chair. But she was not able to rouse herself to action before the effort had been nipped by his next remark.

"If you've no intention of sitting to me you'd better say in two words why you've come here."

The voice was no longer smooth; there was a cutting edge to it, lacerating to June's ear.

"I wanted you to lend me a sovereign."

It was the literal truth, but the unguarded words slipped from her before she could shape or control them. Almost before they were uttered she realized their bitter unwisdom.

"You can have a sovereign—if that's all you want." His tone grew light again. "But it's only fair and reasonable that you should earn it first."

Strive as she would she was not able to keep a faint dew of tears from filming her eyes.

"No need to take off more than your bodice, if that's what's troubling you."

With her shoulders on fire she could not take off her bodice, even had she wished to do so.

She sat inert while he continued to stand before her. The thread of will she still had, fully concentrated though it was on getting away from him, was now unequal to the ugly challenge of his voice and eyes.

"Let me go," she half whimpered.

Suddenly, in her own despite, her defenses had begun palpably to fail. The blunder was fatal—if the cry of Nature overdriven can be called a blunder. His eyes pinned hers. Trembling under the spell of their hard cunning she began to perceive that it was now a case of the serpent and the bird.

A frown darkened his face as he cast back to the first meeting with this girl. He tried to recall their conversation in the tea shop three days ago. At the time it had interested him considerably, but he had laughed over it since and decided to dismiss it from his mind. She had told him a cock-and-bull story about a picture. He could not recall the details of an absurd yarn that had not seemed worth his while to remember.

At the best it was a bald and unconvincing narrative. But it concerned a Rembrandt. No, not a Rembrandt. A Van Roon!

With a heightening of curiosity Adolph Keller gazed at the hunted creature now shrinking from his eyes. By Jove, she looked as if she had been through it! Something pretty bad must have happened to her quite recently. But why had she come to him?

Thoughts of the picture set his active mind to work. She had come to him because she was in want of money. So much, at least, was clear. To judge by the look of her she had probably, at a moment's notice, been turned out of house and home. A domestic servant, no doubt, and no better than she should be, although a certain taste about her much-rumpled clothes and an attempt at refinement of manner suggested the wish to rise above her class.

In the midst of this quick mind process Adolph Keller saw the brown-paper parcel. It was in the place where his visitor had laid it when she had first sat down. He noticed that she had cunningly reared it by the farther side of her chair, so that it might be beyond the immediate range of his eye.

Keller's pulse quickened, yet he allowed no hint of his intriguing discovery to show in his manner. Once again it changed towards his guest. The tone of sharp authority vanished.

Twisting a dark mustache round strong yet delicate fingers, his air of extreme gentlemanliness verged upon the sugary as he said, "I don't like to see you like this. I don't really."

The tone's unexpectedness, perhaps even more than its kindness, moved June to further tears.

"You had better tell me, hadn't you, just what's upset you?"

She shook miserably. And then, thrown off her guard by this new note of concern, she found the courage to venture again: "Please lend me a sovereign and let me go. I promise solemnly to pay it back."

He smiled in a way obviously designed to reassure. "What's your hurry, my dear girl?" Soft as were the words, they yet caused the design to fail.

Their noneffect was clearly visible in the girl's tragic eyes. She was caught in a trap; all his trimmings and posturings seemed only to emphasize the fact that she had no means of getting out.

Like a powerful drug the brutal truth attacked her brain. It was as if its higher nerve centers could no longer

act. She was completely in the power of this man. And only too well did she know that he knew it.

Inevitably as fate those slim fingers dipped towards the side of her chair. "What have we here?" The inflection was lightly playful, yet it drove all the blood from her heart. "May I look?"

His hand closed on the parcel before she could muster one futile finger to stay it.

Galvanized as if by electricity, she sprang up from her chair without knowing what she did. "Please—it's mine!"

Without conscious volition she tried weakly to defend her property. He put her off with the cheery playfulness of a teasing brother.

"Just one little peep," he said.

The treasure was yielding its wrappings already to those deft fingers. Smiling all the time, he treated the thing as a mere joke. And he was able to give the joke full effect, because not for an instant did he expect it to turn out anything else.

XXXIX

ADOLPH KELLER gave a low whistle. He took in his breath quickly. The treasure, in its rare incredible beauty, had declared itself to his eyes. And to the eyes of an artist, wholly unready for the revelation, it came in a single devastating flash.

Aglow with excitement he removed the shade from the electric lamp. Holding the picture beneath the light, an arm's length away from his eyes, he turned it over several times in that fashion of the expert which June had now learned to dread. And then humming softly and with his fingers still inclosing it, he passed beyond the screen to a table on which lay a microscope.

With a feeling of nausea June watched everything he did. Only too well she knew that the microscope would simply feed his excitement. In a fresh spasm of weakness she reeled against the chimneypiece. She had now the sensation of having fallen over a precipice into a bottomless pit. Already she was sinking down, down, down into night and damnation.

Keller soon returned, microscope in hand; and while he plied it under the lamp she dared not glance at his face. Passively she waited for his next words. The power of action had left her.

When at last he did speak his voice was calmer and gentler than she looked for. "Tell me," he said, "how did you come by this rather jolly old thing?"

The tone of playfulness was almost silly. But she was not deceived, for striking through it was the oiliness of Uncle Si. And she knew that she had only to glance at that face shining pale under the lamp, which was a thing she dared not do, to carry the resemblance farther.

"Tell me," he repeated softly.

A sense of destiny seemed to weigh her down.

"It has been given to me." Her voice was hardly audible.

"Given to you." He smiled a little as his mind went off in search of the half-forgotten fragments of their talk three days ago. "Let me see—your best boy, wasn't it, who made you a present of a picture, by a well known R. A.?"

June did not know how to answer, yet she was able to realize that an answer of some kind was imperative.

"That's it," she said. There was nothing else she could say.

"I rather like this thing, do you know." His voice was acquiring a sort of growing brightness which seemed quite to admit her to his confidence. "It might almost have been painted by the snuffy old Scotsman—one MacFarlane by name—who first showed me how to draw. It's just in his manner. By Jove!"—the voice of Adolph Keller seemed to glow with humor—"I can almost see that cantankerous whiskyfied old fool daubing that water and those trees. But in his day not a bad painter, you know; not a bad painter." And the voice of the pupil tailed off in a note of reluctant affection of which he seemed half ashamed. It was June's turn to say something, but her frozen lips could not utter.

Keller, holding the picture in both hands, gave her a side look, which he tried as far as he could to conceal. In the midst of this scrutiny he said, "To you, I expect, one picture is very much the same as another?"

"I know what I like." June was able to answer, perhaps for no better reason than that by now she understood only too well that it hardly mattered what she answered.

"Well, anyhow, that's something," said Keller with a forced laugh. "Great thing to know your own mind in these little matters. Nice of your best boy was your best boy, wasn't it?—to give you this. Not that it's worth much to the ordinary buyer. Pictures are like lovers, you know. Their beauty, sometimes, is in the eye of the beholder."

It sickened her to hear him lie in this way. The deadly sensation of falling, falling, falling came over her again. But she let him run on. For one thing she lacked the power to check him; and even had the power been hers it would have been worse than futile to make an attempt to do so.

XL

"LOOK here," said Adolph Keller, in the midst of his prattle. "I've taken rather a fancy to this bit of a thing. Suppose you let me have it. I'll give you a landscape in exchange; I've one or two that are not so bad, and you shall have your pick. Moreover"—and he fixed June with a steady eye—"you shall have your sovereign as well."

She shook her head tensely. Inclination now wished to tell him the fabulous worth of the picture; but prudence said no. The calculated way in which he had lied was proof enough that he knew its value already. She held out her hand. In a voice dry and choking she said, "Please give it me. I ought to be going."

He gazed at her with the eye of a condor. "Much better take what you can get for it, hadn't you? It'll be a difficult thing to sell, you know. This is quite a fair offer."

"Give it me, please," June gasped miserably.

"Don't be a little fool!"

The tone was like the closing of a door. She knew at once that he had not the remotest intention of giving it back to her. And what followed immediately upon the words made the fact only too clear. He laid the picture on a table some little distance away, and his next act was to produce a case, from which he took forth a pound note.

"Here you are," he said roughly. "Take this and be jolly thankful. And then make yourself scarce as soon as you like."

It was a plain intimation that there was going to be no more pretense. The tone was that of a cynical bully who judged it to be best for both parties that the owner of the Van Roon should now be given an unmistakable perception of reality.

Overdriven as June was, the knowledge that at the very last she was to be robbed of the fruits of her hard-won victory was more than she could bear. Faced by this man's cool insolence and mean cunning, she was swept by a tide of rage. He knew that she could have no proof of ownership, and he was going to reap a full advantage from the fact. At that moment of an unendurable bitterness she was spurred and lashed by the same devil which two hours ago had driven Uncle Si to frenzy.

"The picture's mine!" she cried hoarsely. And then, advancing towards the table, "Give it me, you thief!"

At the ugly word he recoiled a step, but the next instant he grabbed her by the wrists. In the struggle to get free she felt his evil breath upon her face. Many a dram must have gone to so much foulness, and as his powerful grip slowly fastened upon her there came swift knowledge of a new and more urgent peril.

She was alone with this man in his own flat. Utterly without a means of defense as she was, she had been mad enough to offer him a physical challenge. In a few seconds she would be at his mercy.

Before she was fully alive to what was taking place she found herself forced slowly backwards to the wall.

"I'll teach you to come here, you — -"

She gave a shriek of terror and lashed out wildly at his shins. Fighting like a tigress, at first she kept him at bay. The power of his hands was terrific, but she did not scruple to use the weapons Nature had given her. After a long and horrible minute of claws, teeth and feet in the course of which she bit him savagely it grew reasonably clear to Adolph Keller that if only she cares to use it the female of the species does not lack a means of defense.

"You beauty!" he gasped as he struggled to shift his grip upon her.

As if She Had Been a Noisome Reptile Which His Flesh Abhorred, He Dragged Her Out of the Room

Goaded by the furies, he found his way at last to her throat. And then she felt that he was going to kill her. Moreover, as his madman's grip began slowly to distill her life through its fingers he perceived how simple a matter it was going to be.

XLI

KELLER'S own defenses were almost down, but just in the nick of time was he able to realize this fact. And man of calculation that he was, even in this moment of madness, when each devil in his soul conspired for his final overthrow, he was able by dint of an underlying coolness

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 12, 1922

The Golden Rule in Business

EVERY now and then the reading public is regaled with vivid accounts of how a particular business concern has adopted the square deal, the golden rule or some other highly ethical and idealistic standard for the conduct of its affairs. Perhaps there is a shred of journalistic exaggeration in these reports or a faint trace of clever advertising. More probably, however, the managers really have discovered one of the many and complex elements that go to make up progressive, enlightened, improved and effective administration, elements that possibly unknown to them have been recognized and employed for a long time by other executives.

But in any case these periodical announcements that henceforth the golden rule will govern the plant of A or B or C imply, if they do not actually state in so many words, the discovery or at least the avowal of a new order or system of industry. There is the corresponding implication that others should do likewise and that the old system is outworn and unjust. If such be the inference, such the conclusion, the fact is one of momentous importance, of joyful significance and due cause for celebration.

The world should at once have every specification and all the working rules. The discovery should be explained in the fewest and simplest possible terms; it should be made as plain as a demonstration in geometry or a chemical formula. The world has struggled too long against the devil of selfishness; it cannot afford to miss the earliest possible discovery of how to banish that ancient and deep-seated evil.

How, for example, does the golden rule apply to a typical industry—let us say, to a large telephone company? To whom first shall the golden rule be applied—to the customers? Why not, for there are many of them, millions upon millions, and not a few are laboring people on small wages, to whom a couple of dollars a month is a large sum. Suppose in the spirit of unselfishness the rate for home service were cut to fifty, even to twenty-five or ten cents a month. For a few months, for perhaps a year or two, the company's large undivided profits and surplus might stand the strain. Then its capital would have to be eaten into, and finally before long there would be nothing left but a corporate wreck.

But before the business disintegrates suppose that economies are effected by reducing wages. Service might be given at twenty-five or ten cents a month and wages of operators reduced to two or three dollars a week. Who then is enjoying the golden rule?

Or shall the rule be applied exclusively to employes, to working, to laboring people? There are circles where two hundred dollars a week is nothing but a meager, impecunious wage. Do not telephone girls deserve as much unselfishness as anyone else? Yes, indeed; so they shall have a minimum wage of two hundred per. For a few months the company's undivided profits and surplus stand the strain. But soon its capital becomes impaired, and to prevent the dissolution of the business and the cessation of telephone service it becomes necessary to raise rates to perhaps fifty or a hundred or two hundred dollars a month. There is no alternative, except government subsidy or ownership, and at the same scale of wages that would mean an enormous amount of increased taxation.

The same reasoning might be applied in other directions. Suppose the golden rule were put into effect as regards shareholders—there are a hundred thousand of them in this particular instance—and the dividends increased to their hearts' desire. That would not do. Nor would it be wise to pay the concerns that supply raw materials all they might want. Or the officers.

It is a nice question this—of who is to get the benefit of total unselfishness in industry. Expressed in another way, the idea of complete economic liberty is impossible. If the producer is wholly free, if he gets everything, then he becomes a slave to himself as consumer. He will wait in line in the market place to be rationed. If he takes all as a producer, as a laborer, then he meets his own and other men's product at prohibitive prices when he comes to buy. It is a fine question to decide, whether the telephone operator or subscriber is to get it all. Which is to be the recipient of an unalloyed unselfishness?

Nor is this the whole of the delicate adjustments which business enterprises must make. If workers and consumers between them were to get the total product there is nothing for obsolescence and the growth of the business. There must be profits to extend the plant, to attract capital. Indeed there must be profits to support government, for that is where taxes come from. The managers in their consideration of the golden rule must keep in mind the revenue collector and the future needs of business as well as the consumers and workers.

Then there is the question of competition. If wages and other items of expense are too high competitors with less altruistic motives may take the business away and leave nothing for the workers at all. On the other hand if wages are too low production will be poor and the results unsatisfactory. Wages, hours and working conditions should be as favorable as practicable, not only as a matter of common decency and humanity but because in this way the business is often most effectively conducted for all parties at interest, consumers and managers as well as wage earners.

Unfortunately the pursuit of profits under our competitive system leads too often to a misdirection of production. It may on occasion pay exceedingly well to produce a poor quality of goods and underpay workers or employ them under evil conditions. The pursuit of profits may lead to the mere multiplication of lines of business, of which there are already enough, instead of the creation of new wealth in useful forms. Many men prosper by conducting businesses that are useful and serviceable, and many others prosper in enterprises that are anything but helpful to society at large.

The natural reply to this set of facts is often to question a system that does not work invariably toward beneficent ends. But what we call our social or industrial system is not a system any more than a man of seventy is a system. They are, alike, products. To talk of making another system is like talking of making a man of seventy into something else than his life has made him. The industrial system has changed often and is always changing. Indeed does anyone doubt that one of its most important changes is the constant growth of a realization among business men that profits are justly and fairly won only as the result of service rendered?

The business man who conforms most closely to the golden rule is not one who welcomes some idle, impractical, unworkable notion of abolishing profits. He is the one whose industrial religion is based on the principle that service alone justifies profits. Here and there an isolated small manufacturer may reach an agreement with a handful of employes that utter unselfishness will be shown toward one another. But such agreements can have no great value, for the simple reason that they have no wide or general application.

The victory against selfishness in industry, as in life itself, cannot be won on a single front. Plant managers and workers are not the whole picture. There are farmers, merchants, salesmen, professional workers of a thousand varieties, and the great body of consumers. What avails it for a factory here and there to promulgate impossible professions of idealism if purchasers continue to buy in the cheapest market regardless of the conditions under which goods are made?

The ideal business, the one that conforms most closely to the golden rule, is that which produces or sells a good quality of merchandise, made under the best conditions practicable, to consumers who need and want such goods, at the lowest prices practicable. To multiply this type of business enterprise requires, it is true, a sense of responsibility to the community, as well as a good heart and the courage and vision to put upon the word "practicable" a broad, sound interpretation. But these are not enough, and certainly the mere intention to be unselfish is not enough. To balance the factors and to make the delicate and absolutely necessary adjustments demand a large measure of experience, the sense of practicality, training, skill, ability, intelligence, knowledge and wisdom.

The Siren Voice

NOWADAYS the siren voice is that of the city luring the young away not only from the farm but from the smaller towns and villages and even county seats. Perhaps there is only futility in urging youth to stay on the farm and remain with the old folks in the homestead on the village green. They seek the broader horizons of city life, the more varied friendships, the supposedly greater sympathy and opportunity as well as more frequent pleasures. The village seems to be a narrowing, cramping place, with no understanding of aspirations and ambition. It is full of old ladies with whom rest and caution are more important than seeing the world or a life of action. Young folk feel shut in, they are conscious of a tied-down sensation. The wide world beckons.

But, alas, the impulse of youth to fly cityward is followed too often by disillusionment. Most of those who follow the bright lights will lead only mediocre lives, no happier nor more successful than in the country. Poorly paid clerical positions await them. The lights are only a mirage. A few will reach the top and win the prizes that dazzle the rest. But ability and initiative have their reward in small places more often and more fully, if not to the same spectacular extent. In practically every one of thousands of small towns are men whose careers are active, busy, successful and well paid. Their names may never appear in success articles in the Sunday papers, but they are useful members of their communities, hard working, but amply rewarded for their efforts.

No unusual talent is required to succeed in a variety of business enterprises in the small community. Industry, a certain amount of resource, readiness, handiness—these are the qualities of the small-town man of affairs. The automobile has greatly increased business possibilities in rural districts. More people come and go; thus there are more to be catered to. Garages are wanted everywhere. Hotels multiply. To be one's own boss is no great stunt.

There is a current from as well as to the city, that of the middle aged who have tired of its noise and hardness, who want quiet and solid comfort. Perhaps it is better to try the city's charms, even to discard them later, than remain discontented in country places. But young men are often advised to plan their lives, and deliberately seek a goal. As a cold business proposition the small-town goal is more likely to be reached than the dazzling city heights. There will be more actual, pecuniary prosperity, more comfort, more success. If the young man must have his fling he will take it. But if he really wants success let him weigh carefully where it is most likely to be found.

DEATH AND TAXES

By Will Payne

AT THE age of eight or nine I was taken on a voyage up the Mississippi River to St. Paul. By that time the imposing river craft which Mark Twain celebrated had mostly disappeared. Our boat was a modest affair, but all the more fascinating to me on that account because I could explore it more satisfactorily. I was always slipping downstairs to see how the strange contrivance was operated, especially at the crucial periods of making a landing and casting off. So one of my outstanding impressions from the voyage was that the technical language of navigation consists mainly of profanity.

Later on our village bank in Nebraska accommodated its patrons by paying their taxes; and I discovered that taxes were usually discussed with the same vocabulary as navigation. I recall a fiery-bearded farmer in tattered garments to whom I had just handed a strip of printed paper. He held it in one calloused hand, which trembled with emotion. The other calloused hand clutched a tangle of red beard. Evidently the man was surcharged with feeling. After a wordless moment he attempted to express the feeling by exclaiming plaintively "That's simply hellish."

The printed strip of paper was his tax bill. His taxes were more than they had been the year before. Usually taxes were more than they had been the year before, which three taxpayers out of five regarded as a wanton outrage. Since then I have heard much discussion of taxes. The red-bearded farmer's comment pretty well expresses the general attitude toward them.

Always, everywhere taxes are an affliction. That is the basic fact about them. Governments have been levying taxes in one form or another, I suppose, for ten thousand years; but in that length of time man hasn't really got used to it. The world over he still regards taxes, in the main, as a sort of robbery to which he must submit. Now taxes are our most immediate, obvious and familiar contribution to the common weal. They are what we chip in to the general pot for the purpose of carrying on the necessary collective enterprise of government. Hence they illustrate, better and more conclusively than anything else, our natural, ingrained attitude toward collectivism. An old saying couples death and taxes as the two things from which there is no escape. Death has been called our debt to Nature. Taxes are our most immediate and familiar debt to the commonweal. We pay the one debt just about as cheerfully as the other.

I am somewhat vague on the dates, but I think it was while I was still handing out tax receipts that I read a book called Looking Backward, which made a great stir in its day. It described the experiences and impressions of a young gentleman who lost consciousness and woke up a few centuries later in a much pleasanter society than he had known when the brick hit him on the head in A. D. 1888, or whenever it was. I haven't seen the book since, so my recollection of it is probably not accurate in details and I may have it more or less mixed up with Mr. Howells' Traveler From Altruria and some others of the same sort.

The Happy Life

BUT I am clear on the main point that in this pleasanter society everybody joyously thought and toiled solely for the common good. Nobody worked for wages, or for profit, or for his own good, but only for the good of all. Every family had a pretty little colonial cottage with chaste syringa at the front door and a straight gravel path, bordered with seashells, across the neat lawn. No family wanted more than that. The more advanced and sensitive families were shamefaced about monopolizing even a cottage when so many poor, dear little chipmunks had no place to sleep except out-of-doors. If anyone committed a rude or selfish act such as cracking the treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. over the head and taking the contribution box away from him, or setting fire to his pretty colonial cottage in order to collect the insurance no brutal police hopped on him and dragged him off to a horrible prison; but the community looked at him sadly; not in anger, but in meek-eyed reproach. Then he felt as you do when, dining at the bank president's for the first time, you spill the gravy over the lady at your left. After forty-eight hours of silent, meek-eyed reproach, most malefactors would commit suicide, only somebody always kept watch in order to intervene at the last moment and lead them back to a virtuous life. If fifty six hours of meek reproof didn't fetch a selfish man into the seashell-bordered path they knew there was something the matter with his brain, and performed a surgical operation to cure it.

In that pleasant society selfishness was looked upon as we look upon indulgence in cocaine or homicide as a painful aberration. And working for the commonweal was joyous aside from any moral consideration, because the work was of a light agreeable character, the heavy disagreeable work being performed by automatic machines. Even the cooking was done out of the house. At six o'clock the housewife, attired in a pretty muslin dress, tripped in from the veranda of her pretty colonial cottage and called up the community kitchen to say what she wanted for dinner. She then returned to the veranda and resumed

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LITTLE BROTHER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From the Salome Sun

ONE of our subscribers died last week and another moved away. If the other one don't pay up his subscription before long we will either have to suspend publication or go to work.

* * * *

BE A BOOSTER - like a rooster—always crowing loud and long; keep a yelling what you're selling—put some Pepper in your song. If you're tired go get fired—hunt a job you think will suit you. BE A GETTER—times are better for the man that packs a smile; take your licking or quit kicking - dig right in and make your pile. THE WAR IS OVER and there's clover in the pastures all around; it's not waiting or debating but making hay out of the ground. Watch it growing—always showing lots of blossoms - it's ALIVE. If you're a dead one go use a lead gun—drones ain't wanted in this hive. BE A DOING—quit your stewing—get a move on, grab some kale: don't let your head get feeling dead yet—SWEAT AND SMILE AND YOU CAN'T FAIL.

* * * *

Molasses may be all right on hot cakes - but a gold fish can't swim in it.

* * * *

We understand a lot of people are waiting for the paved road to be built into Yuma—so they can get out.

* * * *

A lot of these Easterners and big-town folks stop at Salome—not because they're crazy over the town—but they have to have gas—for their machines—and after giving the town the once over—it don't take 2 looks to see it all—some of them remark, "Lord, what a place to live!" I often wonder what they mean. While they are doing this some old-timer whose entire wardrobe never did consist of more than a three-piece suit—pants, shoes and shirt—will stick his head up over the greasewood and sagebrush and, after taking a quick squint—even one makes him blush—at the latest ladies' styles, exclaim with horror, "My God, did you see that?"

* * * *

Put the frog out, Bill. I think it's going to rain.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

The Secluded Spot You Came Miles to Reach

Over the Teacups

"DON'T look now, but that woman over there in the gray georgette with the burnt ostrich on her hat—well, my dear, she used to have the apartment across the court from us, and I want to tell you ——"

"—— just no white bread and no sweets and no pork, and rubbed alcohol under her chin every night, and in four weeks she took off ——"

"—— looked everywhere, but I couldn't find a thing under twenty-eight hundred a year for eight rooms. So I just said to Harry, 'Harry,' I said, 'let's stay right where we are. We'll never find another place with such a nice closet in the bedroom, and if you'll just talk to them and make them do over that place in the bathroom ceiling, why ——'"

"—— don't turn around now, but there's that Mrs. Nealy over there. Now I know for a fact that her husband doesn't make half what George does, and yet she has that pearl tassel and a new sable scarf and ——"

"—— simply don't know what to do with Junior. He's just getting to the age where he asks questions all the time, and I really don't know what ——"

"—— so glad you like it, but you know, it really didn't cost me anything at all. It was that old blue crêpe I had last summer, and I just bought about fifteen yards of bead edging, and some satin for an underslip, and a new lace vest, and a yard or so of brocade for the sash, and a little fur for around the neck, and everybody tells me how ——"

"—— don't let her see you looking, but that's that Mrs. Downey talking to the woman with the imitation-jade bracelets. They say that she hadn't hardly had her final decree two days before she ——"

"—— can't do anything with them they're so independent. Delia simply will not put on those nice new caps I bought her, and Nora insists on wearing silk stockings and is talking about having her hair bobbed. I just said to Arthur last night, 'Really, if it wasn't for the children I'd tell them to pack right up and ——'"

"—— don't look for a minute, but that Mrs. Cousins just came in. The Gleasons sublet their apartment to her for three months last winter, and Amy Gleason told me that you simply wouldn't believe what a state she left things ——"

—Dorothy Parker.

How the Bull Moose Came to Life

A Rimed Editorial

THIS is the tale that they tell in Pennsylvania—the tale of the Great Beasts' War;
Which I wonder if they'll mention at the National Convention for 1924.

* * * * * *

Way back in nineteen twelve, it was, as I remember now,
That in the Grand Old Party's ranks arose an awful row;
The Elephant was feeling bad—he didn't know just why,
But some there were who said it was from eating too much Pie,
And some there were who figured that he hadn't had enough—
However, his interior began to cut up rough.
It rumbled and it grumbled and his anguish grew and grew;
Words can't describe the Awful Pains that that poor beast went through.
They coddled him—they doctored him, but 'twasn't any use
Until one day that Elephant gave birth to—yep!—a Moose!
A roaring, tearing young Bull Moose with big front teeth and specs.
Then how the fur began to fly in gobs and quarts and pecks!
That young Bull Moose got on his feet and gave a Bull Moose baw!
And started in rampaging round in that convention hall;
He glared upon the Elephant and went at him dead-set,
And then commenced a fight that folks have not forgotten yet.
They butted and they snorted and they elbowed and they scrouged,
They kicked and wheezed and struggled and they biffed and banged and gouged,
And when they'd fought each other till they simply couldn't stand
The Democratic Donkey was the ruler in the land.

* * * * * *

The tumult and the shouting, as they call it, died at length
While the Elephant spent eight long years recuperating strength,
And, waiting till the time was ripe beyond the smallest doubt,
He gathered his resources and he chased the Donkey out.
And when the Democrats came to they murmured in a daze,
"We feel as if we'd been exposed to ultra-violent rays!"
And then that Elephant became all swollen up with pride
And started eating Pie again until he almost died;
The more he got, the more it seemed he could accumulate,
And more particularly, deep dish Pennsylvania State.
How he would roll his tongue around his dripping lower lip
When dreaming of the filling that they call the Governorship!
Well, he thought that he would like some—it was just the other day—
So he sort of took a little stroll down Pennsylvania way,
But you might have knocked him over with a dab of charlotte russe
When he saw already browsing there a husky young Bull Moose!
"Great Scott!" he breathed amazedly. "How on earth did you get here?
I thought that you'd been petered out for lo! this many a year!"
"Not so, not so!" replied the Moose. "Progressives aren't so slow.
Although some folks believed me dead I've just been lying low.
You aren't the only one who has been getting back his pep,
And now you'll please get out of here. Oh, river! Watch the step!"
The Elephant at first was stunned, but then he just grew wild
At this renewed impertinence of his obstreperous child.
"Har-roomph!" again he trumpeted his clarion battle cry,
And "Warf!" the Bull Moose answered, and let in his clutch on high.
They butted and they snorted and they elbowed and they scrouged,
They kicked and wheezed and struggled and they biffed and banged and gouged.
But when the fight was finished and all trampled was the grass
The Moose had run the Elephant completely out of gas!
And though he told the editors, "It hurts me more to trim
My pachydermatous papa than it is hurting him,
And though perhaps papa does things which I admit it's true
I do not like Republican Administrations to.
To open up the ancient breach please do not think I'd try."
The editors all turned away and winked the other eye,
For editors are innocent and trustful, guileless men,
But when a joke like that is pulled—that's something else again!

* * * * * *

That is the tale that they tell in Pennsylvania—the tale of the Great Beasts' War;
And I wonder whom they'll mention at the National Convention for 1924.

—Baron Ireland.

That Sun Parlor

MR. AND MRS. DOVECOTE have a beautiful country home. It has sixteen bathrooms, and everything else in ratio and proportion.

But as yet it has no sun parlor.

Why?

Here's why:

Every time they talk it over, you see, he wants:
A big dark rug.
A lot of good, strong mission furniture.
Some sporting prints.
A gun rack.
A place for fishing tackle.
A cellaret.
An ice box.
An umbrella rack.
And, maybe, a newspaper holder.

And, you see, she wants:
A set of blue-and-white wicker furniture.
A tea wagon.
A few light rugs.
Two artistic bird cages.
Three flower stands.
A swing with cretonne pillows.
A sewing basket.
Some Chinese lanterns.

So, as yet, there is no sun parlor.

—Carolyn Wells.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH—EAT SOUP DAILY

Delicious filling soups for midsummer luncheons

Three different blends of hearty vegetables and invigorating beef, each one a meal in itself, already cooked for your table. Especially welcome at this time of year when everybody wants to keep out of the hot kitchen—and yet have an attractive table.

These three nourishing and tempting soups prove how carefully we blend Campbell's Soups to please every possible taste. All three are made with the choicest vegetables, selected beef and strength-giving cereals, yet the proportions are so skillfully varied in the famous Campbell's kitchens as to yield three distinct kinds of soup—each one having its own delightful appeal. Order from your grocer today.

With this big spoon I'll show you soon
The way to satisfaction
For every dip and every sip
Brings Campbell's into action!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

STANDING THE GAFF

By J. R. Sprague

A GOOD many years ago in my town there was a business man whom I will call Mr. Petcher. His business, as announced by the sign painted on the show window, was that of leading watchmaker and jeweler. This preëminence in his chosen line was not to be questioned, as Mr. Petcher was the only regular watchmaker and jeweler in town, his sole competitor being a greasy individual on the side street whose main occupation was cobbling shoes, but who occasionally fixed clocks.

Mr. Petcher, therefore, had a practical monopoly of the watchmaker-and-jeweler business of the town. His establishment occupied one side of the drug store, his two show cases well stocked with large hunting-case watches, rings and gold-filled breastpins. He was something of a plunger, too, as evidenced by the fact that he first introduced cut glass into our community. The whole town was startled when Mr. Petcher, entirely without warning, displayed one day in his show window two fancy bowls with the written announcement "Genuine Cut Glass. Your Choice, $10." This was in the days when only the sophisticated few had any idea what cut glass really was, or that an eight-inch bowl could possibly be worth more than seventy-five cents.

From this it will be seen that Mr. Petcher, whatever his later actions may have shown, was at one time a resourceful and enterprising business man. To me, as I passed his place each day on my way to school, he seemed the embodiment of efficiency as he sat at his workbench with his black magnifying glass stuck in his eye, adjusting the delicate wheels and pinions of some customer's watch, or standing behind his counter to make the sale of some mysteriously beautiful breastpin or shiny gold-filled chain. I thought him incredibly old. There were wrinkles about his eyes brought on by many years of using the black eyeglass, and he wore chin whiskers which were turning gray. I suppose he was about fifty-five.

But evil days finally came upon Mr. Petcher. Another watchmaker and jeweler opened an establishment in our midst, renting a place right next to the post office. This rival scorned the small-town idea of occupying only part of a store, as Mr. Petcher did. He had show cases on both sides of his place, and two display windows. It was currently reported that he paid forty dollars a month rent, although the landlord would never corroborate the rumor, probably being afraid that he would be accused of profiteering, though that precise word had not yet been invented.

This rival of Mr. Petcher's did not stop at paying high rent. Where Mr. Petcher displayed two cut-glass bowls in his show window, the newcomer showed at least half a dozen; and instead of marking them in comfortable round figures like $10 he labeled them "Special, $9.89." He even went so far as to exhibit cut-glass vases and water sets, hitherto unheard-of luxuries in our community.

The Plight of Mr. Petcher

BUT it was on the mechanical side of the business that the new man hurt Mr. Petcher most. He put an advertisement in the paper stating that he had a diploma from a high-class watchmakers' college and knew the business from a scientific standpoint. He warned the public against trusting their fine timepieces to anyone but an expert. The advertisement also contained a picture of an immaculate watchmaker sitting at his desk, smilingly fixing a watch with the aid of all sorts of scientific instruments; while just below this picture was another which showed a slovenly individual at a rough worktable who was operating on a delicate timepiece with a monkey wrench No names were mentioned, but the public was left to assume that Mr. Petcher was the monkey-wrench workman.

Mr. Petcher's nerves broke under the strain. He should have known that any new enterprise will attract customers at first, but that eventually things will right themselves. He had been fixing people's watches and selling jewelry for years, with entire satisfaction all around; but it seemed to him that every old customer who went into the new man's establishment must be lost to him forever. It was an entertainment for the younger social set in those days to watch Mr. Petcher's actions. Twice a day regularly, after the trains had arrived from the city, he went to the post office for his mail. We would see him walk in, unlock his box and pull from it the assortment of letters, catalogues and advertisements. He would shuffle these over with a great show of interest, meanwhile walking to the front door of the post office. Just outside, where he could see through the windows of his rival's establishment, he would stop and begin to read some of his mail -that is, he would pretend to read; but his eyes would be over the top of the page and searching into the tormenting place. Standing thus for a few minutes, he would sigh audibly, and then rolling his mail tightly in his two hands, he would walk slowly back to his own shop.

It began to be noticed, too, that Mr. Petcher became somewhat slack in his business methods. Where formerly he had changed his window display every week or so, he got into the habit of letting the same display stand for weeks at a time, the cut-glass bowls and the gold-filled brooches covered with undisturbed dust and the purple crêpe-paper background faded and discolored at the edges. There were hours throughout the day when Mr. Petcher would forget all about his repair work and sit silent at his bench, his whiskered chin resting on his folded hands, while he stared straight out the window through his black magnifying glass. He was a bachelor, and slept in a room back of the druggist's prescription counter. The druggist complained in those days that Mr. Petcher was so careless in his personal habits that he did not make up his bed, but left it tousled and untidy day after day.

A Shattered Morale

HE BEGAN to get into trouble with his customers too. Spending so much of his time worrying over the new competitor, Mr. Petcher became absent-minded and forgetful, very grievous faults for a leading watchmaker and jeweler to have. Frequently he would be unable to find customers' watches when they called for them and be obliged to make one excuse after another to keep them satisfied.

There was one particularly painful incident of this kind. An ancient maiden lady of the town one day left her breastpin with Mr. Petcher to be repaired at the agreed price of twenty-five cents, the work to be finished the following Saturday. She explained at length that it was a breastpin which she had inherited from her grandmother on her father's side, and it was believed in the family that the breastpin had originally been purchased in New York City, which, of course, made it the more desirable. Mr. Petcher was used to hearing the history of family jewels, and so did not pay particular attention; he merely listened politely and at the end promised that the work should be finished at the appointed time.

But on Saturday, when the maiden lady called for her family jewel, Mr. Petcher could not locate it. He thought he could remember having fixed it; but after a long search through the mass of repair jobs about his repair bench he had to confess that he had mislaid it somehow, and if the lady would come again Monday he would surely have it for her. The maiden lady was not very well satisfied with this explanation, but after some impatient remarks agreed to wait. But when she returned on Monday the breastpin was just as thoroughly lost as it had been before. This time she was less agreeable, making a series of cutting remarks, while Mr. Petcher, red-faced and flustered, again looked all over the place for the missing jewel. When she finally left it was with the ultimatum that she would give Mr. Petcher exactly twenty-four hours more to produce her property; if he did not, she knew what she intended to do.

For the next week Mr. Petcher had the unhappiest time of his life. Each day the maiden lady came in with increasingly violent threats. On Wednesday she was merely going to sue him for the value of her property; by the following Monday she had come to the conclusion that Mr. Petcher had deliberately planned to defraud her of the breastpin and she intended to have him arrested.

Mr. Petcher tried to get out of the dilemma by offering to give the maiden lady the best solid-gold breastpin in his stock in exchange for the lost heirloom; but after looking over his assortment she stated that such a settlement would not be satisfactory. Then he tried to make a cash settlement, but with no success. His idea was that the breastpin, being only gold-plated to start with, and more than fifty years old besides, could not be worth very much in actual cash. The maiden lady took violent exception to this view. She admitted that the breastpin may have been only gold-plated, but stoutly affirmed that it was much better than most solid-gold ones As for the argument that it was of little value because of its age, she stated heatedly that it was worth much more on that account; that a breastpin fifty years old is an heirloom and therefore almost priceless.

Eventually Mr. Petcher found the breastpin in the pocket of his other coat, which had been hanging in the back room of the store all the time, and so escaped prosecution. But by this time his morale was thoroughly shattered. His business, which had formerly been a pleasure, was now a hateful thing, fruitful only of troubles. He spent much of his time at the post-office door, peering wretchedly into his rival's establishment or walking up and down the opposite side of Main Street, where he could torture himself at the sight of customers going in and out of the hated place. Meanwhile his own store became increasingly shabby and less profitable. He could not pay his bills, which he owed the few wholesale houses he dealt with, and they wrote him sharp letters. He even got behind in the rent for his part of the drug store.

His whole thought came to center on the idea of getting away from his troubles and hiding in some place where he would be protected from the tormenting incidents of business life. He conceived the idea that an old-soldiers' home would afford such a refuge; he had been in the Civil War and was entitled to the hospitality of the Government. He had a nephew who was a business man in a neighboring town, and the good-natured druggist took it upon himself to write to this relative, explaining the situation. The nephew came and took things in charge. There was, the druggist said, a painful scene at that time. The nephew, a broad-shouldered, competent-appearing young man, started to straighten out the remnants of stock preparatory to closing up the business when a customer came in to make complaint about something which had gone wrong. Mr. Petcher, sitting at his littered workbench, nervously started up to wait on him, when the nephew interposed.

"My uncle isn't very well today," he said. "Whatever your complaint is, I shall be glad to adjust it. I am here, in fact, to wind up the business to the satisfaction of everyone."

The complaining customer went out satisfied. Mr. Petcher watched him until he had got well out the door. Then, with an awful sounding cry that had in it something of relief and something of utter giving up, he dropped his face forward on his littered workbench, where his chin whiskers tangled up with his watchmaker's tweezers, screw drivers and scattered parts of watches.

And so Mr. Petcher found a safe place for himself in the old-soldiers' home, where he died fifteen years later. Competition had proved too much for him. He could not stand the gaff.

There are always Mr. Petchers in the business world; men who show up well when everything is going smoothly, but who crumple under difficulties. The events of the past couple of years have brought a good many of them to the surface.

Recently I had a talk with a big man who is at the head of a wholesale concern in a Middle Western city. I say he is a big man, because he seems to know that business success consists of more than simple buying and selling; that it is largely a matter of men's ability to keep their poise under difficulties.

Hard-Times Collection Letters

"IN TIMES of business depression," he said, "the wholesalers of the country have a responsibility put on them greater than the mere selling of goods and collecting the money. In many cases it is up to them to bolster up the morale of their customers; to prevent the small man from becoming discouraged and throwing up his hands in defeat.

"Frequently it happens that a man who has hitherto been successful will get into a tight fix. He may be perfectly solvent, but things go against him; perhaps there is a crop failure in his section; the banks may not be in position to extend him his usual line of credit; he may be in a line which is classed as a luxury and his regular trade is not in position to buy luxuries. Anyhow, he is not doing a normal amount of business and he gets scared. He cannot pay his bills with his usual promptness, and two or three of his creditors write him sharp letters, which get him more scared. After a while this feeling develops into sort of a panic, and he is ready to do almost anything that will get him out from under his troubles."

The wholesaler opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out some papers which he spread before me. They were some copies of what he calls his hard-times collection letters.

"In bad times," he explained, "I make extra efforts to keep in close touch with my customers; I try also to make each communication carry a friendly atmosphere. Of course, I want my money as much as anyone else; but I am careful not to write anything which may upset a customer. I figure that he needs all his poise in such times."

I glanced over one of the letters. It contained the figures showing just what the customer owed and the amount which was then due. There was a paragraph stating that the wholesaler realized business was quiet, and if the customer was not in position to pay quite the full amount a part of it would be acceptable. The letter ended with this statement:

"As you know, it has been our habit to make draft each month for all amounts due. We shall not do this under the

(Continued on Page 47)

Standard of the World

Craftsmanship a Creed, and Accuracy a Law

To the craftsmen building it, the Cadillac car is no less a work of care and zeal and devotion than his masterpiece is to any artist.

A peculiar quality of this one organization is that its efforts are characterized throughout by love as well as labor, ardor as well as ability, pride as well as progressiveness.

Every Cadillac artisan is convinced that he is working upon the finest piece of automotive mechanism that present engineering has produced.

He realizes that building the Cadillac not only affords every individual the opportunity to exercise his skill to the uttermost, *but that it demands exactly that.*

He is proud to be a Cadillac craftsman. He is proud of the Cadillac organization, the Cadillac car, and Cadillac leadership.

He is determined to help protect and perpetuate that leadership by bending every ounce of skill and effort to his particular task.

He looks around him and sees Cadillac craftsmen who have dedicated head and heart and hand to Cadillac manufacture for twenty years.

He knows that thousands of skilled artisans have been associated constantly with Cadillac over a long period of time.

Inspired by the same traditions, bound together by the same ideals, and instinct with the same purpose, these veteran Cadillac craftsmen build the Cadillac car each day with the same scrupulous and painstaking care.

The standards of the Cadillac are fixed clearly and definitely in their minds. These standards are at once splendid inspiration and inexorable law.

To depart from them ever so little, save in the way of eagerly-sought improvement, were impossible and indeed unthinkable.

Every Cadillac operation is held to the last scrupulous fraction of accuracy—that every Cadillac car may serve as a Cadillac should to the last possible day of its life.

Every Cadillac part and process must be maintained at the supreme standard. Because the Cadillac car itself must be maintained the Standard of the World.

And every Cadillac craftsman pledges himself to that high endeavor, dedicates himself anew to the ideal and the spirit of the Cadillac plant: "Craftsmanship a Creed, and Accuracy a Law."

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

© 1922 Cadillac Motor Car Co.

THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 21)

of blood to make a powerful effort to save himself.

He longed to kill this wretched girl, but as he pressed his fingers into the soft and delicate throat he was stayed by thoughts of the price that would have to be paid for wreaking an insane passion upon her.

For a wild instant he feared that the premonition had come too late. The primordial beast in his heart had slipped its chain. Already it had tasted blood. In this frenzy of revolt the fetters imposed by centuries of civil life were hardly likely to be submitted to again.

Gasping and helpless June felt that she was dying. The clutch upon her was that of the garrote. Her eyes began to darken. Clawing the air for the breath she could not draw, the end that seemed inevitable now was yet far off.

At last, as if responding to her prayer, a kind of stupor came upon her. But how tardily! Brain, heart, soul, body contended no more against a power beyond their own; at last her slow life was ebbing. The end of torment indescribable would be akin to joy.

Æons seemed to pass. A flicker of summer lightning, ages off, came and was not. So faint it was and so far that it could only be reckoned in terms of eternity. More light flickered, which of a sudden grew miraculously near. The vivid sense of pain returned; she grew alive to the fact that the harsh glare of the electric bulb, which was still unshaded, was beating down upon her eyes.

Powerful arms were about her; she was being supported. The fumes of raw spirit were in her nostrils, a glass was pressed against her lips. She fought again to get free, only feebly now, for this was but a last reaction of a dying will. Yet the final word of all was Nature's. When mind itself had ceased to count, the life force grasped wildly at the proffered means of life.

"I felt sure you were a goner," she heard a thick voice mutter.

A livid face, whose eyes seemed to blind her own, materialized suddenly before her. "Drink it up!" said the voice hoarsely. "And then get out—you ——"

It was insult for the sake of insult, and therefore the full measure of her victory. But it meant less than nothing to June now. She scarcely heard, or hearing did not comprehend. Beyond pain and suffering, beyond good and evil, her torn spirit only craved release.

As soon as the fire in the glass had kindled her veins this desire was met, less, however, by the operation of her own will than by the will of Keller. As if she had been a noisome reptile which his flesh abhorred and yet had a superstitious fear of killing, he dragged her out of the room along the short passage as far as the door of the flat. Slipping back the catch he flung her out on to the landing.

As she fetched up against the iron railing opposite the door which guarded the well of the staircase she heard a low hiss: "Take yourself off as soon as you like, you —— or you'll find the police on your track."

XLII

JUNE had no idea of the time that she lay in a huddle against the railing. But it may not have been so long in fact as it was in experience. Shattered she might be, yet unknown to herself there was still a reserve of fighting power to draw upon.

Cold iron, moreover, and raw air had a magic effect of their own. Clear of that mephitic room and the foul presence of Keller, a fine human machine began slowly to renew itself. Except for a faint gleam from the room out of which she had just come, stealing through the fanlight of the door out of which she had been flung, there was not a sign of light upon the staircase. The entire building appeared to be deserted. Its stone-flagged steps were full of echoes as soon as she ventured to move upon them; and when clinging to the railing for support she had painfully descended two she entered a region of total darkness. It was like going down into a pit. Could she have only been sure that death awaited her below she might have been tempted to fling herself into it headlong. But she knew that the ground floor was not far off.

Three or four steps more brought her to the vestibule. At the end of it was a door, open to the street. Outside this door shone a faint lamp, round which weird shadows circled in a ghostly witch dance. The night beyond was a wall of horrors which she had lost the will to face.

Met by this pitiless alternative she recoiled against the wall of the vestibule, huddling in its darkest corner behind the stairs. Crouching here like a hunted thing at bay, she fought for the courage to go out and face her destiny.

She fought in vain. Half collapsed as she now was, a spur was needed to drive her into the grim wilderness of the open street. One glance at the crypt outside sufficed to tell her that with no point to make for it would be best to stay where she was and hope soon to die.

Why had she not had the sense to throw herself down the stairs and kill herself? A means would have to be found before the night was out. She could bear no more. A terrible reaction was upon her. It was as if a private door in her mind had suddenly given way and a school of awful phantoms had rushed in and flooded it.

She was living in a nightmare that was too bad to be true. But it was true, and there lay its terror. Adrift in the dark cañons of that vast city, penniless and alone, with the marks of thieves and murderers upon her bruised body, and her treasure stolen, there was only one thing to look for now.

Death, however, would not be easy to come by. As she huddled in cold darkness in the recess behind the stairs she felt that her will was going. To enter the night and make an end would need courage; but a miserable clapping together of the jaws was sign enough that the last hope of all was slipping away from her.

XLIII

COWERING in body and spirit in that dark corner, time, for June, became of no account. Perhaps after all she might be allowed to die where she was. As a kind of inertia crept upon her she was able to draw something of comfort from the thought. It would be better than the river or being run over in the street.

She grew very cold; yet a lowering of the body's temperature induced a heightened consciousness.

Aches and pains sprang into life; the forces of her mind began to reassert themselves; the phantoms about her took on new powers of menace. Gradually it became clear to June, under the goad of this new and sharper phase of suffering, that mere passivity could not induce the death she longed for.

No, it was not in that way the end would come. She would have to go into the shadow land beyond the lamp and seek some positive means of destroying herself. For that reason she must hold on to the fragment of will that now remained to her. It alone could release her from the awful pit in which she was now engulfed.

She gathered herself for an effort to move towards the fog-encircled light at the entrance to the street. But the effort, when made, amounted to nothing. Her limbs were paper; all power of volition was gone.

The October raw struck to her blood. She began to whimper miserably. To pain of mind was added pain of body, but the delicate apparatus from whose harmony sprang the fuse of action was out of gear. Something must be done; yet no matter how definite the task, any form of doing was beyond her now.

At this dire moment, however, help came. It came, moreover, in an unlooked-for way. She heard a door slam overhead. There was the sound of a match being struck, and then came a gingerly shuffle of feet on the stone stairs.

Someone was coming down. June cowered still lower into the dark recess at the back of the stairway. A man was approaching. And by the flicker of the match which he threw away as he reached the floor of the vestibule she saw that the man was Keller.

Faint and but momentary as was the glimpse afforded, June, with every sense strung again to the point of intensity, saw that under Keller's arm was a brown-paper parcel. The sight of it was like a charm. Some fabulous jinni might have lurked in that neat package who commanded a miraculous power of reaction upon the human will.

Keller struck a second match and peered into the shadows. June knew that he was looking to see if she had lingered there, but the light could not pierce to the corner in which she crouched; and it burned itself out, leaving him none the wiser. Without striking another match Keller moved away from her towards the doorway; and as he did so June felt a swift release of heart and brain. A thrill of new energy ran through her. No sooner had Keller passed out of the vestibule, beyond the lamp into the fog, than without conscious impulse or design she began to follow him.

It may have been the reasoned act of a lucid being, but at first it did not appear to be so. Once, however, her limbs were moving, all her faculties, now intensely awake, seemed as if by magic to bear them company. As soon as she reached the open street, with Keller a clear ten yards ahead, the keen air on her face had an effect of strong wine. Her nerves felt again the sense of motion; the impulse of the natural fighter unfurled strong pinions within her. All the virile sense and the indomitable will of a sound inheritance rallied to her need.

Growing sensibly stronger at every yard, she followed Keller round the corner into Manning Square. The mist was thick, the lamps poor and few, but as well as she could she kept on his track. Lurking pantherlike in the deep shadows of the house walls, she had approached within five yards of him by the time he had turned the corner into a by-street. He went a few yards along this, and then zigzagged into a squalid ill-smelling thoroughfare whose dismal length seemed unending.

June had no difficulty in keeping up with these twists and winds, for Keller, impeded by the fog, moved slowly. For her, however, the fog had its own special problem, since there was a danger of losing him if he was allowed to get too far ahead; and yet if his steps were dogged too closely there was always the fear that he might turn round suddenly and see her.

At last the interminable street seemed to be nearing its end, for June, whose every faculty was now strung to an unnatural acuteness, saw but a short distance in front the brightly lit awning of the Underground looming through the fog.

In a flash she realized the nature of the peril. Only too surely was this the bourn for which Keller was making. Once within its precincts and her last and only hope would be gone.

It must be now or never. The spur of occasion drove deep in her heart. She knew but too well that the hope was tragically small, but wholly desperate as she was, with the penalty of failure simply not to be met, she would put all to the touch.

Closer and closer she crept up behind the quarry. But the entrance to the Tube loomed now so near that it began to seem certain that she must lose him before she could attempt what she had to do. Abruptly, however, within ten yards or so of his goal, Keller stopped. He began to search the pockets of his overcoat for a box of matches to relight his pipe, which had gone out. While so doing and in the preoccupation of the moment he took the parcel from under his right arm and set it rather carelessly beneath his left.

Providence had given June her chance. Like a falcon she swooped forward. Aim and timing incredibly true, at the instant Keller struck a match and bent over his pipe her fingers closed on the Van Roon and whisked it out of his unguarded grasp.

XLIV

AS SHE turned and ran she heard his wild and startled oath. Before her was the fog-laden darkness of the narrow street. But now it struck her with a thrill of pure terror that the mist was not thick enough to conceal her flight. The swift surprise of the onset had gained for her a start of a few yards, but instantly she knew that it would not suffice.

She ran, all the same, as if her heart would burst. But her legs seemed to wear the shackles that afflict one in a dream. Her most frantic efforts did not urge them on, and yet, in spite of that, they bore her better than she knew. Not a soul was in sight. She could hear Keller's boots echo on the damp pavement as they pounded behind her. It could be a matter of only seconds before his fingers were again on her throat. But this time, before robbing her of the Van Roon and getting clear, he would have to kill her.

The vow had hardly been made when at the other side of the narrow street she saw a thread of light. It came from a house whose door was open. Instinctively she turned and made one final dash for it. This was the last wild hope there was.

A man, it seemed, was in the act of leaving the house. Wearing overcoat and hat he stood just within the doorway peering into the murk before venturing out. June flung herself literally upon him.

"Save me! Save me!" she was able to gasp. "A man! A man is after me!"

The house was of the poverty-stricken kind whose living room opens on to the street. June had a confused vision of a glowing lamp, a bright fire, a dingy tablecloth and several people seated round it. Her wild impact upon the man who was about to put off from its threshold drove him backwards several paces into the room. At the same instant a female voice, loud and imperious, rose from the table:

"Shut the door, Elbert, can't yer? The fog's comin' in that thick it'll put out the perishin' fire."

The bewildered Elbert, raked fore and aft by fierce women, automatically obeyed the truculent voice at his back, even while he gave ground in a collision which seemed to rob him of any wit that he might possess. With a deft turn of the heel he dealt the door a kick that effectually closed it in the murderous face of the halting and hesitating Keller.

June, shuddering in every vein, clung to her protector.

"Lord love us all!" Cries and commotion arose from the table, yet almost at once the imperious voice soared above the din: "Set her down, can't yer, Elbert? Didn't yer see that bloke?"

"Ah—I did," said Elbert, stolidly pressing his queer armful into a chair near the fire.

"Better git after him lively," said the voice at the table. "He's the one as did in Kitty Lewis last week."

Elbert, a young man six feet tall and proportionately broad of shoulder, was not, however, a squire of dames. With a scared look on a face that even in circumstances entirely favorable could hardly rank as a thing of beauty, he moved to the door and slipped a bolt across. "Not goin' near the ——" he said sullenly. "Not goin' to be mixed up wiv it—not me."

The voice at the table, whose owner was addressed as maw, proceeded to tell off Elbert. He was a skunk, he was no man, he was a mean swine. In the sight of maw, who ran to words as well as flesh, Elbert was all this and more. She rose majestically, threatening to dot him if he didn't 'op it; and she came to June with an enormous bosom striving to burst from its anchorage, an apron that had once been white, and with her entire person exuding an odor peculiar to those of her sex who drink gin out of a teacup.

Three other people were at the table, and they were engaged upon a meal of toasted cheese, raw onions and beer. Of these, two were girls about sixteen, scared, slatternly and anæmic; the third was a toothless hag who looked ninety; and as the whole family, headed by maw, suddenly crowded round June, the terrified fugitive, shuddering in the chair by the fire, hardly knew which of her deliverers was the most repulsive.

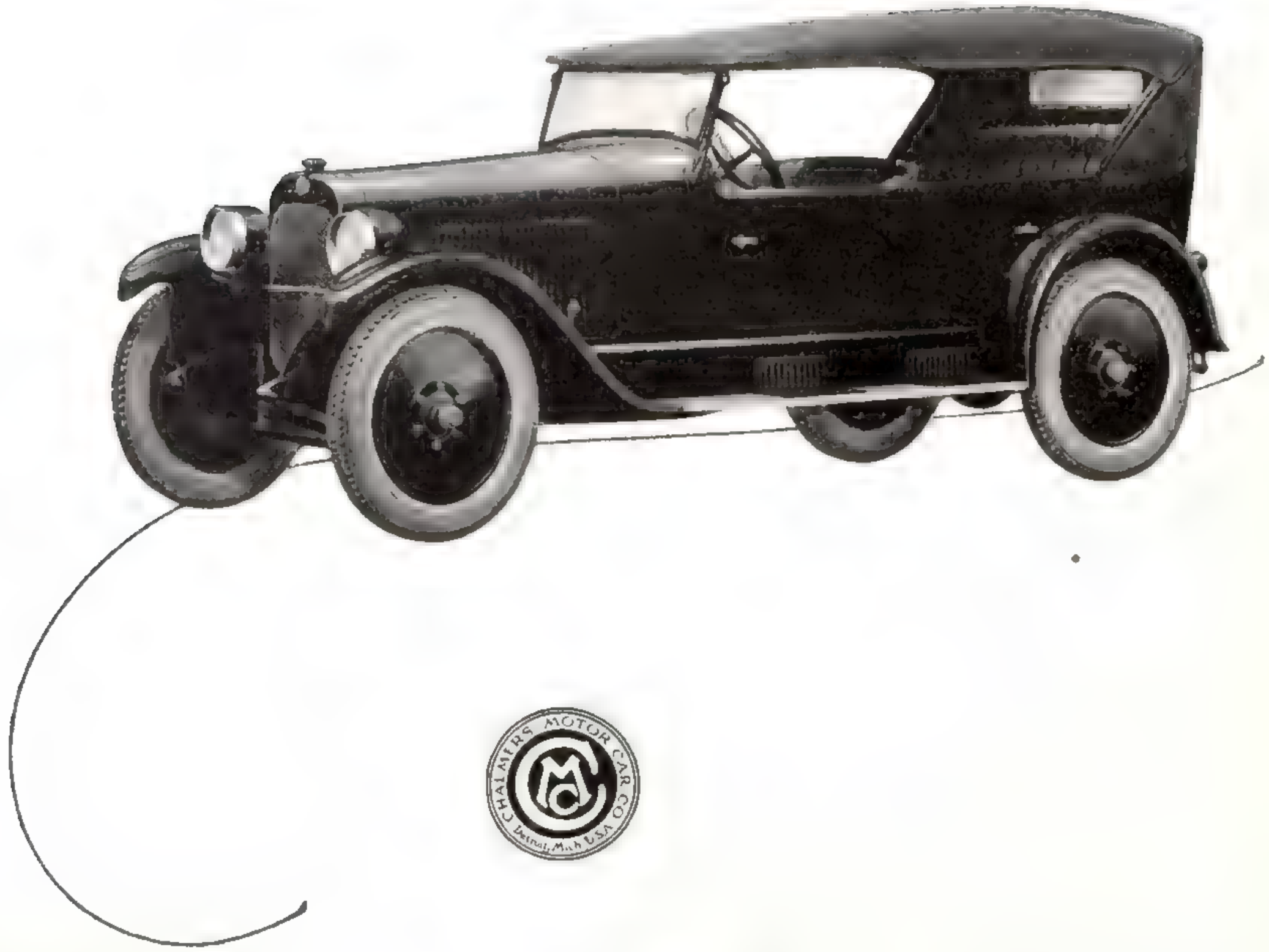
June fought with every bit of her strength against the threat of total collapse that assailed her now. In the desperate hope of warding off disaster she gathered the last bruised fragment of will. But Nature had been driven too hard. For the second time within the space of one terrible hour she lost the sense of where she was.

XLV

THE faces, with one exception, had receded into the background when June returned slowly and painfully to a knowledge of what was happening. Maw was bending over her and holding a cracked cup to her lips, and also telling off the others with a force and a scope of language that added not a little to June's fear.

Perhaps the smell of its contents had quite as much effect upon the sufferer as the cup's restorative powers. It was so

(Continued on Page 30)



It is a bold statement to make, but it is *true*, that of serious competition the Chalmers Six meets little or none.

Such doubt as may exist at the outset begins to waver the moment the rare beauty of the Chalmers is fully grasped.

It has *nothing* of comparison to fear on that score; and in *action* its superiority is every bit as outstanding.

Its quick smoothness and ease, its boat-like quality of riding, come almost as a revelation. What Chalmers engineers have done, literally, was to create a new and finer kind of six-cylinder performance.

They have accomplished more toward bringing out all the wonderful possibilities of the six, we believe, than is apparent in any other six, save those far above the Chalmers in price.

It is worth an hour of any man's time to satisfy himself that the Chalmers Six *is* a distinctly superior car.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

The CHALMERS SIX

Continued from Page 28

distasteful to one who had been taught to shun all forms of alcohol that a sheer disgust helped to bring her round.

At first, however, her mind was hardly more than a blank. But when at last a few links of recognition floated up into it out of the immediate past and hitched themselves to this strange present a shock of new terror nearly overwhelmed her again. Recollection was like a sudden knife stab. The Van Roon! The Van Roon! Where was it? What if she had not got it after all!

The thought was pain, pure and exquisite. But the case did not really call for it. She was clutching the Van Roon convulsively to her breast as a child holds a doll. As she wakened slowly to this fact her brain wonderfully cleared.

The mind must be kept alive, if only to defend this treasure for whose sake she had already suffered so outrageously. She did not know where she was, and the evil presence holding the foul cup to her lips, and those other evil presences filling the background beyond, gave her an intense apprehension.

Maw, however, in spite of a general air of obscenity, meant well. It was not easy for this fact to declare itself through that loud voice and ruthless mien; but gradually it began to percolate to June's violated nerves and so gave her a fleck of courage to hold on to that sense of identity which still threatened at the first moment again to desert her.

"Where was you goin', dearie?"

Rude the tone, but when June's ear had disentangled the words she was able to appreciate that they were spoken in the way of kindness. But if the knowledge brought a spark of comfort it was quickly doused. Where was she going? To that grim question there was no possible answer.

"Scared out of her life, poor soul!" said maw. With furtive truculence she announced the fact to the rather awed spectators, who gathered once more about the sufferer.

"Where you come from?"

June's only answer was a shiver. The frozen silence was so full of the uncanny that maw shook her own head dismally and tapped it with a grimy finger.

In the view of maw, for such a calamity there was only one remedy. Once more the cup was pressed to June's lips; once more it was resisted, this time with a hint of fierceness reassuring to the onlookers, inasmuch as it implied a return of life.

"Looks respectable," said the cracked voice of the crone, who was now at maw's elbow.

"Where was you goin'?" demanded maw again.

June was beyond tears or she would have shed them. Now that the facts of the situation in all their hopelessness were streaming back to her a feeling of sheer impotence kept her dumb.

"Off her rocker," said Elbert gloomily.

XLVI

AMID the silence which followed Elbert's remark June fought hard to cast her weakness off. She wanted no longer to die. The recovery of the treasure inhibited, at least for the time being, that desire. Acutely aware that the Van Roon was still miraculously hers she felt that come what might she must go on.

But her position was hopeless indeed. She dared not venture out of doors, with a murderous thief waiting to spring upon her. And if venture she did there was nowhere she could go. Besides, had there been any place of refuge for such a weary bundle of frightened misery, with only a penny in her pocket and a sorry ignorance of the fog-bound maze of bricks and mortar in which she was now lost, there would have been no means of getting to her destination.

At the same time she had no wish to stay with these uncouth, ill looking, evil-smelling people one moment longer than was necessary. In a curiously intimate way she was reminded of that grim story Oliver Twist, which had so powerfully haunted her youth. To her distorted mind this squalid interior was a veritable thieves' kitchen, the crone a female Fagin, the angel of the cup a counterpart of Bill Sikes, and the gloomy beetle-browed Elbert a kind of Artful Dodger grown up. She and her treasure could never be safe in such a place, yet at the other side of the door nameless horrors awaited her.

In June's present state it was far beyond her power to cope with so dire a problem. Keeping a stony silence as those faces, devoured by curiosity, pressed ever closer upon her, she half surrendered to her weakness again.

Amid the new waves of misery which threatened to submerge her, she was wrenched fiercely back to sensibility. The Van Roon was torn by a strong hand from her grasp. As if a spring had been pressed in her heart she rose with a little cry. Maw was in the act of handing the picture to Elbert. "There's a label on it, ain't there?" she said.

Still half stupefied, June clung to the table for support, while Elbert, who was evidently the family scholar, read out slowly the name and address that was written upon the parcel: "Miss Babraham, 39b, Park Lane, W."

June was hardly in a state just then to grasp the significance of the words. Her mind was wholly given up to concern for the treasure which had passed to alien hands.

And yet the words had significance, even for her, as the mind process they induced soon began to reveal.

A locked door of memory, of which she had lost the key, seemed to glide back. Thoughts of William, of his friend, the tall, beautiful and distinguished wearer of the blue crêpe de chine, and of Sir Arthur, her father, came crowding into her brain. And with them came a perceptible easing of spirit, as if they had been sped by the kindly hand of that Providence of whom she had never been so much in need.

The recognition of this acted upon her like a charm. Girt by the knowledge that she was not alone in the world after all and that friends might be at hand if only she could reach out to them, her mind began once more to function.

Even while maw and Elbert were occupying themselves with the parcel's address and its specific importance June was fain to inquire of herself how such magic words came to be there at such a moment. Casting back to recent events, over which oblivion had swept, she was able to recall certain strands in the subtle woof of fate. Days ago—years they seemed now—Miss Babraham had sent to William a picture frame to be restored. The stout brown paper in which it had been wrapped appealed to June's thrifty soul, and she had stowed it away in her box for use on a future occasion. Her mind's new, almost dangerous clarity enabled her to remember that upon the paper's inner side was an old label which bore the name and address of Miss Babraham.

The piecing together of this slender chain gave June the thing she needed most. At this signal manifestation of what Providence could do hope revived in her. If only she could get to Park Lane—wherever Park Lane might be—to Miss Babraham!

As if in answer to the half-formed wish maw's dominant voice took up the parable: "Elbert, you'd better see this lidy as fur as Park Lane."

XLVII

ELBERT did not welcome the prospect with open arms. Nature had not designed him for such a task. All the same, maw was imaged clearly in his mind as one whose word was law.

At the best of times Elbert's obedience to that word was apt to be grudging. And tonight, with danger lurking outside in the darkness, he was full of a disgusted reluctance at having to face such a prospect.

Even in circumstances wholly favorable to it the countenance of Elbert was not attractive; to June at this moment it was very much the reverse. She felt that its owner was not to be trusted an inch.

Meanwhile her mind was growing very active. Miss Babraham's name, that magic omen, was like elixir; it quickened the blood, it strengthened the soul. If only she could bear her treasure to Park Lane all might yet be well.

Urged by this spur, native wit sprang to her aid. The first thing to be done was to get clear of present company. She was haunted still by the likeness to Fagin's kitchen; but there was a recollection of the fact that a Tube station was only a few yards along the street. That was the haven wherein salvation lay.

Pressing hard upon the hope, however, was the dismal knowledge that only one penny remained in her pocket. This sum could not take her to Park Lane unless that elysium was close at hand. Alas, it was not at all likely. Her ignorance of London was so great, moreover, that she would need help to find her way there; and in the process of obtaining it in her present state of weakness she might be caught by new perils. For it was only too likely that Keller was lurking outside in the fog, waiting to spring upon her and tear the Van Roon from her grasp at the first chance that arose.

Beset by such problems, June felt that she was between the devil and the deep sea. Perhaps the best thing she could do was to dash along the street to the Tube and then put herself in the hands of the nearest policeman. But even to attempt such a feat was to run a grave risk.

Elbert, in the meantime, scowling and disgruntled, was bracing himself under further pressure from maw to brave the perils of the night. June felt, however, that it would be wise not to saddle herself with this reluctant champion if it could be avoided. To this end she was now able to pluck up spirit to ask what was the best means of getting to Park Lane.

Maw did not know, but Elbert when appealed to said that she could take the Tube to Marble Arch, or she might turn the corner at the end of the street and pick up a bus in Tottenham Court Road.

How much was the fare? Twopence, Elbert thought. Alas, June had only a penny. She was painfully shy about confessing this difficulty, but there was no help for it.

"Don't you worry, miss. Elbert is goin' to see you all the way." And maw fixed a savage eye upon her son.

Much as June would have preferred to forgo the services of this paladin, maw's ferocious glance settled the matter finally.

"And you'll carry the pawcel for the lidy," said maw, as Elbert, scowling more darkly than ever, turned up the collar of his overcoat.

XLVIII

THE Van Roon at that moment was in the hand of maw. And although June was on fire to get it back, her natural faculties were sufficiently awake to tell her that undue eagerness would be most unwise. She must be content to await her chance, yet there was no saying when that chance would come; for maw was careful to hand personally the parcel to Elbert.

Before June set out on her journey one of the girls pressed a cup of tea from the family brew upon her. It was lukewarm and thrice stewed, but June was able to drink a little and to feel the better for it. She was in a high state of tension, all the same, when Elbert opened the street door, her treasure under his arm, and she followed close behind him into the darkness.

Surely Keller must be out there in the fog, waiting to attack them. Her heart beat wildly as she marched side by side with Elbert along the street towards the Tube. Distrust of her cavalier was great. Should he guess the value of the thing he bore, as likely as not he would play her a trick. But for the moment, at any rate, this fear was merged in the sharper one of what was concealed by the fantastic shadow shapes of that dark thoroughfare. Less than a hundred yards away, however, was the Tube station; and to June's unspeakable relief they gained its light and publicity without misadventure. Here, moreover, was her chance. While Elbert searched his pockets for fourpence to purchase two tickets for Marble Arch she insisted on relieving him of the parcel. Once restored to her care she clung to it so tenaciously that the puzzled Elbert had reluctantly to give up the hope of getting it back again.

Going down in the lift to the trains, with the surge of fellow passengers guaranteeing a measure of safety, June allowed herself to conclude that Elbert, after all, might be less of a ruffian than he looked. If he had no graces of mind or mansion he was yet not without a sort of rude care for her welfare. By no wish of his own was he seeing a distressed damsel to her destination, yet the process of doing so, once he grew involved in it, seemed to minister in some degree to a latent sense of chivalry. At all events he had a scowl for anyone whose elbows came too near his charge.

Arriving at Marble Arch in due course, the heroic Elbert piloted the fugitive out of the station across the road into Park Lane. Here, under a street lamp, they paused a moment to examine the label on the parcel for the number of the house they sought; 39b was the number, and it proved to be not the least imposing home in that plutocratic thoroughfare.

Elbert accompanied June as far as its doorstep. Before ringing the bell she said good-by to her escort with all the gratitude she could muster, begging him to give her his name and address so that she might at least restore to him the price of her fare. Yet the squire of dames saw no necessity for this. His scowl was softened a little by her thanks, but his only answer was to press the electric button and then, without a word, to slink abruptly away into the fog.

XLIX

JUNE felt a wild excitement as she stood waiting for the answer to her ring. The stress of events had buoyed her up, but with Elbert no longer at her side and the door of a strange house confronting her trolls were loose once more in her brain. A fresh wave of panic surged through her, and again she feared that she was going to faint.

The prompt opening of the door by a gravely dignified manservant acted as a strong restorative. June mustered the force of will to ask if she could see Miss Babraham. Such a request, made in a nervous and excited manner, gave pause to the footman, who at first could not bring himself to invite her into the large, dimly lighted hall. Finally he did so, closed the door against the fog, and then asked her name with an air of profound disapproval which at any other time must have proved highly embarrassing.

"I'm Miss Gedge," said June. "From the secondhand shop in New Cross Street. Miss Babraham'll remember me."

The servant slowly repeated the fragmentary words in a low voice of cutting emphasis. "I'm afraid," he said, while his eye descended to June's shoes and up again, "Miss Babraham will not be able to see you tonight. However, I'll inquire."

Superciliously the footman crossed the hall to discuss the matter with an unseen presence in its farthest shadows. The conference was brief but unsatisfactory, for a moment later the unseen presence slowly materialized into the august shape of a butler, who seemed at once to diminish the footman into a relative nothingness.

"Perhaps you'll let me know your business," said the butler in a tone which implied that she could have no business at any rate with Miss Babraham at such an hour.

June, alas, could not explain the nature of her errand. These two men were so imposing, so unsympathetic, so harsh, so frightening that had life itself depended upon her answers—and in quite a special degree she now felt that it did—she was yet unequal to the task of making them effective.

"Miss Babraham cannot see you now," said the slow-voiced butler with an air of terrible finality.

"But I must see her! I simply must!" wildly persisted June.

"It's impossible to see her now," said the butler.

The words caused June to stagger back against the wall. In answer to her tragic eyes the butler said reluctantly, "You had better call again some time tomorrow, and I'll send in your name."

"I—I must see her now!" June gasped wildly.

The butler was adamant. "You can't possibly see her tonight."

"Why can't I?" said June desperately.

"She is going to a ball."

The words were like a blow. A vista of the fog outside and of herself wandering with her precious burden all night long in it, homeless, penniless, desolate, came upon her with unnerving force.

"But—please! I must see her tonight," she said with a shudder of misery.

Faced by the butler's pitiless air June felt her slender hope to be ebbing away. She would be turned adrift in the night. And what would happen to her then? She could not walk the streets till daybreak with the Van Roon under her arm. Already she had reached the limit of endurance. The dark haze before her eyes bore witness to the fact that her strength was almost gone. No matter what the attitude of the butler towards her, she must not think of quitting this place of refuge unless she was flung out bodily, for her trials here were naught by comparison with those awaiting her outside.

June's defiance was very puzzling to the stern functionary, who quite plainly was at a loss how to deal with it. But in the midst of these uncertainties the problem

(Continued on Page 33)

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When you buy *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs, be sure they have a Gold Seal, similar to one above, pasted on the face. This Gold Seal insures your getting genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee.

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The patterns are the most artistic you can possibly imagine, ranging from neat tile and wood-block designs suitable for the kitchen and bathroom to more fanciful and elaborate motifs that will add a cheerful touch of color to bedrooms, dining-room or living-room.

Last but not least, the prices are *amazingly* low.

6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10		1½	x 3	feet $ .50
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9	x 12	feet	16.20				

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

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was unexpectedly solved for him. A glamour of white satin, jewels and fur appeared on the broad staircase. Miss Babraham descended slowly.

Once more was June upheld by a sense of Providence. Hope flickered again, a painful fluctuating gleam.

She sprang forward to intercept this vision of pure beauty, wildly calling the name "Miss Babraham! Miss Babraham! Miss Babraham!"

The dazzling creature was startled out of her glowing self-possession. "Why, who are you?" she cried.

In a gush of strange words June strove to make clear that she was the girl from the antique shop in New Cross Street, and that her uncle, its proprietor, was a very wicked old man who was trying to steal a valuable picture that had been given to her. She pressed the Van Roon upon the astonished Miss Babraham and besought her to take care of it.

After that June had only a very dim idea of what happened. She found herself in a sort of anteroom without knowing how she got there, with faces of a surprised curiosity around her. Foremost of these was the lovely Miss Babraham, a thing of sheer beauty in her ball dress, who asked questions to which June could give only confused replies, and issued orders that she was not able to follow.

Everything began to grow more and more like a wild and terrible dream. Other people appeared on the scene, among whom June was just able to recognize the tall form of Sir Arthur Babraham. By then, however, she no longer knew what she was doing or saying, for deep blanks were invading her consciousness; even the treasure in which her very soul was merged had somehow slipped from her mental grasp and like everything else had ceased to have significance.

X

AT ELEVEN o'clock the next morning Sir Arthur Babraham, looking worried and distrait, was pretending to read The Times. If ever a man could be said to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth it was this soft-voiced, easy-mannered, kindly gentleman. The rubs of a hard world had hardly touched his unflawed surfaces.

He sat on committees, it was true, and played Providence at third or fourth hand to bodies of less happily situated mortals; yet scarcely, if at all, had he been brought face to face with the stark realities of life.

It is never too late, however, for some new thing to occur. The previous evening an experience had happened to this worthy man; and he could not rid his mind of the fact that it was disconcerting. On a table at his elbow was a picture without a frame, and more than once his eyes strayed from the newspaper to this object, which at first glance was so insignificant, and yet, as if cursed with an obi, it had the power to perplex him whenever he looked at it.

In the midst of this preoccupation Laura Babraham entered the room. She had returned late from the dance, and this was her first appearance that morning. Hardly had she saluted her father when her eye also fell on the picture, and a look of deep anxiety came into her eyes.

"Have you heard anything from the hospital?" she asked eagerly.

"I rang them up half an hour ago," said Sir Arthur. "The girl is very ill indeed. I gathered from the tone of the person with whom I talked that the case is pretty serious."

"Yes," said Laura Babraham in a low voice. "One felt sure of that. Never again do I want to see a human creature in the state that poor thing was in last night. I've been haunted by her ever since."

"Pretty bad, I must say." Sir Arthur plucked sharply at his mustache. "According to the hospital, she's been knocked about and generally ill-used. There are marks on her throat, and they want my opinion as to whether they should communicate with the police."

"What do you advise, papa?" said Laura with a growing concern.

"One doesn't know what to advise." Sir Arthur's mustache continued to receive harsh treatment.

"We are faced with rather a problem, it seems to me."

"You mean that it will be a matter for the police if she doesn't get better?"

"Yes, certainly that. And it may be a matter for the police if she does get better."

Laura Babraham agreed; yet even then she did not see the problem in its full complexity. Sir Arthur, taking the first step towards her enlightenment, pointed to the Van Roon. "My dear, beyond any doubt that is a most precious thing. And, ignoring for the moment the state in which this young woman turned up last night, the question we have to ask ourselves is: What is she doing with it at all? And why was she ranging the streets alone, in the fog, at that hour?"

"From what one gathered," said Laura, "the picture is hers, and her uncle, the old curio man in New Cross Street, with whom she lives, is determined to get it away from her."

"Quite so. That's her story, as far as one can get at it. But I put it to you, isn't it far more likely—prima facie, at any rate—that the girl is trying to steal it from the old dealer?"

"I believe the poor thing is speaking the truth," said Woman in the person of Miss Laura Babraham.

"You mean, my dear," said her logical parent, with a sad little smile, "that you hope she is speaking the truth. With all my heart I hope so, too, even if it proves this old man—Gedge, you say his name is?—to be a terrible scoundrel. One of them certainly is not playing straight; but prima facie, as I say, if we call in the police, it is almost certain that it is this wretched girl who will find herself in prison."

"There one can't agree, papa," said Woman staunchly. "The poor thing says that William, the assistant, gave her the picture; and in all the dealings I have had with William in the course of the past year he has been honesty itself."

Her father shook his head gently. "All very well, but Master William is the part of the story I like least. Is it probable, in the first place, that a young man who almost certainly has no money of his own, would be able to get possession of such a thing; and, again, assuming him to be clever enough to do so, is he going to be such a fool as to give it away to this girl? Let us look all the facts in the face. To my mind, the more one thinks of it the more inevitable the plain solution is."

"I'm absolutely convinced that William, at any rate, is honest."

Sir Arthur frowned and opened his cigar case. "And I for my part am convinced," he said with a sigh as he cut off the end of a cigar, "that our friend William is a cunning scoundrel, who has been deep enough to get this young woman to do the dirty work and run all the risks, because he must know as well as anybody that a great deal of money is at stake."

Laura Babraham had a considerable respect for her father's judgment, yet she knew the value of her own. She did not think it was possible to be so deceived; her dealings with William had left her with the highest regard for his straightforwardness; if he proved to be the despicable creature Sir Arthur's fancy painted him never again would she be able to hold an opinion about anyone. Yet her father's analysis of the case, as it presented itself to her clear mind, left her on the horns of a dilemma. Either this young man was a fool or he was a rogue. Faced by these evils, she chose without hesitation that which to the feminine mind appeared the less.

"He's always struck one as rather simple in some ways and too much under the thumb of the old dealer; yet he's really very clever."

Sir Arthur drew mental energy from his cigar. "Not clever enough to keep honest, my dear."

"Please don't prejudge him. That wicked old man is at the back of all."

"Well, that is just what we have now to find out."

Laura assented; yet then arose the question at once as to the means by which the truth could be won. It was likely to resolve itself into an affair of William's word against the word of his master. Whoever could tell the more plausible tale would be believed; and William's friend saw from the outset that circumstance had already weighted the scales heavily against him. On the face of it the story as disclosed by the poor girl who was now in the hospital was frankly incredible.

Recollection of the pitiful scene of the previous night brought to Laura Babraham's mind her own urgent duty in the matter. The girl had begged her not on any account to give up the picture; so long as sense and coherence remained to her the unlucky creature had declared it to be her own lawful property. Laura had solemnly promised to see justice done, and it behooved her now to be as good as her word.

"I suppose, papa, you have telephoned already to Mr. Gedge?"

"The hospital has, I believe," said Sir Arthur. "I particularly asked them to do so. The old fellow must be very anxious about the girl, and perhaps even more anxious about his Van Roon."

"Please don't say 'his Van Roon' before he's proved the ownership."

"That won't be difficult, I fear."

"We must make it as difficult for him as we can," said the tenacious Laura.

Sir Arthur shook his head. As a man of the world he had but scant hope that the mystery would be cleared up in the way Laura desired.

XI

AT NO. — New Cross Street the bottom seemed to have fallen out of the world. June's flight with the picture, as soon as it became known to William, caused him not only intense pain but also deep concern. The news was a tragic shock for which he was quite unprepared; and the behavior of his master seemed, if possible, to make it worse.

The old man was distraught. Now that it was no longer necessary to mask his intentions prudence slipped from him like a veil. On his return, baffled and furious, from Victoria he at once accused William of being in the plot against him.

William, hurt and astonished, was at a loss. He did not know all that had happened; he had only the broad facts to go upon that June had run off with the picture at an instant's notice, without a word as to her plans, and leaving no address; and the bitter reproaches of his master appeared to him the outpourings of a mind not quite sane.

Such indeed they were. The truth was that upon one subject S. Gedge, Antiques, was a little unhinged. The love of money, an infirmity which had crept upon him year by year, had begun to affect reason itself; and now that, as it seemed, he had thrown away by his own carelessness the one really big prize of his career, this dark fact came out.

William, who found it very difficult indeed to think ill of anyone, could only accept the broad fact that the picture had meant even more to the old man than he had supposed; therefore this good fellow was inclined to pity his master. It was not for a mind such as his, which took things on trust, to fill in the details of a tragic episode.

He did not look for the wherefore and the why, yet he was very deeply grieved by what had occurred.

The old man could not rid his brain of the illusion that William had connived with June. Under the lash of an unreasoning rage he did not pause to consider the improbability of this, nor did he try to attain a broad view of the whole matter; it was almost as if his resentment, craving an outlet, must wreak itself upon the thing near at hand. Yet in the course of a few hours this dangerous obsession was to bring its own Nemesis.

About twelve o'clock the next day M. Duponnet came to fetch the picture. It had been arranged that Mr. Gedge should present the check at the bank in the meantime, and if duly approved, as there was every reason to expect that it would be, the Van Roon would be handed over at once.

To the Frenchman's surprise he was now greeted by his own check, backed by a livid countenance of tragic exasperation. The treasure had been stolen.

"Stolen!"

The face of S. Gedge, Antiques, forbade all skepticism.

"When? By whom?"

Mussewer Duponny might well ask by whom! It had been stolen by the girl who did the housework—the old man could not bring himself, in such circumstances, to speak of her as his niece—and he had not the least doubt in his own mind that the youth who helped him in the business, who at that moment was in the next room polishing chairs, had put her wise in the matter and was standing in with her.

S. Gedge, Antiques, still in a frenzy of frustration, was hardly able to realize the gravity of this charge. Had he been in full command of himself he must have weighed such a statement very carefully indeed before it was made. But remorselessly driven by his greed he threw discretion to the wind.

The disgruntled purchaser was quick to seize upon the accusation. To his mind, at least, its import was clear. Even if the seller did not perceive its full implication the buyer of the Van Roon had no difficulty in doing so.

"We must call in ze police, *hein?*"

The words brought the old man up short. He proceeded to take his bearings; to find out, as well as his rage would let him, just where he stood in the matter. Certainly the police did not appeal to him at all.

It was not a case for publicity, because the picture was not his—that was to say, having now reached a point where the law of *meum* and *tuum* had become curiously involved, it might prove exceedingly difficult and even more inconvenient to establish a title to the Van Roon. No, he preferred to do without the police.

M. Duponnet, however, unfettered by a sense of restraint, argued volubly that the police be called in. The assistant was guilty or he was not guilty; and in any event it would surely be wise to enlist the help of those who knew best how to deal with thieves.

Nothing could have exceeded the buyer's conviction that this should be done, yet to his chagrin he quite failed to communicate it to S. Gedge, Antiques.

From that moment a suspicion began to grow up in the Frenchman's mind that the seller was not laying all his cards on the table. Could it be that he was telling a cock-and-bull story? According to Mr. Thornton, who had acted as a go-between, this old man had long had the name of a shifty customer. Undoubtedly he looked one this morning. Jules Duponnet had seldom seen a frontispiece he liked less; and the theory now gained a footing in his mind that the old fox simply wanted to go back on his bargain.

There were two drawbacks, all the same, to M. Duponnet's theory: In the first place, as no money had yet changed hands it would be quite easy for S. Gedge, Antiques, to undo the bargain by straightforward means; and further, beyond any shadow of doubt, the old man was horribly upset by his loss.

"Better let us go to ze bureau, Meester Gedge," he said as conviction renewed itself in the light of these facts.

"No, no, no!" snarled the old man, whose brain, capable at times of a surprising vigor, was now furiously at work.

"But why not?"

S. Gedge, Antiques, did not reply immediately, but at last a dark light broke over the vulpine face. "Why not, Mussewer Duponny? I'll tell you. Because I think there may be a better way of dealing with that young scoundrel yonder." William's master pointed towards the inner room. "Happen the police'll want all sorts of information we don't want to give them; and my experience is, mussewer, their methods are slow and clumsy, and out of date. They may take weeks over this job, and long before they are through with it the picture will be in America."

"You may be right, Meester Gedge. But where's the 'arm in seeing what they can do?"

With the air of one whose faculties have been braced by a mental tonic the old man shook his head decisively.

"Mussewer Duponny," he said in a slow voice which gave weight and value to each word, "I'm thinking with a little help from yourself and Mr. Thornton I can deal with this—this scoundrel much better than the police."

"At your service, Meester Gedge," said Jules Duponnet with a dry smile. He could not have been the man he was had he remained insensitive to the depth of cunning which now transfigured the face of the old dealer. "But for Meester Thornton, of course, I cannot spick."

"You can't, of course," said the old fox briskly. "But we'll go right now and have a word with Mr. Thornton on the subject."

Like one in whom a change sudden and mysterious has been wrought, S. Gedge, Antiques, stepped through the house door into the passage, took his hat and coat from the peg, and his heavy, knotted walking stick out of the rickety umbrella stand, put his head into the room next door and said in a harsh tone to the polisher of chairs, "Boy, I'm going along as far as Mr. Thornton's, so you'd better keep an eye on the shop."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Jim Henry's Column

What is Kora-Konia?

Kora-Konia is already a big success. It is firmly established in many thousands of our best homes. Golf players have learned that it reduces scores by reducing irritation. One-piece bathers know what it does to sunburn. Nurses accept it as a blessing for bedridden patients. Legions of happy babies attest its efficiency for prickly heat and all skin rashes and chafings.

Yet no one seems to know what Kora-Konia is.

First of all, it positively is not a talcum. It is what we call a medicinal powder. That is to say, it heals, or, as doctors say, it possesses therapeutic or remedial value. If the skin has been rubbed raw by oversize muscles which collide where collision is most distressing, Kora-Konia dries up the raw spots, eases the pain by excluding air and brings about an almost miraculous return to normal conditions.

A poor little baby that is all red and blotchy from prickly heat or diaper rash and obviously suffering torments will become perfectly calm and happy in an unbelievably short time after a Kora-Konia application.

But, aside from its remarkable curative virtue, Kora-Konia is a skin protector. It sticks. Perspiration doesn't wash it away. Rubbing doesn't remove it. It forms a velvety film which clings to the skin for hours, protecting, excluding air and doing away with friction.

Now, all of this is subject to proof. One application convinces. I doubt if any skin sufferer ever received our 10 cent sample without installing a full sized 35-cent tin as a permanent item of his or her medicine closet. It's the sort of thing you can't get along without, once you know what it means in comfort.

So send 10 cents for a sample and I will send in addition my demonstrator tube of justly famous Mennen Shaving Cream.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

DEATH AND TAXES

(Continued from Page 23)

making doilies for the common good. At seven o'clock the dinner was shot over in pneumatic tubes. After it was eaten the housewife put the dishes back in the tubes to be washed in the community kitchen. This ideal state made a strong appeal to housewives.

It made a strong appeal to me. There was a picture of society in which everybody was happy and kind and just and unselfish because everybody was working for the commonweal. And because everybody was working for the common good, drainage ditches were dug by automatic machines, garbage disposed of itself, and what food you wanted popped out of pneumatic tubes when you pressed the button. Certainly it was an alluring picture

On the other hand, I had an actual picture of a farmer getting red in the face because he was required to contribute an actual $36.48 to the commonweal in the form of taxes. But at that time it didn't occur to me to check up my ideal picture by my actual picture; nor to inquire just why working for wages and profit prevents us from having automatic machines to do all the heavy, disagreeable work.

Radical theory is based first or last on the proposition that men will cheerfully put in their time working for the common good if only they have the chance. A not unfair answer is that men already have, at least once a year, an opportunity to exhibit that loyal and cheerful attitude toward the commonweal when they pay their taxes for the support of the common necessary government. In sober fact, by and large, they are cheerfully and loyally anxious to have somebody else pay the taxes. For a long while taxes have been a staple subject of political argument, and the chorus of the argument is "Let George do it." McKinley's celebrated plea for a protective tariff was that thereby we make the foreigner pay the tax. Latterly a large school of statesmanship has flourished on the proposition of making the rich pay the taxes.

If you want to start a row anywhere in the United States—and probably anywhere in the world—just suggest to Smith that his quarter section is taxed higher than Jones' although Jones has two more rooms in his house, a larger barn and more wire fence. Men are not so jealous about any other payments they make as they are about their tax payments for the commonweal. Shifting the burden, or trying to, has been a popular game time out of mind.

Fertile Fields for Quackery

Doctor Trotter and other psychologists say that away back, before we got in the way of walking on two legs, we—or our ancestors—gathered more or less in herds, forming bands for defense against common foes and for other mutual benefits, so that the instinct to gather in herds and act herdwise is almost a basic human trait. Of course war or any other common danger or calamity brings out that trait. Just the same, nearly all of us like being individuals much better than we like being members of a herd. The herd bond galls except in a time of great common danger. Grumbling against the government, no matter what the government is or does, has been a staple subject of human conversation, like the weather, ever since there were governments. Men live in herds and act herdwise, but except in times of great common danger it irks and frets them. They strive to shift the burden to other shoulders and find fault with the common bond even when it touches them rather lightly.

A thoroughgoing socialist state, with government's hand in everything from breakfast to bedtime, would be a beautiful spectacle for those who enjoy Donnybrook Fairs. The only thoroughgoing socialist state we have ever had—in Russia—induces people to labor for the commonweal by sticking bayonets in them; but as there are not enough bayonets to go around, the state has been obliged to let the peasants, forming four-fifths of the population, act as individualists.

Because taxes are naturally an affliction, because of the general jealousy respecting them and a common earnest desire to shift the burden, taxes offer one of our most fertile fields for quackery and buncombe. After an era of railroad-bossed politics beyond the Missouri, farmers arose and took charge of politics themselves. About the only permanent result of that uprising was to increase railroad taxes. Around that time railroad taxes were raised nearly everywhere. It was a popular movement, just as any movement to make somebody else pay the taxes is pretty sure to be popular, in spite of the cold, indubitable fact that as a general proposition nobody else ever does pay the taxes or ever will.

At the time I speak of there was no government regulation of railroad rates. Whatever taxes the roads paid went into their cost of operation, like the pay roll and the coal bill. Naturally they fixed rates high enough to include all costs of operation, including taxes, and leave a profit. If they had been taxed uniformly, one state with another, so that no road had an advantage over its competitors in that regard, all taxes, whether high or low, would obviously have fallen upon the general consuming public in the form of freight rates; and in taxing railroads the public would simply have been taxing itself.

How Taxes are Passed On

Everybody who studies the subject knows that taxes always tend to fall upon the general consuming public. In connection with the Soldiers' Bonus Bill there was a bitter debate as to whether there should be a sales tax on manufactured goods or a tax on the corporations that manufactured the goods. A manufacturing concern charges up taxes as a part of the cost of operation and fixes a price to cover all costs. As a broad proposition it makes no difference whether a tax is levied directly on the corporations that make the goods or on the goods after they have left the makers' hands. In either case the tax is absorbed in the price of the goods, and the consumer pays it.

Railroad corporations sell transportation to the public at a price that is now fixed by the Government. In ordering a general reduction of wartime freight rates the other day the Interstate Commerce Commission took 5¾ per cent on the investment as a fair net profit to the roads, and figured out a level of freight rates which, in its opinion, would leave that much net profit—after the payment of all taxes. If taxes had been lower freight rates would be lower. In short, the tax falls on the consuming public.

I mentioned an enthusiastic movement in many states to raise railroad taxes. It succeeded so well that in some states—probably in most states—railroad property is taxed decidedly higher than property of any other sort. An investigation in Wisconsin showed that taxes on railroad property amounted to 30 per cent of net earnings, against 6 per cent on manufacturing corporations. A New York report puts taxes on public utilities, including railroads, at 20 per cent of net earnings, against 3 per cent for manufacturing concerns. This was while manufacturing concerns, on the whole, were quite robust and railroads were in an enfeebled and anæmic condition which harmfully affected industry in general. A tax of 3 per cent on railroads and 20 per cent on manufacturing concerns would have been better public policy. Now, however, the Interstate Commerce Commission in fixing freight rates simply hands the whole tax burden back to the general public. So the great popular agitation to raise railroad taxes made some bogus political reputations, weakened our most important industry for a while, and finally ends in smoke.

For the year 1917, when our war taxes became effective, the corporations of the United States paid $2,142,000,000 in Federal taxes, against only $171,000,000 the year before. But in spite of this increase of almost $2,000,000,000 in Federal taxes, their net income, after paying taxes, was almost exactly the same as the year before. The corporations collected that $2,000,000,000 of additional taxes from the public and handed it over to the Government without suffering any diminution of their own net incomes.

It may be argued that if the heavy war taxes had not been imposed upon the corporations their net income in 1917 would have been that much greater. What might have happened in so exceptional a year as 1917 is hard to say; but all business concerns as a matter of course charge up taxes as one of the costs of operation, like rent, labor and raw materials, with a constant tendency to include the tax in the price of the goods and hand it on to the public. An eminent authority has said that it is probably impossible to devise any extensive scheme of taxation the bulk of which does not finally fall upon the consuming public.

That authority, however, had studied taxation scientifically; and almost nobody who has a hand in the levying of taxes does study or discuss it scientifically. The subject is too infused with prejudices and emotions for that. You might almost as well expect Mister Newlywed to sit down and discuss his bride with you scientifically. To a deplorably large extent taxes are levied emotionally, and revenue laws are composed, like the epics of Homer, out of the stuff of traditions, myths, taboos—a long tribal heritage to which tribal feelings automatically respond.

My own first direct contact with taxation is probably rather typical. I had moved into a small two-story frame house in a suburb of Chicago. There one day a fleshy gentleman, who had evidently eaten eggs for breakfast in the recent past, introduced himself as a representative of the assessor's office.

Walking into the house with official assurance he looked around.

Ah! I had a piano; therefore I must pay a personal-property tax. There was no escape from it, he explained very good-naturedly; if a man had a piano he must be assessed. The visitor took a look in the dining room, produced a long formidable blank and a fountain pen and seated himself judiciously. The piano must go down in the blank, but a piano could not stand in solitary grandeur; a man who had a piano must have something else to go with it. Therefore he put down the rugs and the sideboard in the dining room. Having a piano let me in for an elaborate inquisition, as all the spaces in the blank must be filled; so he gravely questioned me as to my possessions in the way of horses, oxen, milch cows, sheep, goats.

First Lessons in Tax Dodging

Finally he came to a space over which he hesitated, for in spite of his calling he was a kindly man, able to apprehend and sympathize with my situation. After a moment's hesitation over that particular blank he enlightened me, not as an assessor, but as a man and brother:

"There's a question here about moneys in bank. If you say you've got money in the savings bank they'll soak you pretty hard. The tax will come to about as much as a year's interest."

He then resumed his official rôle and read the question: "Moneys in bank?"

I put my conscience in one scale and my enlightened self-interest in the other, and after an abstruse feat in mental arithmetic named a sum which he gravely entered in the blank. So my first tax return was actually false and my first assessor benignantly introduced me to the gentle art of tax dodging. Illinois revenue laws compelled tax dodging as much as though an injunction to that effect had been printed in red ink at the top of the statute. The tax on personal property in the form of a savings-bank balance, a bond, a note of hand or a mortgage ate up from half to two-thirds of the return upon the investment. Broadly speaking, nobody would pay such a monstrous rate; and nobody, in practical fact, was expected to.

Humane assessors, calling at small two-story frame houses which contained no other evidence of plutocratic state than a piano, warned the inexperienced of the pitfall—albeit standing firm on the cardinal point of assessing the piano. Of course experienced citizens who had a great deal of money in the bank and in bonds and mortgages needed no friendly warning but manfully took care of themselves.

Now and then somebody in the state legislature arose to remark, with an appearance of great indignation, that Chicago banks, as shown by their published reports, held hundreds of millions of deposits, yet almost no money in bank was ever reported to the assessor; nor were bonds and mortgages reported. When the orator finished his outburst against tax dodgers other members, who had yawned over the claptrap, promptly forgot it.

(Continued on Page 36)

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It is delivered to the dealer in small lots—even a carton of one dozen tins if necessary.

This insures that the dealer orders fresh TUXEDO frequently and continually, and further insures that the TUXEDO you smoke is fresh from the factory.

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The trademark of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company is a guarantee of *ability* as well as willingness to pay. Back of it is a century-long record of business probity and unquestioned financial standing. By this trademark you can identify thoroughly sound indemnity against financial loss by fire plus the co-operation of trained Fire Prevention Engineers who seek out and remove fire causes.

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Continued from Page 34

The revenue laws of the state were framed on traditions, myths, taboos, emotions, with no more scientific thought than goes into the warbling of a bird. Farmers must be placated, so tangible property in land and livestock was assessed at one-third its value—on the mysterious assumption that it is somehow kinder to tax a man 3 per cent on a valuation of $100 than to tax him 1 per cent on a valuation of $300. Then taxes must be levied on the rich, and the possessions of the rich consist largely of money in bank, bonds, mortgages, notes and stocks. So the law required wealth in those forms—excepting the stock of Illinois corporations—to be taxed at rates which, as to bonds, notes and mortgages, at least, would absorb half or more of the income. The natural result was that wealth in those forms practically was not taxed. Everybody knew it. For years public attention was called to it. Yet the myths and taboos and emotional complexes, partly embodied in the state constitution, stood in the way of intelligent revenue legislation.

In fact the law required all property to be taxed—a washerwoman's tub and stove as much as a millionairess' pearls. That was humanly, or humanely, impossible. So assessors largely made up their own laws as they went along in a sort of rough-and-ready, hit-or-miss extra-legal compromise. I mention Illinois particularly because I used to live there and it furnishes a flagrant example. But the emotional appeal of taxing the rich, without any scientific regard to whether or not the rich are actually going to pay the tax, is what German musicians call a leitmotif in revenue legislation. It is popular because it pretends to shift the tax burden to a small part of the population and because of its emotional appeal to vague aspirations for social justice.

A rough-and-ready notion of how it works may be had by turning to the reports which all corporations in the country are required to make to the Internal Revenue Bureau. As I mentioned, Federal taxes on corporations were $2,000,000,000 greater in 1917 than in 1916, but the net income of corporations, after taxes, was almost exactly the same, so they were as rich as they had been before. The net income, after all charges, of practically all corporations is divided into two funds: The first fund goes to pay dividends to stockholders; the second fund is retained as surplus and reinvested in new buildings, machinery, stocks of materials, and so forth. In short, it is added to the productive plant of the country.

Encroachments on Surplus

In 1916 American business was hugely stimulated by European war demands. Net income of corporations, after paying taxes, was $4,800,000,000 greater than in the lean year 1914. But only $1,300,000,000 of this was paid out in increased dividends, while $3,500,000,000 was turned over to surplus and reinvested in plant, additional stocks of materials, and so forth. By 1919 much higher wages and increased taxes cut down corporation net very decidedly; but the amount paid out in dividends was about the same as in 1916, while the reinvested surplus was smaller by $2,000,000,000.

As a rough-and-ready generalization, then, taxes are either added to the price of the goods and so handed on to the consuming public, or they come out of surplus, diminishing by that much the growth of the country's industrial plant.

That rough-and-ready generalization is true even of personal-income tax. A favorite argument for a very high tax on large incomes was that it would discourage extravagant living. But it has no such effect in any important degree. The boom years after the war in which taxes were highest were exactly the years of most extravagant living. A family that has been used to living on a certain scale will not drop down to a materially lower one except after a desperate struggle. In this country the very rich are, as a rule, the most economical livers in the sense that they spend the smallest proportion of their incomes on living. The remainder they usually invest in the country's industrial plant.

The personal-income tax comes much more out of surplus than it does out of living expenses. By and large, the tax, of whatever sort, falls on general consumption or it comes out of surplus—and the rich go on living and spending about as they did before.

In the boom year 1919, in spite of high taxes, the rich were enjoying all the little creature comforts to which they had been accustomed. What crumpled them up was not the taxes, but the ensuing slump in general business which crumpled everybody else up. Rich and poor expand and contract together.

Unavoidable Injustice

As to levying taxes in accordance with aspirations for social justice, it may be noted that no tax was ever socially just, according to our ideas of justice, or ever can be. The simple old tax on real estate, which is still the foundation of local revenue systems, works with much inequality. The sole possession of a widow with six children is the house in which she lives, valued at $3000.

In nearly all states that house pays exactly the same tax as the vacant tract next door, worth $3000, which the bank president is holding for a rise—that is, in hopes that the growth of the community will bring him a profit with no effort on his part. Every township assessor's book contains instances of that kind.

X is a country doctor, working late and early, giving value received in services for every dollar of his income. He earns $10,000 a year, out of which he must not only support his family but lay by something for the rainy day and pay the premiums on his life insurance which will protect his family from want if he should die. Z inherited a corner lot on Main Street from which he derives an income of $10,000 a year without lifting his finger. He need not lay by anything for a rainy day or pay life-insurance premiums, for the corner lot will support his family whether he lives or not. He pays the same income tax as X. Ninety income-tax returns out of every hundred contain some element of inequality and injustice. All that any tax can do is to set up an arbitrary rule of thumb which in actual working gives only the roughest approximation to justice.

The first rule of thumb of war revenue legislation was to tax the rich, on the principle that if a man has a lot of money it makes no difference how much of it the government takes. Anybody who even cursorily followed the debates in that connection could hardly have failed to catch the picture of a rich man which some of the leading legislators had in mind, and for whom they were zealously gunning. This rich man rose late, attended by a retinue of servants, and put in the day mostly squandering money. Probably that used to be the popular picture of a rich man. Until within the last decade how much income there was in the United States, who got it and what they did with it, were subjects for guess and fancy. But in the last decade income-tax returns, corporation returns, excess-profit-tax returns and other sources have furnished a mass of evidence which expert economists have been sifting and collating, so that today anybody who cares more for facts than for fancies can find out pretty easily and accurately how much income there is and who gets it—especially since the National Bureau of Economic Research published its report on income in the United States last winter. And from equally good authority one can get a dependable line on what the rich do with their income.

The World War, as everybody knows, brought a huge increase in American business profits. In 1917, net income of all corporations, before taxes, was double what it had been in 1915. Net profits, before taxes, remained big during the postwar boom. It is from these corporations that the rich mainly derive their income. Dr. David Friday, after reviewing all the evidence, concludes that probably not more than a fifth of corporation profits in this period was spent by the stockholders who own the corporations. The remainder went for taxes and for surplus—that is, for the expansion of the country's plant. One-fifth of corporate profits in 1919 amounted to 2½ per cent of the total net national income.

Nobody knows how many stockholders in American corporations spent this 2½ per cent of the national income, nor what various forms the spending took. A considerable part of the support of churches, for example, came out of it. Many large corporations publish the number of holders of their stock. By adding these reports together you get a total running into seven figures. But it is impossible to say how many duplications there are—one man holding stock in two or more corporations. However, we are talking now of all corporations, the country-town pickle factory as much as the Steel Corporation, and a very great part of the business of the country is done by corporations. So these corporation dividends are distributed among and spent by—or saved by—many hundred thousand people. The spending, or squandering, of the really rich is a very small item in national economics. Incidentally they squander quite a bit of money on colleges, hospitals and art galleries which are supposed to benefit the public. What they blow in on themselves and their families makes only a dot compared with total national income.

Payers of Surtaxes

What they put into surplus first and last is a far more important item in national economy. In the period of big profits from 1916 to 1919 all corporations taken together paid the Federal Government some $7,000,000,000 in taxes. In the single year 1917, for which fuller reports are available, these same corporations paid over $900,000,000 in state and local taxes. In succeeding years they doubtless paid more, as the trend of taxes was upward. For four boom years the total tax bill was surely over $11,000,000,000, although war taxes were not in effect the first year. Of the net profits remaining after payment of taxes, about 55 per cent was distributed in dividends to stockholders, while 45 per cent was put into surplus.

So nearly half the profits which accrued to the owners of the corporations, after corporate taxes were paid, did not reach the hands of the owners at all, but were invested in plant by the corporations. It is calculated that 60 per cent of corporation dividends go to persons having incomes of $20,000 a year or upward. Such incomes not only pay nearly all the surtaxes on personal income but they furnish the bulk of the funds for investment in stocks, bonds and mortgages. In the United States, from the point of view of national economics, the rich are far more important in their rôle of

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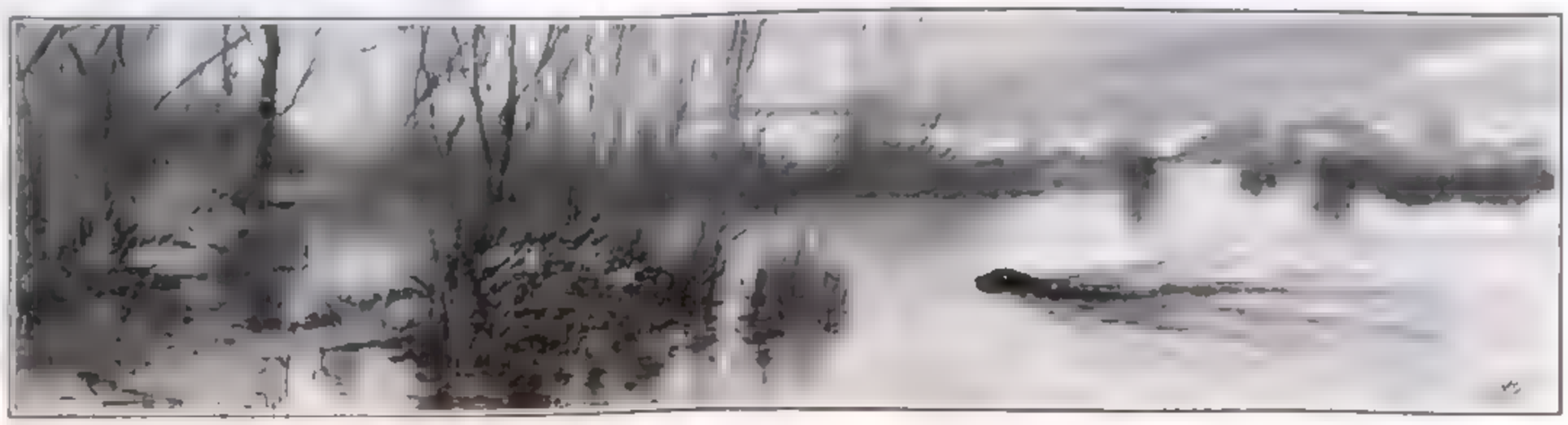

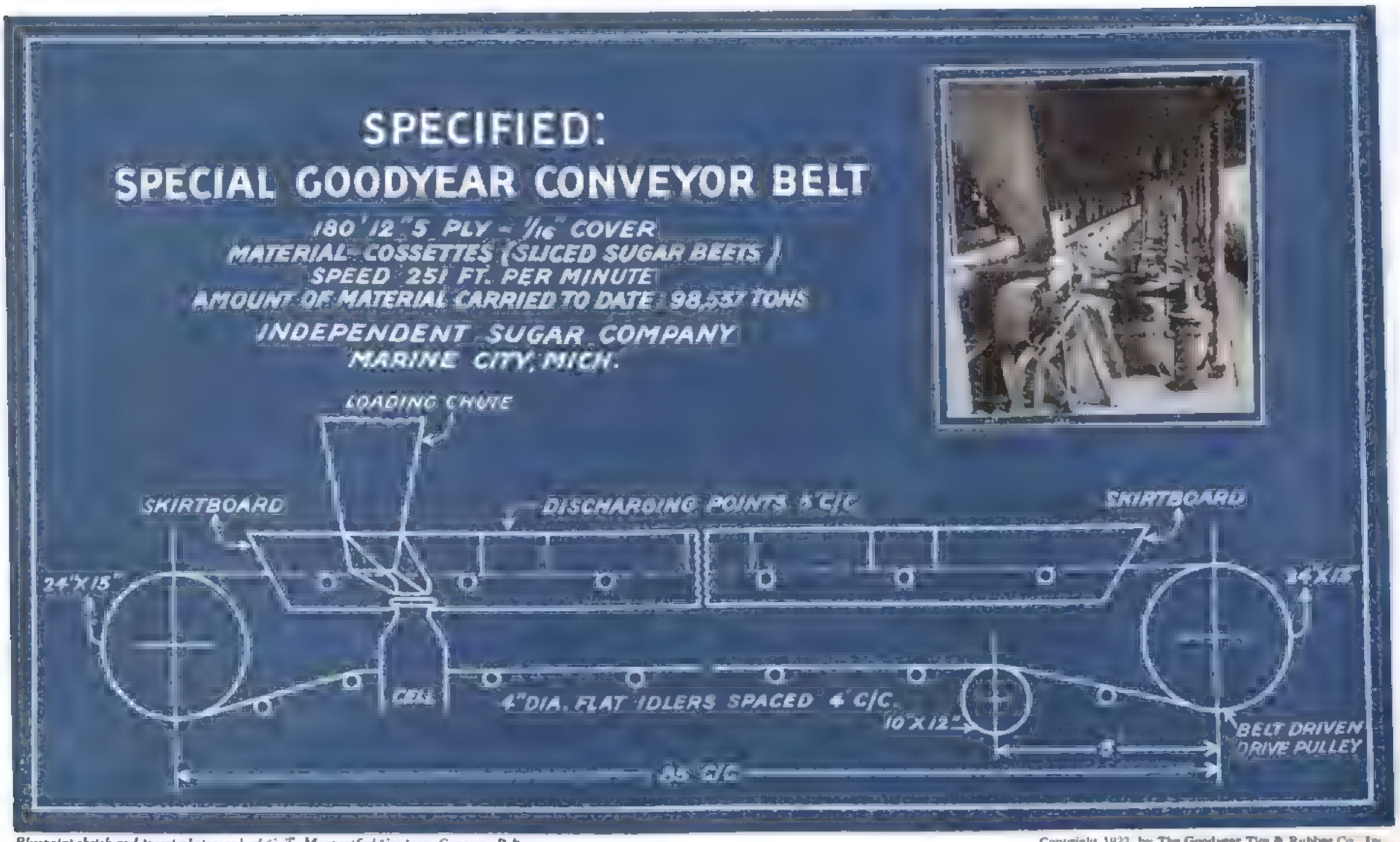

Blueprint sketch and insert photograph of G. T. M. specified Goodyear Conveyor Belt in service in the plant of The Independent Sugar Company, Marine City, Michigan

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The Sugar-Beet Acids—and the G. T. M.

"***This is the belt*** we were looking for from the day we opened the plant," said the Superintendent of The Independent Sugar Company, Marine City, Michigan. He was referring to the Goodyear Conveyor Belt specified by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—after an expert analysis of the Company's service requirements.

"***It satisfies us thoroughly,***" is the final verdict. "It has served through two successful campaigns since October, 1920, is in splendid condition today, and, judging from its appearance, should last five more campaigns. It has withstood the destructive action of beet juices, has been easy to keep clean, and shows little sign of wear. We wish that every sugar man could know how our belt troubles have been so completely solved."

The acids in beet juices make short work of ordinary conveyor belts. The Independent Sugar Company spared no money trying to find belting that would resist these acids and withstand the heavy edge wear developed in this type of conveying. The belting problem was costing them time and money, not only in frequent replacements, but also in frequent interruptions in the work of the entire plant.

When the G. T. M. stepped into the office of the Company, late in the summer of 1920, he found a chair and a welcome waiting for him. They had heard of the G. T. M. The G. T. M.'s business was to hear about belt troubles.

Together, they went over every point in the problem. They fitted together the practical knowledge of the Company's officials with their own conditions of service, and the G. T. M.'s expert knowledge of belting. The result was the G. T. M.'s recommendation of a special Goodyear Conveyor Belt, 180 feet long, 12 inches wide, 5-ply in thickness, with 1/16 inch cover.

How it has served efficiently and economically has been told in the plant superintendent's own words. In its first 100-day campaign, it carried 50,647 tons of sliced beets; in the second, 47,890 tons. It is exposed to year-'round weather conditions in a variable climate, and in winter carries tons of frozen beets. It has resisted edge wear.

This is the way the G. T. M. functions, and the way Goodyear Belts, scientifically specified to their work, serve the conveyor and transmission needs of industry. You may have a problem, either of conveying or transmission, which the G. T. M. can study with similar saving and profit to you. You can rely on his analysis and his recommendation of powerful, trouble-free and long-wearing Goodyear Belts. To get in touch with the G. T. M., or for further information about Goodyear Belts, Hose, Packing, and other mechanical goods, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

Just the Light for the Story Hour!
How the little folks love the fairy-like brilliance of the COLEMAN QUICK-LITE Lamp! The pure-white 300 candle-power radiance of this famous light seems to transform the entire room into a hallowed place, remembered in after years because of Mother and the longed-for story hour.
Use It All Over the House
The QUICK-LITE gives better light for every home task or diversion. Children need this mellow eye-saving light to study by. It keeps young eyes young. Older folks praise the Quick-Lite for its clear, even light that enables them to sew or read the whole evening through without eye-strain. No wicks to trim; no chimneys to wash. Can't spill fuel. Answers every need for better light throughout the house.
Get a Quick-Lite Today
Use it tonight and every night. More than 30,000 merchants sell Quick-Lites. Your nearest dealer surely has them. If not, write to us, Department P-47.
THE COLEMAN LAMP CO.
Wichita, Kansas
Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: Toronto
In Great Britain:
Coleman Quick-Lite Co., Ltd., 3 Gerrard Place, London, W. 1
Coleman
Quick-Lite
The Sunshine of the Night

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savers and investors than they are in their rôle of spenders.

The surplus—the amount saved and reinvested year by year—is tremendously important; and it would be exactly as important if we had a socialist or Bolshevist government as it is under capitalism. Without it you cannot move a step. We live by consumption, but we move on solely by surplus. No matter whether you are a Steel Corporation or a farmer you cannot move without surplus—which means simply a saved-up excess of production over consumption. The farm yields a living for the family, and the family consumes it; there is no surplus. By some improvement—tiling a low spot, using a tractor, building a chicken house—the farm may be made to yield more. But unless you have saved up a surplus to make that improvement with, you must borrow somebody else's surplus; the surplus must be available somewhere before the improvement can be made. The farm or pickle factory or railroad or nation that consumes all it produces year by year is stuck. It cannot build a fence or a terminal or a highway except by borrowing a surplus from outside.

You have read many times that Russia is as rich in natural resources as the United States, and it has a greater population. The natural resources and population of Eastern Europe, including the territory formerly embraced in the Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires, are pretty much what they were before the war. But a great part of that region, holding over half the inhabitants of Europe, is stuck in the mud and unable to turn a wheel because the surplus is gone. Russia insists that she can do nothing without a loan—that is, without bringing in a surplus from the outside to start up industry. Directly after the war Germany was in much the same state; but with better credit the Germans were able to borrow here and there, and so start afresh.

It is surprising how much surplus a country like the United States requires in the present state of industrial evolution; and the evolution of industry is all in the direction of requiring more and more. Many of our grandfathers could recall a time when shoes, for example, were made by a cobbler whose plant consisted of a bench and a few tools. He bought a couple of pieces of leather that he could carry in his hand, made a pair of shoes and sold them—the whole transaction, from the purchase of the raw material to payment for the finished article by the ultimate consumer, occupying only a week.

Surplus Indispensable

Nowadays whoever wants to make a pair of shoes must invest several hundred thousand dollars in building and machinery and lay in a great stock of raw materials. From the purchase of the raw material until the finished article is paid for by the ultimate consumer several months will elapse, during which the shoemaker must be paying out money for wages, coal, and so forth. He must have accumulated a great surplus, or borrowed it from others who had accumulated it, before starting operations. So with nearly everything we buy. Modern factory production finally turns out the article at a lower cost, but it requires more and more capital all the while and a bigger surplus to start operations.

And if we stop anywhere along the line we get run over. For example, ordinary building operations dropped much below normal as a result of the war. This condition lasted only three years; but by that time the whole country was clamoring over an acute shortage of buildings. There were not enough dwellings or offices or garages or anything else in the building line; it was a national crisis of a small sort. Without a surplus we couldn't have started building again. Somebody had to advance money, which was a saved-up excess of production over consumption, to pay for brick, lumber, carpenters, plumbers. The Middle West just now is interested in a Great Lakes-St. Lawrence ship canal. It cannot possibly be built unless a surplus has been saved up somewhere. You can hardly think of a public or private enterprise of a physical nature that doesn't require a surplus to start it off

And we're always thinking of new enterprises. We think out a self-propelling vehicle and name it an automobile. Somebody must have a surplus, if only of $1000, before the vehicle can be built. The automobile makes us think of better roads, so we invest hundreds of millions of surplus in macadam and concrete highways. That makes us think up a machine to lay concrete highway. We then need a surplus to build a factory to make road-laying machines in. If we consumed all we produced year by year we could have no canals and concrete highways, because those things consume at a lively rate during the process of construction while they are producing nothing whatever. Even after they are finished they produce each year but a small fraction of what they consumed in construction. It takes them many years to pay for themselves. Meanwhile they subsist on surplus.

The bigger the taxes the smaller the surplus. So with almost negligible exceptions taxes are a charge and burden on the nation's industry, in whatever form they are levied. They fall on the consuming public or they come out of the surplus by which alone industry expands. Eloquent politicians have favored the notion that taxing the rich was the same thing as picking money off bushes or taking it out of the air; in short, from the point of view of the great bulk of the population, it amounted to getting something for nothing.

Of course if that were true it would make little difference how much money governments squandered so long as they took it from the rich. There may be no logical connection of cause and effect, but it is a historical fact that the Congresses which were most zealous in taxing the rich were the greatest squanderers of public money.

Rule-of-Thumb Taxation

Taxes ought to be levied with intelligent regard to a citizen's ability to support the government. That is a sound principle. But still more they ought to be levied with regard to the even sounder principle that almost every dollar the tax collector takes comes out of industry and is, directly or indirectly, a burden on the general public. For the public there is no something for nothing in taxation.

We have been told that taxes ought to be direct rather than indirect, and that a tax on consumption is abominable because it falls on the poor. So, for example, we have a direct tax on railroads which the poor man pays in freight rates every time he buys a pair of shoes or a pound of nails; or we have a direct tax on the income of the corporation that makes the shoes and the nails, which tax is included in the price of the goods. In fine, we have much pious buncombe. Theoretically a graduated tax on consumption would be ideal, for then a man would be taxed on what he spent, but not on what he saved.

Profits were taxed on a rule-of-thumb theory of normal and abnormal profits, the former being regarded as innocent and the latter as wicked. But recent investigation, with much more abundant data to work upon than ever before, has shown that the old theory of normal profit is pure myth, at least in such a dynamic country as the United States. The old theory supposed that if any line of business showed profits decidedly above the average, capital would flow into that line and so bring profits down to the average—profits in business thus constantly returning to a normal level, just as water seeks a level.

That was an excellent theorist's theory, for capital does act much like water, flowing by a force of natural gravitation. But the theorists and the revenue legislators overlooked the cardinal fact that capital is only a medium, like water. You can swim in water if you know how, or you can drown. Not a great while ago a mere high-school girl humiliated me by swimming circles around me. I had as much water as she, but I didn't know how to use it so well. For business success or profits, ability is so much more important than capital that capital hardly counts. Anywhere in the United States, under normal conditions, a man who really knows how to use it can get capital. But capital cannot always find the man who knows how to use it by a long shot, as a melancholy list of losses and failures testifies. Capital is only the medium by which ability acts, and profits vary according to ability, not according to capital.

Corporation reports and excess-profits-tax returns have shown conclusively that in a live country like the United States there is no such thing as a normal or average rate of profit. In every line of business profits show the widest variation, for they depend not on capital but on ability. You can get a normal or average rate on capital—namely, the average interest rate. But you cannot get a normal or average rate on ability.

Perhaps I should here note an exception to the rule that profits vary according to ability throughout the business field. In railroading, government has fixed a deadline profit of 5¾ per cent, which means that ability has been ruled out of that portion of the field.

But throughout the free business field profits show the widest variation. Moreover, there is no doubt whatever that a concern making a high rate of profit may be much more useful to the public than one making a low profit in the same line of industry. Unless the high profit is due to fraud it must be due to ability, which means that the concern is introducing new ideas, new processes, new methods that finally enrich the nation's industrial technic. Such a high-profit concern ought to be rewarded by a remission of taxes, instead of being penalized. The low-profit concern is very likely wasting capital, labor and materials, and ought to be fined instead of being held up as a model.

Everybody is sore about taxes on the two or three days in a year when he is paying taxes. The rest of the time he forgets them. Experienced legislators know that—and act upon it. It has long been an axiom with them that after a brief spasm the public will patiently swallow any dose in the way of fiscal legislation, if it is sugar-coated with some buncombe. The beloved tariff is one illustration. Ten years ago, when revolt against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act split the Republican Party, cheerful lay observers said, "Well, at any rate, they'll never try that again." But your experienced legislator merely smiled; and now, having stirred a little more kerosene and axle grease into the compound, he is calmly administering it again. Our old but lusty friend the Rivers and Harbors Bill is another illustration.

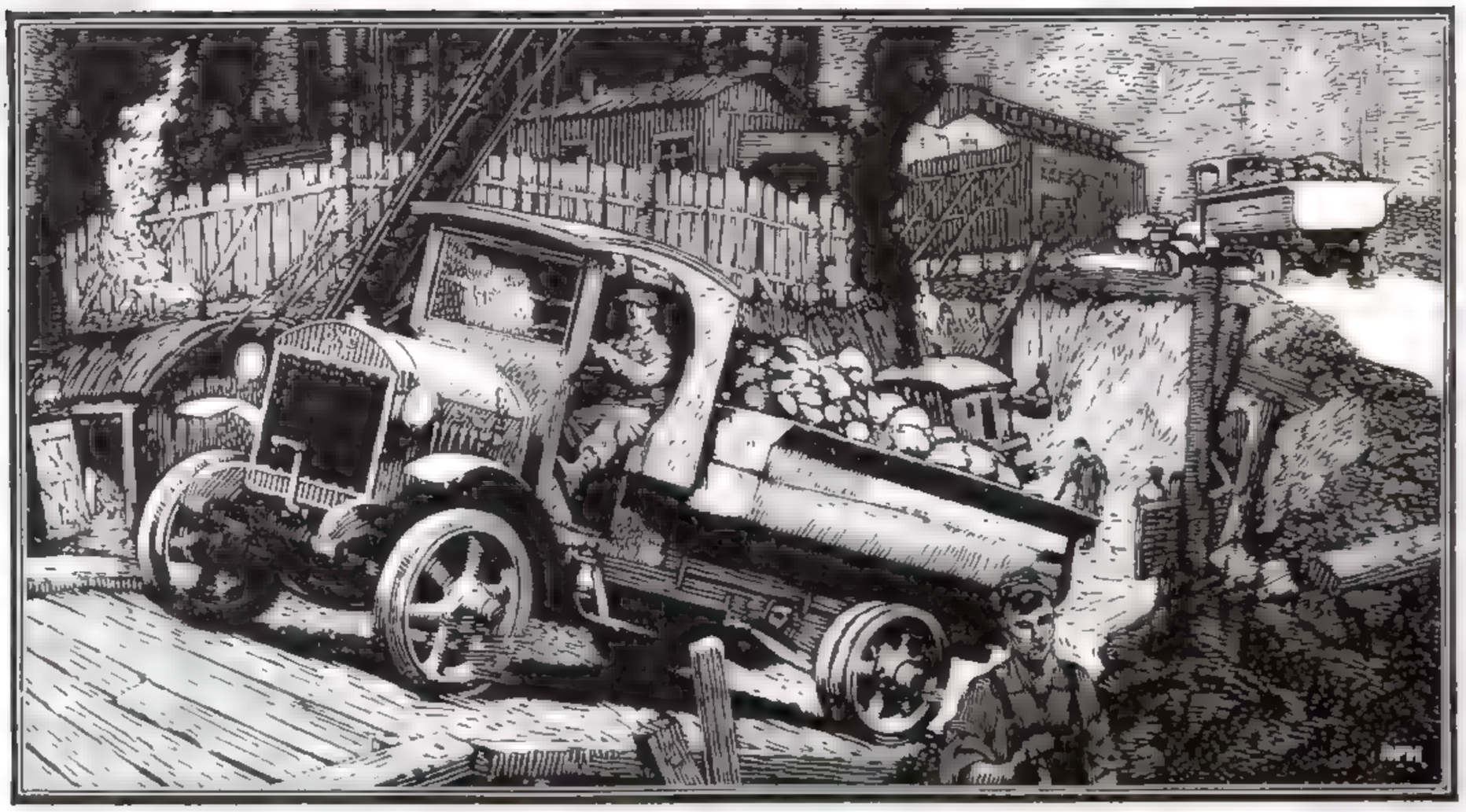
More Emotion Than Arithmetic

In the recent painful period of deflation public opinion really compelled some governmental deflation, and Congress actually ordered a material reduction in taxation—which goes against the natural congressional grain just as paying taxes goes against the natural individual grain. And having responded to public indignation by reducing government expenditures a billion or so, your experienced legislator shows his opinion of the public's fiscal intelligence by proposing—fairly in the same breath—to issue four or five billion dollars of government I O U's in order to pay soldiers' bonuses, without making any provision whatever for the redemption of the paper when it falls due. When it does fall due the public must pay it of course. Meanwhile, in a cheerful faith that the public can't think that far ahead, the legislator points one hand with pride to his reduction of government expenditures, and the other hand, with equal pride, to his soldiers' bonus. When the paper falls due and the public has to pay he will be pointing both hands with pride at something else.

But experienced legislators could not pull off stunts of that kind except that in the matter of fiscal legislation the public has been brought up on buncombe. If we charted our course more by arithmetic and less by emotions we should navigate better.

The first thing to do about taxes is to reduce them. The public must be fearfully short-minded if it soon forgets the recent demonstration that government, when pressed by public opinion, can lop a billion or so from appropriations and still be exactly as useful as it was before. No small part of the general irritation against taxes rises automatically from the general conviction that governments squander money.

After all reductions, plenty of taxes will remain. As to them I should like to start a movement toward that alluring collectivist society in which everybody is happy, unselfish and just, and the hay is harvested automatically and dinner practically cooks itself. I would start modestly with taxes. Let's accept them as our contribution to the necessary common enterprise of government, stop desperate attempts to shift them on somebody else, throw out the quacks who appeal only to our emotions and prejudices—and call in some disinterested experts to deal with the subject scientifically.



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LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 5)

I nodded. "I thought so!" he exclaimed. "The ideal Hollywood height! Play opposite any man in the pictures without dwarfing him. That's important. I was talking to Charlie Chaplin not long ago about that very thing. So many queens are too tall to play across from him, you see!"

Well, I wasn't blind of course. But my height was a talent of mine I hadn't considered before. However, I begun to get an idea that maybe I was really as good as I had all along been hoping I was. I decided to present this bird's own check and see would he honor it; and so in a voice I could hardly control I put it up to Stricky—put it up straight.

"Will you give me a job, Stricky?" I says.

"Sure I will—any time you come out," he says promptly. Too promptly. Then he pulls out a card from a leather case with gold corners to it. "You can always reach me there," says he.

I took it and read it before tucking it away in the pocket of my seal-plush coat: "G. Robert Strickland, Silvercrown Productions, Hollywood."

There was a little silence for a moment while I did this. And I stretched it out on purpose, because of revolving something further over in my mind. I ached to say it, but hardly dared. Suppose I pulled my daring demand and then found that I had also pulled a boner? Suppose my lack of complete trust in him got him off me for life, just as we was getting real friendly? If I lost my chance by being too business-like I might never get another like it again. Then, on the other hand, I'd been running things in pop's store too long not to of learned that business is business and friendship ought always to be the one side of it. I remembered this, and also that when I ordered a bill of goods for the store I never hesitated to sign my name to the order, and so why should Mr. G. Robert Strickland?

Of course there was no comparison between ordering me and ordering a dozen cases of lemon soda. But the principle was the same in both instances. Realizing this great truth, that clean-cut business affairs makes friendships and never broke one yet, I decided to take a chance. Looking at him with my own peculiar trusting, baby stare I shot.

"And will you give me a contract, Stricky?"

"Why—er—well, of course!" says he, more surprised than I liked.

"Now?" I says.

He laughed his gay laugh at that.

"Listen to the kid!" he cried. "Say, do you think I go around evenings with the legal department in my vest pocket?"

"But you do make contracts of course?" Bert put in over the top of his glasses.

"Why—er—certainly we do!" says Strick. "But our legal department has to draw them up. I haven't a form with me, worse luck, or we might get it done right here in town."

"Then will you mail me one as soon as you get to the Coast?" I kept on at him. "I'd like to have something definite before I start West."

"All right, I'll do that little thing!" says Strick lightly. "You said it! And I'll get you the best money a beginner ever had, Bonnie, my dear!"

How easy it was to get into the pictures. What a snap! Just like I had read about a hundred times. All a person needed was a good screen face and half a chance. And I had both. All of a sudden I felt it was time to go home, to beat it while I had things where I wanted them. And outside of that, the strain had been something fierce for a few moments. Right now I wanted the air, I wanted to be alone so's to be able to pinch myself and be sure I was awake, and give myself a good look in the mirror. Stonewall, Connecticut, wasn't real any more. Only Bonnie McFadden was real. A hundred dollars a week! Bonnie McFadden's salary! A thousand a week before long. And some day I would be turning down twenty-five hundred per unless they slipped me a quarter interest in the picture as well. And all for dressing beautifully and walking around in front of a camera for a few minutes a day—on days when I felt willing to. I picked up my horrid old seal-plush coat and flung it on me with an ermine gesture, and made my voice as bally English as Stricky's had been before he got to talking naturally.

"It's so awfully late for Stonewall," I says, "that I'd really better slip along home!"

"All right!" says Stricky, jumping up and grabbing his lid. "I'll see Bonnie home, Bert, while you lock up. I'll be right back."

"I like your crust!" says Bert. "But I can take a hint when it's registered with an ax."

"Good night, Bert!" I says over my shoulder as I tucked my arm into Stricky's. "Remember you're a friend of mine!"

And then the two of us slipped out into the cold, wet street that didn't seem a bit either cold or nasty any more, but like the road to heaven or something. And as we walked along Stricky pulled a line of kidding that would of done any girl's heart good if only they had been able to listen undividedly. But I couldn't, because of thinking what would I do when Stricky saw where I lived? What would I say? How would I get away with it? I was worried clean through.

"Say, listen, suppose I hadn't run up here to stay overnight with Bert!" Stricky was saying. "Just by accident, as one might say. And say, listen, do you know he had to drag me to that show by main force? What an escape, eh, baby? Say, I wouldn't have missed you for a million! And to think I imagined tonight was going to be punishment! You won't mind my speaking of it, Bonnie, but it's not only your looks, it's your class, that's got to me. Nothing small time about you! If there is one thing makes me glad, it's class, and you sure have got it!"

Well, I didn't feel any more like cheering when he says that than before. Because we had reached my home, and he would have to know the awful truth. The house was looming up before us now, right in the center of town, enormous and sort of spooky and vague. The closed shutters, especially the high-up ones in the mansard roof, give it a forbidding appearance, even at night, and the pair of iron stags on the wide lawn seemed sort of to move in the swaying light of the street lamp. The front was all dark of course, but down in the basement side entrance pop had left a lamp burning for me.

"Well, this is as far as I go!" I says, laughing nervously.

"What!" exclaimed Stricky. "Is this where you live? The biggest place in town, isn't it?"

"I guess so," I replied.

He didn't say anything at once, but somehow his manner changed. I could feel it even in the dark as he took my elbow politely and started piloting me up the tar path toward the front door.

"I'm really awfully glad to have met you, Miss Bonnie," he says, more in the manner he had used back in the hall. "I hope you won't think I've had an awful crust, the way I've talked. I had no idea—well—you are not going to forget me?"

"It's the other door—where the light is," I says. "And how can I forget you when I'm going to get a contract from you?"

"Of course!" says he. Then he took off his hat, very respectful and charming. "Good night," he says. "It's been delightful. You will hear from me soon."

"Good night, don't forget!" I says, and went in, closing the basement door behind me. I stood there against the wall a minute, listening to the sound of his footsteps going away down the quiet street and wondering what it was had changed him in those last few moments. Why the sudden respect? It wasn't cold feet, that was a cinch. It was awe. He was impressed. Good land! Impressed with the house! That was it. The enormous old show place of Stonewall Center. I leaned back against the wall and laughed into my handkerchief so's pop wouldn't hear me. Way down the street somebody—Stricky, most like—had begun to whistle, You'd be Surprised.

"I'll say he would," I whispered, "if he knew pop and me was the caretakers here!"

II

AIN'T it funny how a person you have known all your life can tell you a thing again and again and you don't believe them, and then all of a sudden some perfect stranger blows in and pulls the same line and you take their word for it without even swallowing twice?

That's the way I was with Bert and Stricky. Dear old Bert! He was kind of lonesome in our town, I guess, on account of having too much artistic temperament to get along with the other inhabitants, yet not enough to get out and show them. So he picked on me as a method of self-expression, and had me all dated to do the things he'd always wanted to. I liked his believing in me. He was the only one in town that did, but I didn't believe he knew. And now the very snappiest, worldiest man that had ever shown around our parts came along and backed him up!

Well, when Stricky's fashionably shod footsteps had died away I took the lamp and started for my room, walking easy so's not to wake up pop. Of course we had just the basement of the house, but those four rooms was the only home I could remember, pop having got the job of looking after the place when mom died. And a lucky thing for us that Milton Sherrill decided to keep the house from sentiment, even though the family was all dead but him, and he lived out in California himself, only coming East once in a great while.

Pop had accepted this caretaking job because it was easier than earning rent money. Mr. Sherrill didn't pay pop for looking after things, but rent free is rent free, and pop, I suppose, did the work until I was big enough to, though I can hardly remember such a time. I couldn't have been more than seven years old the first day I cleaned the brass on the front door of my own accord, inspired by Milton Sherrill's photograph, which I had swiped out of the parlor upstairs and put on my bureau. The owner had an awful nice face, and had been about twenty years old when Bert made this cabinet photo of him.

I used to think Milton smiled appreciatively whenever I took especial care of his dead mother's things. Anyways I kidded myself along that way, making a regular hero out of him and doing more than I really needed to.

Well, my bedroom was what had been the servants' dining room in the old days, and this night I crept across the kitchen to it without disturbing anybody but a few mice in the wall, and set the lamp down on the dresser in front of Milton Sherrill's faded old photo, which I still kept there. But I hardly noticed it. All it meant to me just then was that it stood guard to my amateur but absolutely secret safe-deposit vault. Late as it was I wanted to reassure myself with a flash at what I had parked away in the little drawer against which Milton was leaning so smilingly. So I flecked him aside and, digging under my pair of white gloves and my two veils, my sample of French perfume and my real lace handkerchief, took out my savings-bank book, opened it, made sure the last total really said four hundred berries, give the blessed numerals a hearty good-night kiss, and stuck the stuff all back where it belonged.

I didn't pull off a great deal of sleep, however, but lay a long time staring at the bars of light the street lamp threw on the ceiling, acting out all kinds of scenes in my mind, where I turned down leading producers, refused to marry millionaires, and had my maid cleaning my jewels, and so forth. Incidentally, I sure hated myself for having saved every cent that had come my way for the last four years! Because, as far as I had heard, they weren't giving away tickets to Los Angeles that season. Sweet daddy, some dreams, I had! And then the first thing I knew, I was sitting up in bed, realizing that the bell I heard was not the Prince of Wales calling on the telephone, but the alarm clock remarking that the kitchen stove went out if neglected after six o'clock.

I took the hint, still in the magic haze which had sprung up around me last night. And as I dressed I looked out of the barred window at the dead grass and old leaves that pop had for two months now been considering raking up. I shivered as I looked. The basement window brought the lawn about level with my nose and I could smell its damp odor even through the glass. Down at the depot the 6:05 was whistling. Stricky would be going out on that. He'd have to, if he was leaving first thing, like he'd said, for we had only one morning train out that time of year. Stricky on his way to California—where they had sun and flowers and—oh, gee—everything!

(Continued on Page 42)

CHEVROLET

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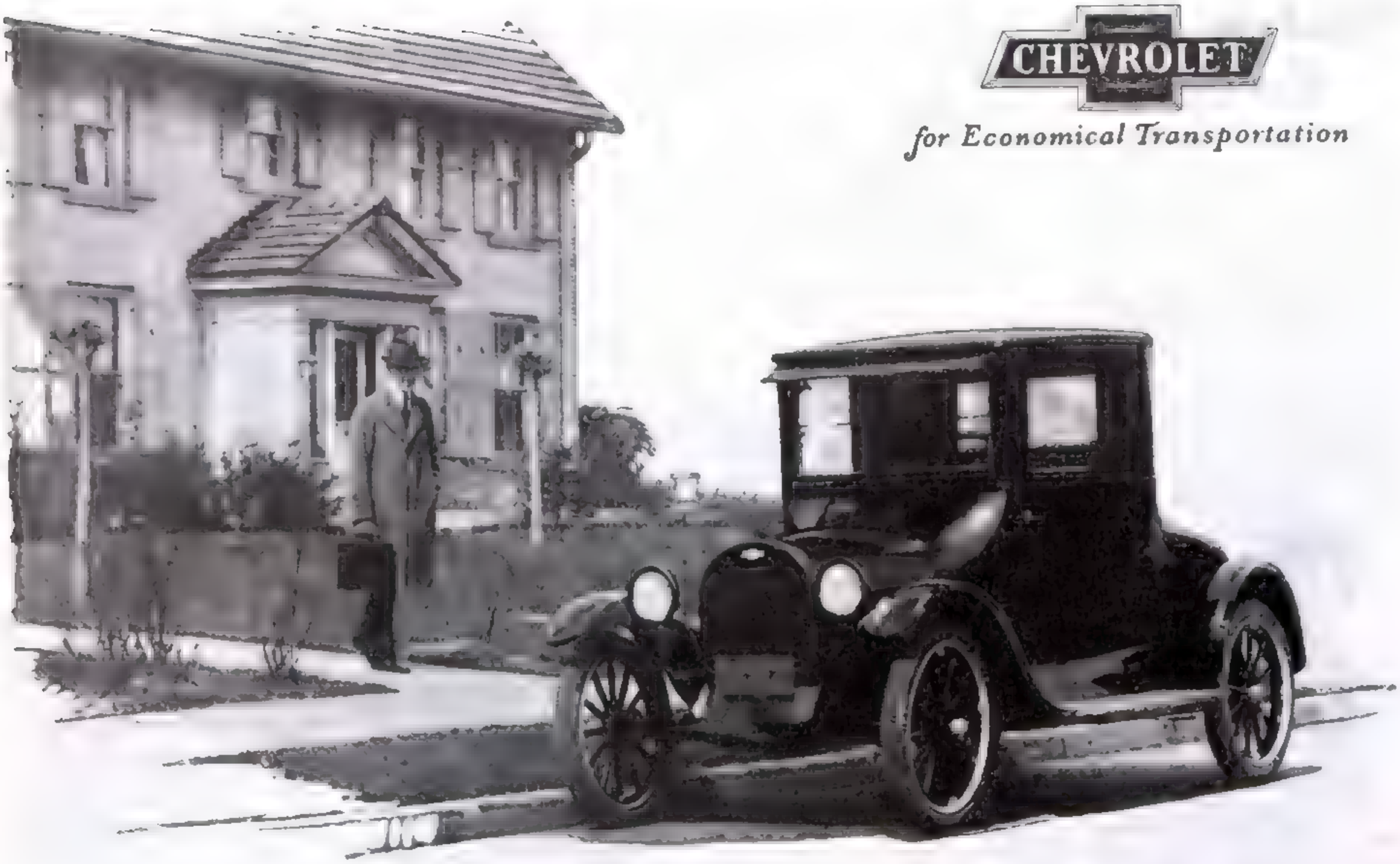

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Touring	$525
Roadster	525
5-Passenger Sedan	875
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Utility Coupé	720
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It sets a new standard of convenient, reliable, economical personal transportation and has been designed especially for—

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Watch This Column

SOME people "thank their stars" for their good luck. And *I* thank *my* stars for *mine*. Only it so happens that my stars are flesh and blood and they are engaged in the commendable work of making high-class moving-pictures for *you*.

I'd like to take them all in my lap, daddy-fashion, and tell them how much I appreciate the pictures they have made and are making. But I am a small man and it can't be done. So I'll *talk* about them here.

In previous chats I have mentioned such excellent artists as HOUSE PETERS, PRISCILLA DEAN, MATT MOORE, VIRGINIA VALLI, REGINALD DENNY and ART ACORD. And now I want to talk about some of the others who are helping to make UNIVERSAL a household word.

HOOT GIBSON

Hoot Gibson, for example, a fine young chap who wears spurs and chaps, rides hard, fights furiously and smiles through it all. I like the type of clean, young manhood he represents

Frank Mayo, who appears in rugged, outdoor pictures—the actor who has made such a hit in "Afraid to Fight" and whose work in pictures soon to be released will make *you* like him as well as I do.

FRANK MAYO

GLADYS WALTON

Gladys Walton, who plays the smart little flapper type so prevalent today and who attracted a lot of favorable notice in plays like "Second-hand Rose," "All Dolled Up," "The Wise Kid," etc. She's pretty as a peach and you can't help liking her.

Herbert Rawlinson, a handsome, dashing chap who is working on George Bronson Howard's great melodrama, "Don't Shoot." Rawlinson needs mighty little introduction. He has been an American favorite for some years.

HERBERT RAWLINSON

Great plays, great actors and actresses, wonderful directing—these are making UNIVERSAL pictures sought after, and you will never see all that is best in pictures until you see them. Ask your Manager to keep an eye on UNIVERSAL PICTURES and forthcoming releases. CARL LAEMMLE, *President*.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

The thought didn't make me sore or depressed, though. I remembered the contract that was coming to me, and deliberately switched my mind to coal scuttles and fried eggs.

"Get on the job, B. McFadden," I told myself, sticking my curls under a winter-weight boudoir cap that I used, not to keep my brains warm as might be supposed, but because yellow hair gets dirty so easy. "Calm down now, and do today's job today, and tomorrow will dope itself out!"

With which words of wisdom I started fixing up the eats, and pretty soon the smell of coffee drew pop's handsome curly head out of his room.

"Is that yourself stirring about, Bonnie dear?" he says, following his head and pulling his regular daily line. "Sure I didn't know it was this late! I meant to have a scuttle of coal up for you this morning!"

"Thanks, pop," I said. "Come on and eat now. The train is in and the papers will be over to the store soon. We don't want them to be late getting around again!"

"Sure and I'm on me way!" says pop, languidly dropping into his place and settling down for a comfortable chatty meal, in that exasperating style of his. "Give us some coffee, my pretty! That's the girl! Well, Bonnie, what on earth did you want to go and make a show out of yourself for like that, last night?"

"Whatter you mean, pop?" I says. "I got a right to go out with Bert and his friend if I want!"

"Sure that part was all right," he agreed, swooping down on a third egg. "Girls should have the boys runnin' after them. It's only nature! I mean all that tearin' around on the stage, like you done!"

"That was supposed to be a movie, pop!" I says. "I thought it was pretty good, myself, and so did some other parties!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" says pop. "Keep your mind on your cooking and it'll fetch you a better husband!"

"So you don't think I got any talent?" I says.

"No talent at all!" he says cheerfully. "And why would you? Not but that you're a good girl and a fine daughter to me, Bonnie!"

"I'll say I am!" I remarked with spirit. "And as for acting, I guess I got as good grounds for acting as Pickford or anybody. I've got the wish to."

"There now, don't get excited!" says pop, reproving me with his teaspoon. "Take your mind off such nonsense when there is serious matters to discuss."

"What now?" I asked, real sharp. "Have you been playing pool again? How much?"

"No, daughter dear!" says pop, flashing that winning smile of his at me. Pop sure was a beauty, what with his six feet of height, and if a trifle too heavy now, his blond curly head and his smile, the both of which I have inherited from him, could melt the heart of a stone, or of a woman who considered he abused her. Which is even more.

"It's not pool, Bonnie dear," he says. "It's the mortgage on the shop itself I'm thinking of. It'll be due in another two weeks and it's time to consider the matter of where will we get the money. Have you thought?"

"I've thought of this, pop," I says—"and not for the first time, either—that if you was to do a little work we wouldn't be broke all the time!"

Pop's face fell. He pursed his lips and shook his head sadly.

"I know it, Bonnie, I know it!" he said. "God love ye, I'd like to make a lot of money and leave you live like a lady. But where can I get the chance in this forsaken town? And business all over the country is terrible—it's fierce! Why, only the other day I was reading a piece ——"

"And only the other year you were telling me you couldn't get work on account of the war!" I says. "And next year it'll be impossible to find a job on account of business being so good! Why don't you show a little ambition? Do you expect to catch a fortune just by sitting still and letting it mistake you for bait?"

"Well, and what would you suggest, since you're so smart, eh?" says pop, undisturbed. "Sure, I'll act on anything you say!"

Well, I had to think hard for a minute or two before I could answer that, because this conversation was one which we had not more than twice a month, regular, and my stock of suggestions had run kind of low. But I wouldn't let him stump me, not while there was some more ideas floating around in the world free for anyone with a grain of sense to catch. I rattled the dishes in the sink, hurrying to catch up with my work, and, as usual, doing the job on hand and doing it good brought results in more ways than one.

"I got an idea!" I says. "Do you know Jake Johnson, that Swede that's taken up the old Benson farm, had to send all the way to New Haven for the tractor he bought?"

"Well, what of that?" says pop.

"There isn't an agent in this territory," I says. "And there's a chance to sell tractors here. Why don't you jump in and get the agency before the boys at the garage think of it?"

"That's a smart idea!" says pop brightly. "And the work will just suit me. I know as much about mechanics as the next feller, and I'm a fair salesman, at that! All I'd have to do is to talk 'em into buying, and pocket the commission!"

"That's it!" I says, with the faint hope that always would spring up in me every time we had a conference. "You could make a big success of it, pop. We'll write to the New Haven agency tonight."

"We will that!" says pop. "And I ought easy to sell one or two before old Bushwell comes down on us for his money!"

Then he shuffled off across the street to where Pike's boy with his bicycle was already waiting for the Clarions, and for a while I stood there looking after pop, half mad and half tender. The handsome, lazy hulk! I'd drive him to work yet!

He went into the ramshackle little old shed of a store, Pike's boy following him, and I took off my cap and wrapper, slipped into my one-piece model of black serge with the tassels that I had copied out of one of the fashion magazines we carried on our news stand, and then I done pop's round of the house upstairs, which I made every night and morning just to be sure everything was O.K.

If I do say so, that house was kept in A1 condition. Everything had been left just like it was when old Mrs. Sherrill died, and it was furnished complete. Out of the ark, I guess, for the stuff was not real old antiques, which I like pretty well, especially the clean new ones that they make nowadays. The Sherrill furniture was mostly of a sort of Mumps design, the plush being puffed way out in the wrong place like a swelling, but intending to be like that; and the wood was mostly black walnut carved with a crochet needle, by the looks of it. Flowered carpets with flowers bigger even than a Californian could claim for his native state was on the floor, and the one bathroom was done in Early Tintype.

Just the same, the enormous rooms, with the heavy window curtains, the thick carpets and the homely, expensive furniture always give me a sort of thrill when I walked through. When I was a kid I used to think these was the most beautiful rooms in the world, but that was before pop added Country Houses to the magazines on our stand. And even yet I had a sort of pleasure in them because they always seemed like they was haunted by Milton. I figured he must be a pretty nice sort of bird to keep his mother's house that way, and you could kind of feel that he thought about the place often. I remembered the last time he was home, a grave, quiet sort of man, you couldn't tell how old he was, standing there and telling pop how much he liked the way the place was looked after, and pop swelling out his shirt and accepting all the praise.

I, a kid of less than twelve years old, but the real author of all this cleanness, had hid behind the door, peeking at them and getting no more credit than a picture actor out of work! But I was trembling while I listened to the owner talking in a deep voice like the lowest-toned bell in our chimes. I worshiped Milton Sherrill, and why not? I didn't know one thing about him.

This day, though, as I straightened out the candlesticks with the glass dingle-dangles on the parlor mantel and pulled the hand-painted window shades down even, Mr. Sherrill seemed only a ghostly dream, and instead of him I thought of the warm, real Stricky.

I held a long talk with Stricky, in my imagination, pulling all the clever gags I hadn't thought of last night while he was around, and walking with my refined débutante droop, which I had forgotten to use. And then I heard pop yell from across the street to come and say how many coupons went with three packages of Extra Cut Tobacco for Mr. Schoonmacker. So I says "Pardon me, Stricky, old thing—don't forget the contract—ta ta!" and slammed out of the house and over to the store before pop could ruin the first sale of the morning.

There isn't a child living but what has helped to raise their parents; that's a fact. But probably few have had more difficult ones than pop. Hardly had I got over to the store than pop discovered he had to go down street. Well, he had to, I knew that. He was obliged to go and hold up the left-hand side of the post-office front door, because if he was to miss a day after all these years very likely the building would cave in. But I didn't say anything except all right, and set to work unpacking a box of lollypops that had just come, and arranging them like a bouquet in a vase on the counter. And then all I had to do was the accounts, the cleaning up, a little stock taking, and I was free to sit down between the air-tight stove and the magazine stand, where I could toast my toes on the one and reach the other easily, with all the time in the world to read, and no interruptions except now and then a customer.

When one came I would struggle to my feet and make a big sale like a bag of tobacco or three one-cent stamps. Usually we done at least a dollar's worth of business before noon, but not always. And so I would sit and reach for the magazines, one after another, until what I didn't know about the real world, the world that sets the standards, wasn't worth bothering over.

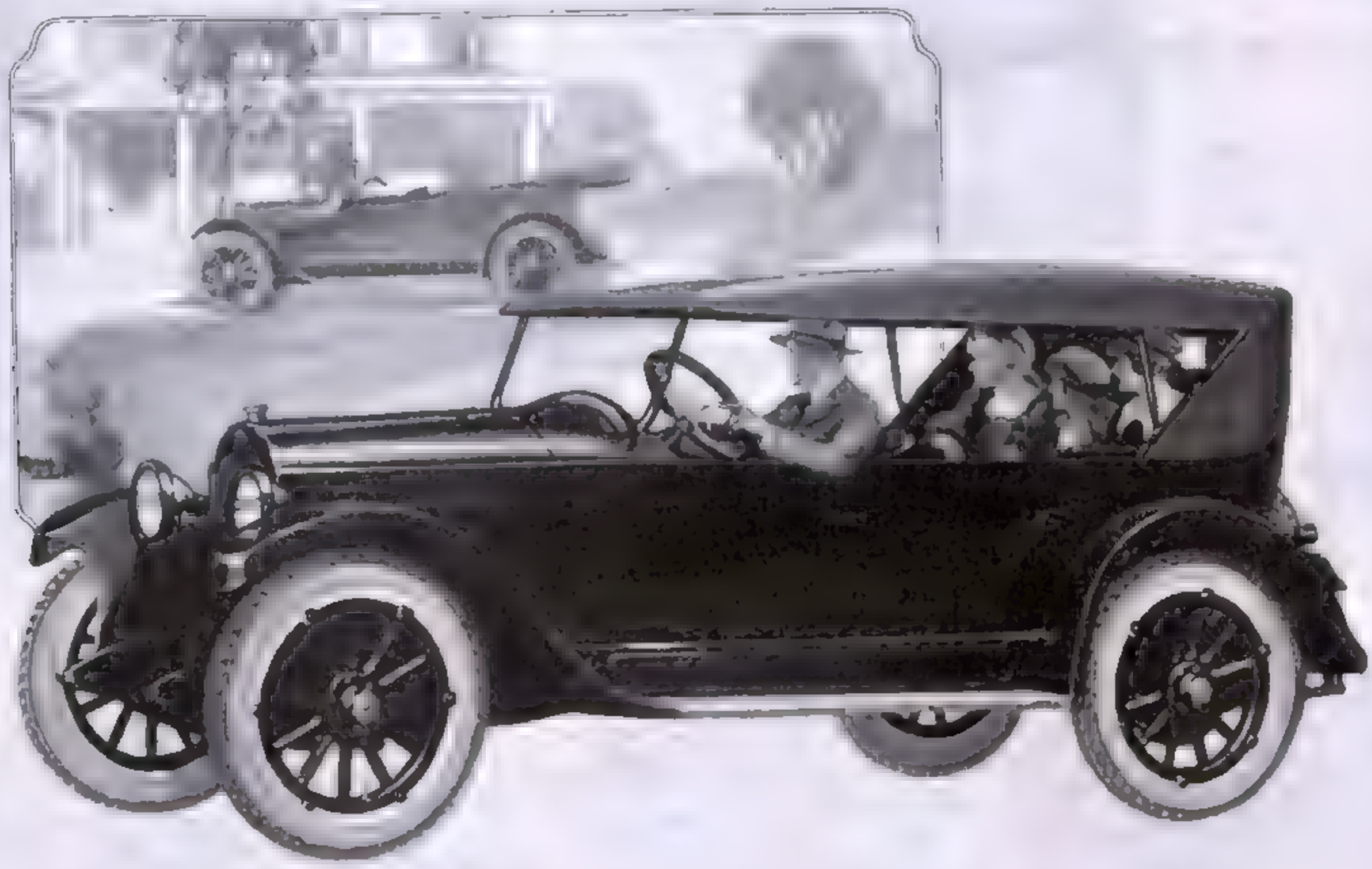
Ain't it remarkable the educational influences we got put up in magazine form? I never looked at the cheap fiction stuff, hardly. I deliberately let it lie while I pried off a lot of culture. I knew exactly what was to be wore as quick as any New York City girl did, and how the Vanderbilts looked on the Avenue, what breed of dog was all the rage. I was familiar with the appearance of the special Booster Body Colby-Droit that had been built for the governor of Howcome, China, and What the Well Dressed Man is to Avoid. I knew about paneled drawing-rooms, could recognize a Chinese rug on sight and was familiar with the names of leading gift shops, tea rooms and real-estate dealers all over the country; and if that isn't the highest degree of modern American culture I don't know what is it.

This day, however, it was the moving-picture papers that got to me. I read them in a new light, and figured how would I look among them myself. I got to dreaming over them so deep that I was almost scared to death when pop come in, banging the door and wanting to know where was dinner.

That brought me down to earth all right. I flew back to the house, and over the stove

(Continued on Page 44)

$1375
F.O.B. Toledo



In the background of the pic ture is the Willys-Knight, owned by Mrs. Vinta M Paul of Hickory, Pa., which has been practically untouch ed by a wrench for six years Mrs. Paul says "Today it runs more quietly than most new machines that come into this section."

Six Years Without Overhauling

The Story of a Remarkable Motor That Improves on Carbon

This is a poppet valve. The ordinary motor loses power when carbon forms

This is the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve that makes use of carbon. The motor ac tually improves with use

DOWN in the beautiful Pennsylvania hills is a motor car that has to its credit a record of performance almost unbelievable.

The car is a Willys-Knight purchased six years ago by Mrs. Vinta M. Paul of Hickory, Pa., and since that time driven between thirty and forty thousand miles. In all this time the car has never been overhauled, nor has a wrench been used on it for any purpose other than change of spark plugs.

Willys-Knight owners will not be greatly surprised at this record, for daily experience with this car proves its extraordinary simplicity and freedom from trouble.

The unusual design and construction of the Willys-Knight motor is one of the big reasons for the car's trouble-free performance. The silent sleeve-valve motor actually makes use of the carbon that works havoc in the usual type of motor.

The chassis and body, too, have been admirably designed to match the perfection of the motor.

The new multiple-disc clutch, insuring positive, smooth action, the silent, flexible cushion drive, and the ease with which the car steers make it the ideal car for women drivers. The long, low, graceful lines of the body, too, combine with its more mechanical advantages to make the Willys-Knight unusual value at its new low price, $1375.

One ride in this car will number you among the thou sands of new friends responsible for the greatest increase in sales that Willys-Knight dealers have ever known.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, O. · *Canadian Factory: Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto*

The Willys-Knight Motor Improves With Use

ROADSTER $1350 TOURING $1375 · COUPE $1875 SEDAN $2095 · *f. o. b. Toledo*

WILLYS-KNIGHT

People shouldn't read this

advertisement who are content with ordinary heating methods—to whom the dirt, uncertainty, inconvenience and expense of keeping comfortable with coal is not an affliction—

who are *very* rich

But there are a good many others—who dread the approach of winter. To them, say we—burn *gas*. Get your fuel through a pipe, save storage space, use it only when and where you really *need* it, and pay for it as you use it.

enjoy 5 A·M· in winter

With the Clow Gasteam Heating System—burning gas and generating *steam* heat—each radiator is a heating plant in itself, individually controlled. They can be turned on or off instantly and left in exposed positions, unlighted, without danger from freezing.

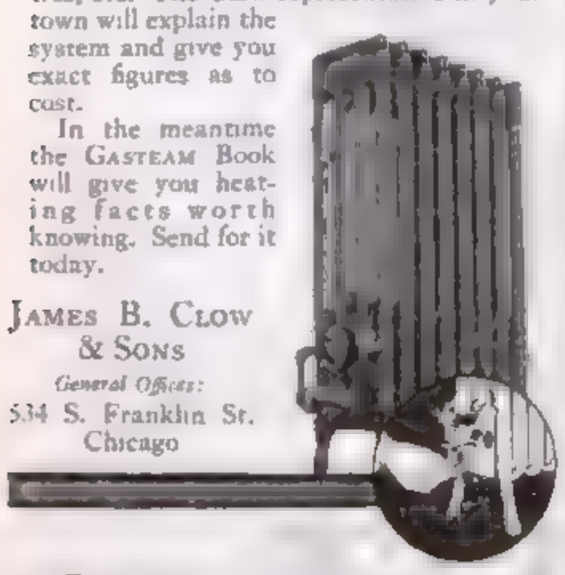
and *like* broom-work

Gasteam heat is healthful—just properly humidified—and as clean as electric light. The housewife does not have soiled curtains and a sooty cellar—the storekeeper reduces his loss from dirt-spoiled stock.

Investigate

Gasteam heating can be used anywhere—residences, shops, schools, churches, theatres, etc. The Clow representative in your town will explain the system and give you exact figures as to cost.

In the meantime the Gasteam Book will give you heating facts worth knowing. Send for it today.



James B. Clow & Sons
General Offices:
534 S. Franklin St.
Chicago

CLOW

Sales Offices Everywhere

(Continued from Page 42)

and the boiled dinner which I had simmering on the back of it my stock took a awful slump. This was brought about by pop. He was just as cheerful and charming as ever, but his first words, as I helped him to cabbage, kind of took all the pep out of me.

"I been thinking over that tractor idea, Bonnie darling," he says, "and I'm afraid no good, after all. Schoonmacker says he thinks I could get the agency all right, but how about demonstrating the blame thing? I'd have to be off in the backwoods working one for the benefit of some farmer, and strainin' me back or something, and then in the end perhaps make no sale after all!"

"Well, you'd have to work for a sale of course!" I says. "What do you expect?"

"Besides, I couldn't leave the store very well," pop went on. "And it would tie me up badly, in case something big turned up."

"I see!" I says, short. Not that I had honestly thought pop would go through with the plan. "I see," says I. "But how about the mortgage that's coming due on the store?"

"Oh, that!" says pop airily, relieved at having made another successful escape. "I made a mistake about that!"

"How?" says I breathlessly.

"It's due next week, not two weeks from now," says pop. "I had the date wrong."

I laid down my knife at that. Believe me, I couldn't eat another mouthful.

"Pop!" I says. "What on earth'll you do?"

"Oh, old Bushwell will let it ride again for a while, I dare say!" says pop cheerfully. "He's a decent old feller!"

"No, he won't, pop!" I cried, real excited now. "You know he said he'd foreclose, and I don't blame him! He's had patience enough! You got an idea that by laying down on folks you can just naturally make them carry you! But you'll do it once too often, lemme tell you!"

"Sush, Bonnie dear, don't raise yer voice," says pop, with all the gentleness and patience in the world. "Haven't I often told ye a loud voice wasn't ladylike?"

"I don't care!" I shouted angrily. "I'm no lady! I'm a slave, that's what I am, and I'm fed up with it! If you won't help me by going to work I won't help you by working for you—so there!"

"Sure, darling, and you know I'd work for you if I could find anything to do," pop declared smoothly. "Any one would think I had no affection for you at all! And you the smart young girl that ye are! Why, who but a clever girl would of saved the money ye have, Bonnie? Eh?"

There was a little silence then.

"What money?" I says sullenly.

"Well, I know they paid ye twenty-five dollars for the photo ye posed for Sweetbreath Tooth Paste," says pop, counting on his fingers. "And then there's the subscriptions you've been taking in for Tropics; the commissions must be amounting to seventy-five dollars by now. That's a hundred, and ——"

"Hold on, pop!" I says fiercely, getting to my feet and shoving back from the table while I glared at him across that hateful soppy food. "Hold on—that's my money—my very own. Don't you dast to think you can touch it!"

"But, good heaven, child dear," says pop. "You haven't spent it?"

"I have not, and I'm not going to!" I says. "I give you my work in the store and run the house and never get a cent for it, and if I do extra work outside, that money is mine!"

"Come here, darling!" says pop. "Sure; of course it's your own money! Who would deny it? But ye wouldn't let the little shop go? Where would we get any living at all without it?"

I'll say pop had honey in his voice. Some said it was the blarney stone, but here was one time when it listened more like crushed gravel to me. Ordinarily he could of wheedled me. He'd been all I had until last night, and a woman has got to have some man to make a fool of herself over, even if he is only a kind of half-baked father. This was plainly my cue to save the old home shop, rescue my dependent parent, and play a heavy lead in my own home town. But somehow the first move was never made. The director had yelled "Lights! Camera! Shoot!" but the star didn't come on.

Instead I just stood there quiet, pop with his arm around my waist, smiling at me in that sure way of his, and little knowing what was fermenting in my bean. And as I looked at him it come over me absolutely clearly for the first time that pop was full of health. He wasn't a day over forty-three, and not a thing ailed him but the habit of refusing to do anything for himself as long as there was anybody to double for him.

And as I kept on staring I also all of a sudden saw the reflection of a young woman—a grown woman—in his eyes. It was myself of course. Something wild and hot flamed up in me then, and no mother animal ever defended her young like I did my savings. I actually felt like I was hugging them to me and growling. If I give them up I was lost. Pop was cooing at me again.

"Well, now—when will ye pay it off?" he was saying.

I give him a straight look then, and came back at him like a shot.

"Never!" I says.

Pop give a laugh and got to his feet.

"Yes, you will, Bonnie dearie," he says. "Why, you wouldn't let us be ruined when you have the money in hand!"

"Us!" I says. But he didn't seem to hear.

"Well, I've got to be going now," says he. "If you need me for anything at the store I'll be down to the poolroom until the 5:11 goes out, and I'll be at the depot for that."

"All right, pop," I says listlessly, never moving until he was gone. Then, disregarding the store entirely, I sat down on the nearest place—the edge of the table it was—and thought hard.

Funny how money affects life, ain't it? Busts up any kind of relationship that abuses it in any way. Look at me and pop! Or any friend you have loaned it to! The demand that I give pop my kale was what finally opened my eyes to him. And one of the first things I realized was that I had been kidding myself about being good to him. I hadn't really been good to pop. In making things easy for him I'd pretty near made it impossible for him to help himself. If I was to go away and leave him flat he'd have to work or starve, and I knew how well he liked to eat—none better! I was all that stood between him and work, and I was about to move. Where he'd land I didn't know. I didn't honestly care just then, either.

When a person who isn't accustomed to handling big decisions actually does make one it is a good idea to act prompt, before something influences you against your true instinctive judgment. I was going to Los Angeles. That much had been decided before Stricky saw me home last night. I was under age, and if pop really wanted to he could take my money away from me. The answer was to go at once. Of course on the other hand I had not wanted to start until I had my contract in hand. But what difference did that really make? Stricky had said, in front of Bert, that he would give me one, and what did I care if he sent it back home to me or if I signed in his office out West? Either way would be just as good.

But if the truth is to be known, it wasn't any noble motives about saving pop from himself or making a fortune to restore our family to a position we never had that decided me to do like I did. It was sheer terror that pop would get around me if he knew in advance. I made up my mind he shouldn't know until the last minute, when it would be too late.

My heart beat so hard it nearly smothered me, but I shd off the table and stood firmly on my feet. I would go today! On the 5:11. Instinctively I started gathering up the dirty dishes, and then I put 'em back—cold, greasy food and all.

"Let him wash 'em!" I says aloud. "He's eaten off them and gone free often enough!" Then I looked at the clock and commenced some rapid planning.

It was after one already, but the bank would be open until three. I grabbed up my coat, flopped poor Milt over on his face, dug out my bank book like a terrier looking for bones, and half an hour later I was back with my money.

Alone in my disordered room I fussed about where to hide it, trying each compartment of my purse, but there was too much. Then I remembered something I had read some place, and stuck the main roll into my stocking. You see I was starting out right. Then I commenced packing less important things, beginning with the cabinet photo of Milton Sherrill and ending with a handful of samples of toilet soap, cold cream and tooth paste which had luckily come in the day before. I didn't go near the store all afternoon, but I heard the bell over there jangle a couple of times as disgusted customers went away, and once I peeked through the front window and seen Bert Green coming out of there in a wild sort of manner, dropping the glasses off his nose as he run down the steps.

The sight of him reminded me that I wished I'd of had time to get a set of pictures of myself from him to take along as samples in case I needed them. But it was too late to bother now. I decided, while cramming my old spring suit into my second bag, that as soon as I was in a position to I would show my appreciation for all he had done in introducing me to Strick and so forth, by sending on for Bert to come out and be my camera man. Just now I couldn't even stop to say good-by. It was almost dusk when I struggled out into the street carrying my two heavy bags.

Night comes down awful early in Stonewall after November sets in, and a few lights was already lit in the houses here and there, although it wasn't but five minutes to five. The street was pretty well deserted, too, for the loafers was already gone down to see the express come in, and pop was evidently an early arrival, or so I could safely guess from the fact that there was nobody up in Bill Kelly's pool palace over the drug store, although the lights were lit there.

I was glad to have the street to myself because I wasn't looking for any delay just then. And here is where I missed my cue the second time in one day, for instead of the tears running down my cheeks at saying farewell to my home town, my heart aching at the thought of leaving, and etcetera, my mind was chiefly on would I make the train and was my nose powdered right?

There was quite a crowd at the depot that night, and I could see pop looming up big among them out on the front platform as I came in the back way and bought me a ticket as far as New York, knowing that to try for one the whole way to Los Angeles would only cause delay, and the time was short.

I had exactly three minutes to wait after I stuck the ticket into my purse and picked my bags up again. Then I caught sight of Bert. He was fortunately busy over at the express-office window, but he smiled and nodded as he called out to me.

"Say, Bonnie, you look immense!" he says. "I'll be with you in a minute!"

The train was roaring in by now, the sound of it smothering everything else. I waited as long as I dared to, and then, with just barely time to board it, I hustled out on the platform, across the first line of tracks, and threw my bags up on the platform of the nearest car. A brakeman lifted me up after them, and jumped on the steps himself, swinging his lantern and calling 'Board!' in a loud voice. I looked back over his shoulder, and it was then that pop caught sight of me.

"Hey, Bonnie! What are you up to?" he shouted, detaching himself from the group of bums against the station wall and lumbering down the platform towards me.

"Come out of that!" he yelled. "Where and the devil do you think you are going?"

The train was moving by now. Oh, so awful slowly!

"I'm going away!" I says, sharp and clear. "I'm fed up, and I'm going for good! You'll never see me again!"

"Stop that train!" pop shouted wrathfully. "Stop it and come out of that, you young hussy, or I'll beat the life out of you!"

Bert had heard the row by this time, and he, too, started for the train. It was moving faster every second, and he, pushing pop aside, had to run pantingly alongside of it in order to speak to me.

"Bonnie!" he cried. "I tried three times this afternoon to see you! Where are you going, Bonnie?"

Then his glasses fell off and his long hair blew back and he sure did look funny and undignified.

"I'm going to Hollywood!" I shouted. "Look out, Bert, you'll get hurt!"

"Hollywood!" he called, suddenly looking scared to death almost. "Bonnie—you must not go! What I wanted to tell you was something about Greg Strickland!"

Then he collided with my father, who come running up, and the last I saw of them they was both hurled back upon the station platform as the train carried me off into the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

To show the difference between the new and the old curves a lens would have to be enlarged 500 times, as shown above

How a great invention got its start

IT was Christmas Eve, 1912. They were trimming the children's tree, when down through the festoons of tinsel a silvery glass ornament slid to the floor with a pop like the bursting of an incandescent bulb.

Fascinated by the reflections within this broken shell of glass, Edgar Tillyer, the scientist, reached for a fragment to study it more closely. Then was born the idea that led to a greater development in the manufacture of eyeglass lenses than any preceding it.

Up to that time eyeglass lenses seldom gave the perfect vision which the eyesight specialist wanted for his patient. No one had computed the curves on grinding tools so that the finished lenses would agree precisely with the prescription.

It was apparent that these computations, if they could be made, would greatly assist eyesight specialists in providing lenses which complied with the exact requirements of the eyes. With faith in his idea Tillyer toiled until eleven huge volumes were filled with equations and mysterious charts. These calculations took three years to work out. They proved scientifically correct, and ever since then Wellsworth Lenses of this new type* have been made by the millions.

Twenty years before this George W. Wells had reached the decision that his Company would spare no expense to advance the Science of Optics. He always insisted that the system of curves for grinding lenses was wrong. "But, mark my word," he said, "it will take a mathematician of the highest order, with a practical knowledge of lens grinding, to correct it."

Wells was right. Back of the broken glass bauble were years of preparation. Before going to the great Wellsworth plant in the hills of Southern Massachusetts Tillyer had computed the curves for telescope lenses. At the United States Naval Observatory one lens alone required 600 days to reduce to a formula. At the Government Bureau of Standards he designed periscopes and gun sights and worked out many difficult problems of refraction and reflection of light.

That, in brief, is how eyeglass lenses of the new type were made possible.

Your optical specialist knows what it means to have had this knowledge for more than seven years whereby he could provide you with lenses measured in Effective Power. He knows how much the delicate organ of sight has need for this and every other aid that scientific workers bring forth. He understands how great is the strain caused by imperfect vision and old style lenses. It is never "too early" to consult him.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

*Known as "Effective Power Lenses"

WELLSWORTH PARK, EST. 1833

Wellsworth Glasses

All that Science can give: all that Artistry can add

The social side of summer sports

When society deserts the drawing room for the seaside, the mountains and summer sports, good candy is just as much its "partner" as ever. Whitman's, of course. And you'll be surprised to find how readily you can obtain Whitman's, even in the most unexpected places.

A box of Whitman's is a most agreeable fellow-passenger on your motor trip—land or water. On the club house veranda or in the "gallery" it is a sure attraction. And when you go week-ending don't forget Whitman's for the hostess.

A few suggestions:

The Sampler. A quaint box of chocolates and confections selected from ten leading Whitman's packages.

Salmagundi. Whitman's famous chocolates in exquisite metal box, desirable for travelling.

Pleasure Island. Pirate's chest of chocolates in money bags and "pieces of eight."

Fussy Chocolates for fastidious folks. New assortment. Nut centres and nut combinations.

Super Extra. The package known to buyers of good candy since 1842.

Whitman's are sold nearly everywhere in stores specially selected as our agents and indicated by the sign

Whitman's Chocolates

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

STANDING THE GAFF

(Continued from Page 26)

present circumstance, but instead will ask you to mail us a check."

I asked the wholesaler why he put in that clause. It seemed to me, I said, that if a man owed money it would be fair enough to draw on him. Anyhow, there was no law to compel him to pay the draft; if he didn't have the money all he had to do was to say so and the draft would be sent back.

"I don't send out drafts in bad times," the wholesaler answered, "for the reasons I have just been explaining. I don't want to do anything to worry a customer who is perhaps worried enough already. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are honest and will pay just as soon as they can. I know from experience how embarrassing it is to turn down a draft when one hasn't got the money, and so I ask the customer to send a check instead. I get my money just as quick and it takes a little worry off the customer's mind."

The wholesaler reflected a few moments. "I guess I can explain my idea," he said, "by telling of a case that came up during the past month. We have a customer who has been in business in a town a couple of hundred miles from here, and who, up to about a year ago, got along very nicely. Then the decline in the prices of his merchandise hit him pretty hard, and on top of that there was a bad crop shortage in his section.

"He was owing us some money; but knowing what the conditions were, I let him soldier along, writing him a letter about once a month and getting checks from him occasionally. We sold him goods right along, but were careful to see that his indebtedness did not increase any. His payments just about kept pace with his purchases. I was not worried over his account, because I believed he was doing the best he could.

"A month ago, however, I received a letter from a banker in his town stating that the merchant wanted to throw up the sponge. He wanted to turn his business over to his creditors and let them try to get their money out of it. He did not expect anything for himself; his main idea was to get away from his harassing troubles. Our account was large enough to go to some trouble over it, and accordingly I got on the train and went to the town.

"When I got there I found the merchant's place of business open, but the merchant himself was not there. One of the clerks said he had not been around for several days, but thought I might get in touch with him through the bank. This was not very reassuring information, but I went down to the bank with my inquiry. The cashier seemed to have inside knowledge of the facts.

"'Perhaps I can manage an interview for you,' he said. 'The merchant says he is sick and staying at home on that account. But I have an idea he is merely staying away from his troubles.'"

A Discouraged Debtor

"That afternoon we managed to get him down to the bank. I had met him a number of times before in his prosperous days, but he was a different person now. Formerly he had been alert and optimistic. Now he had a stolid air, broken occasionally by nervous starts. There was, also, I thought, a faint trace of defiance in his manner. He was, I should say, about thirty-five.

"The banker had a paper showing the merchant's financial status, and I examined it carefully. It was rather a better statement than I had expected, showing that his stock and accounts receivable amounted to nearly twice the total of his debts.

"'You aren't broke at all,' I told the merchant. 'You are temporarily in a tight fix merely. If you just go to work and hit the ball for a few months until things pick up you'll come out all right.'

"I started to point out the various items on the typewritten sheet which proved my statement, but he backed away from the paper as though he was afraid to touch it. The defiant attitude I had sensed showed in his voice.

"'I don't want a thing to do with it,' he said. 'I've given five years of my life to the business, and now I'm through. I'm not going to be nagged and worried about it any more.'

"He was in no mood to be reasoned with, but I thought I would try. I told him that I realized he had been up against it for several months and owed money which he could not pay right then; but, I added, very few business men, even the most successful, have had unbroken prosperity. I said his creditors were partners with him in a sense, and would be glad to help him along. This last statement set him going.

"'I guess you don't know what you're talking about,' he said excitedly, 'if you think my creditors have shown any disposition to help me along. They're trying to down me—that's what they're doing.'

"He went into a bitter recital of his troubles. When his business first began to slack up, it seems, he had written the people to whom he owed money and asked for a little extra time on his bills, promising to make payments in small amounts as fast as possible. Practically all of his creditors had replied stating that such a course would be satisfactory.

"'But those letters didn't mean a thing,' the merchant shrilled. 'The firm which wrote me the most cordial letter drew on me through the bank a week later for the amount of their account. I had to let the draft go back because I didn't have the money, and then their credit department wrote me a letter that made me feel like a pickpocket. I didn't answer that at all, and then they drew on me again. I can't stand being nagged like that. I'd rather have a job working by the day!'"

Degrees of Honesty

"From the merchant's standpoint it did seem hard, but I knew just what had happened. The house to which he alluded is a very liberal one, and willing to go far with any well-meaning customer. The official who had received his first letter and dictated the amiable reply neglected to pass the correspondence on to the credit department. That department has a regular routine which it uses in collecting overdue accounts, and set it in motion. It was a particularly unfortunate slip, because it confirmed the merchant's suspicion that the people to whom he owed money were against him.

"I explained this the best I could, but without making much impression on the merchant. He could not see his creditors in anything but the light of enemies.

"'I'm doing my full duty,' he kept repeating, 'in turning my business over to my creditors to let them get their money out of it. Whatever happens, no one can say I'm not an honest man!'

"I picked him up on that last statement. It was, I felt, my one chance to get him out of his unfortunate frame of mind.

"'Yes,' I said slowly, 'it is honest of you to turn your business over to your creditors. But it isn't honest enough!'

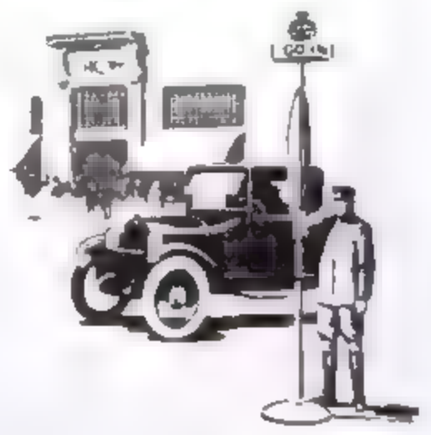
"He stiffened up at this, but I did not give him time to break in on my argument.

"'Not honest enough,' I repeated. 'Suppose you go to a bank and borrow money with which to buy a farm or a flock of sheep or an automobile. You promise the bank that you will pay back the loan in money. It is not enough, if things go against you, to go back to the bank and say you guess you will turn in the farm or the sheep or the car in settlement of your loan. As a very last resort that might do; but not until you had scratched the dust and made every possible effort that is in you to pay the loan in money as you promised.

"'It is exactly the same way with your business. You bought merchandise from the wholesale houses and promised to pay for it with real money. I admit you have had troubles. But until all your creditors tell you that they would rather have the business than the money you owe them, you have no right to lie down on the job.

"'They won't want to take over the business, and I'll tell you why. In a going business, merchandise, if bought right, is worth a hundred cents on the dollar. If the business happens to be stopped for any reason, the merchandise at once becomes a job lot and will bring fifty cents on the dollar, or less. In your case, even though the assets are now considerably more than the debts, it will not pay out even. Your creditors will lose.

"'So don't get the idea that people are trying to down you because you owe them money. They want to see you do well, even if only for selfish reasons. The best



DODGE BROTHERS
COUPE

You will realize, the moment you see this coupé, how perfectly it fulfills a very real need.

It was designed and built by Dodge Brothers in response to that need—long-standing and often-expressed by people in all parts of the world.

With Dodge Brothers chassis as a starting point, it only remained to create a coupé body which would unite the usual coupé refinements with greater lightness, hardihood and economy.

The world now knows how this was accomplished. An entirely new precedent in closed-car construction was established. The body is built of steel.

Moreover, the deep, comfortable seat is upholstered in genuine leather. The doors are exceptionally wide. The rear compartment will hold a small steamer trunk and other luggage. The enamel, baked on the steel at high temperature, is readily restored, after hard usage, to its original lustre.

In every detail the car reflects the purpose of the builders—to make it a practical car of universal appeal.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

Your thrice daily choice—

Breakfast — luncheon — dinner: will they build energy and vigor or will they undermine your health?

THREE times every day you are confronted with this decision: Shall I make this meal the kind that will protect my health, increase my vigor and keep my body clean of poisons, or shall I choose foods simply because they are convenient and pleasing to my taste?

We now know we do not dare depend upon our taste for a guide. Our appetites are tricky and often what tastes good to us is not good for us. Only certain food factors found in fresh food can improve and strengthen the entire digestive process, build up the body tissues, and keep the body clean of poisonous waste matter. Yet many American meals lack these necessary elements.

Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly these essential food factors. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary water-soluble vitamin.

How men and women are improving their health

Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, it helps the intestines in eliminating poisonous waste matter.

By its nature as a food, Fleischmann's Yeast is just the corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance especially if there is constant need for laxatives.

More and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

How shall I eat it?

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast spread on crackers or bread, or nibble it plain from the cake. Try it in water, fruit juices or milk As milk contains the fat-soluble vitamin, Fleischmann's Yeast with milk makes a particularly nutritious drink. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table. Remember that you get it only in the well-known tin-foil package.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day regularly. Place a standing order with your grocer and get it fresh daily. If you prefer get 6 cakes at a time. They will keep fresh for two or three days if kept in a cool, dry place.

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 616, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps correct your faulty food habits

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 616, 701 Washington St.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." (Please write plainly.)

Name____

Street

City State

thing for you to do is to go back to your business and work a little harder than ever. If you have to go down, go down fighting.'"

The wholesaler stopped talking and leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied smile. He pulled a letter out of his pocket and spread it on his desk. It was from the merchant he had been telling about, and folded in the letter was a check for fifty dollars.

"It isn't much of a payment on our account," he said easily; "he still owes us eight hundred. But it shows he is scratching up the dust. He'll come out all right."

Perhaps no class of men has been hit harder by the events of the past couple of years than the cattlemen of the great Southwest; and in my talks with bankers, lawyers and business men generally throughout that section I am convinced that the cattleman is standing the gaff about as well as anyone.

Under normal conditions the Texas cattleman is inclined to be a sport. Each year the chambers of commerce of half a dozen cities compete for the honor of entertaining the cattle-raisers' convention, and are willing to put up good money to get it. Two years ago it was my fortune to spend a day at the headquarters hotel in the big Texas city where the convention was being held. Business sessions were going on, but there was overflow enough to let a stranger know there was a bunch of live ones in town. Up and down the business streets merchants had crowded their show windows with their most expensive goods, the displays invariably backed up by cordially worded signs inviting visiting cattlemen and their ladies to come in and make themselves at home. There was no use trying to hire an automobile, because every service car in town was chartered at rates beyond the pocketbook of an ordinary citizen. In the lobby of the headquarters hotel a twenty-piece orchestra played inspiring dance music, the entire lobby being given over to the dancers all day long and into the night. The mezzanine floor was ablaze with the displays of jewelers from distant cities, come to tempt the wives and daughters of the cattlemen with ten-carat diamond rings, pearl necklaces and platinum wrist watches. There were rumors of big games going on behind closed doors on the upper floors where hundred-dollar bills changed hands on the result of a throw of the bones, and the poker games knew no limits. A pleasant time was being had by all.

This year the convention was different. A prominent delegate who is in position to know told me that there was not a pair of dice shaken during the whole time, and the only poker game he ran across had a fifty-cent limit. Practically all the buying done by the ladies in attendance was in the nature of real necessities. It was a gathering of earnest, hard-working men, come together to discuss business matters. Some of them had borrowed money to come to the convention.

Cattle as Collateral

And indeed, the affairs of the Southwestern cattlemen have required earnest discussion—and still do. A steer which was worth a hundred dollars a year and a half ago is now worth fifty dollars. There have been periods when he was not worth anything, because there were no buyers.

For three generations the cattle business of the Southwest has been bound up with the banking business. Cattle have been considered the best collateral in the world. Financiers would loan up to ninety dollars on a steer whose market value was a hundred dollars; sometimes more than that. It has frequently happened that a banker would loan the entire amount necessary to finance the purchase of a thousand or more head of cattle if the cattleman could show where he had paid the rent of suitable pasture for six months in advance.

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that the Texas cattleman has been inclined to plunge. And now he is up against the proposition of paying his debts with his property worth half what it was when he bought it.

A few days ago I sat in the private office of an official of a big banking institution in Texas. It would have been an impressive institution anywhere, occupying as it does the entire ground floor of an eighteen-story building, its fittings of massive mahogany, marble and brass, and a small army of employes to attend the business of its thousands of clients. Knowing that the institution is largely connected with the cattle industry, I ventured to ask my friend, the official, what kind of shape his cattleman customers were in.

"If you want to know the exact truth," the official replied, "they're in a devil of a shape. Three quarters of them are busted right now."

A statement like this, coming from a banker, sounded pretty bad. But he did not appear to be especially worried.

"We've got probably two hundred cattlemen on our books," he went on, "and if we tried to insist that they pay their notes now we wouldn't get much."

He went on to tell me that most of the loans had been made when steers were at top prices. The collateral had shrunk to half its original value; and besides that, West Texas had had no rain for months. In some cases pasture land was so dry that it had been necessary to ship whole herds to Oklahoma or Kansas, an expensive process calling for a cash expenditure of twelve or fifteen dollars a head.

"But I want to say this," the bank official commented: "Out of the two hundred cattlemen who owe us money, just one showed signs of wanting to lay down on the job. He said we could take his steers and get the money out of them ourselves; he was going to quit the business. But this individual wasn't a regular cattleman, anyhow. He was a newcomer who had been playing with the business only a few years.

"Are we going to lose money on our cattle loans? Maybe so, but not much. The old-timers are sticking to their jobs like leeches. Many of them know they're broke. They have no hopes that they can realize enough to have anything left after they have paid their bank loans, but so long as the bank wants them to stay with the stock they are willing to stay and to work for nothing."

An Easy Winner

As the bank official spoke I had noticed a dust-covered little car drive up to the curb on the side street, and stop. In it were a man, a woman and a very pretty girl. The man cut off the engine, got out of the car and came around to the front entrance of the bank. He paused a moment inside the door, evidently looking for some familiar face. When he spied the official with whom I was talking he came on briskly and the two shook hands heartily, calling each other by their first names. The stranger, it seems, went by the name of Sam among his intimates.

He was a man of perhaps sixty, pretty nearly bald, with a rather humorous splash of gray beard confined strictly to the front of his chin. His short legs bowed outward, as legs will after a good many years of riding horseback.

He was one of the bank's cattleman customers, just arrived with his wife and daughter from his ranch eighty miles to the westward. But he was a humorist, even though his five thousand head of steers were mortgaged to the bank for more than they were worth and his pasture was dusty from an eight months' drought. He pulled an imaginary pair of dice from his pocket, blew in his hand for luck and cast the invisible bones on the flat top of the bank official's desk with a flourish.

"Shot a seven the first time," he said cheerfully, looking where the dice would have been had they been real. "I win off you."

"What is it you win?" asked the banker good-humoredly.

"I win a loan of five hundred dollars to buy some cake with," the cattleman answered more soberly. "I've got to begin feeding the stock. The place is mighty dry."

The cake to which he alluded is cotton seed ground up after the oil has been squeezed out. Cattlemen feed this to their stock when the animals cannot find enough to keep alive in the regular way.

"Cake is mighty high," he continued—"around fifty dollars a ton. But I've just got to have it."

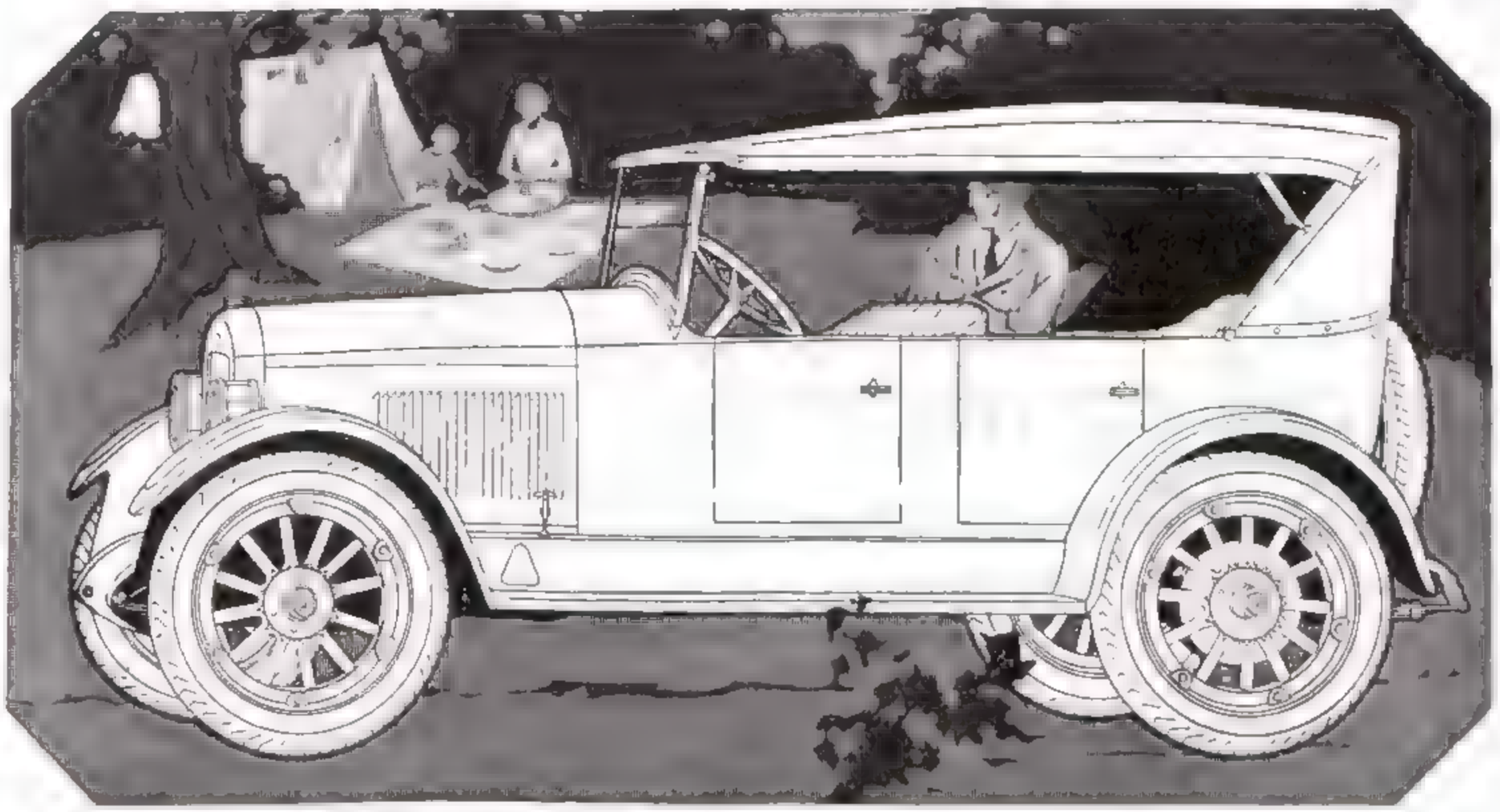
"That's all right, Sam," the banker responded. "We've got to stick together in hard times. I'll telephone the mill to ship ten tons of cake out to your place this evening. The bank will pay the bill."

"There'll be the freight charges too," the cattleman began dubiously.

"Oh, of course we'll prepay the freight," the banker said hurriedly to dispose of an embarrassing moment.

(Continued on Page 50)

The Motor from a $1795 Car



Six Cylinder—50 Horsepower—$1065

The six-cylinder motor of the Jewett is a development from the Paige 6-44 motor that proved its worth in thousands of Paige cars everywhere.

Last year you paid $1795 for a five-passenger touring car powered with this 6-44 motor—and it was then an outstanding value in the competitive field.

Now, with many refinements and the addition of force feed oiling, this superb power plant is the heart of the Jewett at $1065, f. o. b. Detroit.

With these facts before you, you can plainly understand why this car has broken every Paige sales record and established itself as a leader in the five-passenger field.

It is sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six Built by Paige

"Oil Hog" no more

What a surprised Ford owner in Delmont, Pa., learned about the economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

EVERY other day this young man drove up to his dealer for either a pint or a quart of cheap oil. Over and over he listened to the dealer's recommendations of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

One day the dealer good-naturedly referred to the car as an "Oil Hog." The young man agreed to give Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" a trial.

Several days passed. The young man came in. "Say," he said excitedly, "what's wrong with that Mobiloil? Doesn't it ever use up?"

He had discovered what Ford owners in every State are learning—that Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is nearly always far cheaper by the mile than oils which cost less.

The low consumption of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is one of the strongest proofs of its lubricating efficiency.

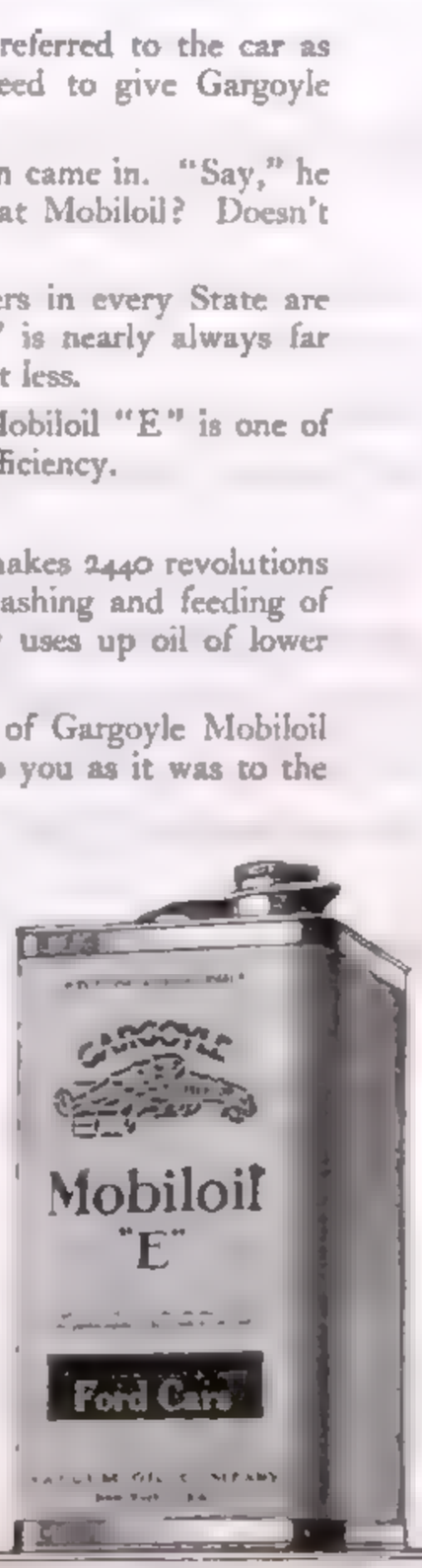
For this reason:

On high gear the Ford crank-shaft makes 2440 revolutions every mile. This rapid circulation, splashing and feeding of oil, together with engine heat, quickly uses up oil of lower quality than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

Ask your dealer for a 5-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Its economy may be as novel to you as it was to the man in Delmont.

Send today to our nearest branch —or ask your dealer—for the booklet "Your Ford—Four Economies in its Operation."

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.



IN BUYING Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Ford. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication"

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office) Philadelphia Indianapolis Buffalo Boston Detroit Minneapolis Des Moines Chicago Pittsburgh Kansas City, Kan. Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 48

The cattleman called Sam stood for a moment, evidently wanting to say something else which came hard. Finally he came out with it.

"I need about fifty dollars more for gasoline," he said. Then, still more slowly, "And another fifty for groceries. I don't see how we can do with less."

Without a word the banker took him back to one of the paying windows, where I saw the cattleman sign a paper and receive some currency in return. As the two passed me on the way to the front door I heard the banker ask his visitor if he would not bring his family around to the hotel for lunch with him.

"I reckon not this time," the cattleman responded quickly. "We aren't fixed up quite good enough to eat at hotels today. We'll get a bite somewhere while we are doing our trading and then hit it back to the sticks while it is still daylight."

I saw him get into the little car and drive off with his wife and pretty daughter, the little car sputtering and kicking up the dust as it got into motion. When the banker returned I commented on the fifty-dollar purchase of gasoline which the cattleman wanted to make. For a man who was trying to economize, I said, it looked like a whole lot. I suggested that it would be cheaper to buy a new car if the little flivver ate up gas at that rate. The banker laughed.

"Old Sam isn't buying gasoline for his flivver," he said. "He is buying it to burn prickly pear with."

Prickly pear is the Texans' intimate name for cactus; and, as everyone knows, cactus grows where nothing else will. There is a certain amount of nourishment in it, and cattle can exist on it when long drought has left nothing else to eat. But unfortunately the cactus leaves are covered with sharp stickers much in the nature of a porcupine. A steer driven by hunger to tackle cactus in its natural state lacerates his mouth in deplorable fashion, and will die if he tries it for any length of time. But the resourceful cattleman gets around this by the use of gasoline torches, burning off the stickers so his animals may eat the leaves without injury. It was for this purpose, and not joy-riding, that old Sam wanted fifty dollars of the bank's money.

Sam's Uphill Fight

Old Sam certainly was down to bed rock. He had been in the cattle business for forty years, starting as a cow-puncher at monthly wages and gradually acquiring a few head of his own. There had been periods of disaster mixed with prosperity, but in the main he had made progress; and a couple of years ago he could fairly count himself to be worth above two hundred thousand dollars. At the annual conventions he was known as one of the real live ones. If anyone felt sporty enough to lay a hundred-dollar bill on the table and announce that he was willing to risk it on a single shake of the bones he could be sure of Sam's instant coöperation. Sam's credit, too, was so good as almost to be embarrassing at times. There was no ladies' ready-to-wear store, department store or jewelry store in the whole state of Texas where his wife or daughter might not select merchandise and have it shipped home without question as to ultimate payment.

A few years ago, when the pretty daughter was getting to be a young lady, they built a nice two-story house on the ranch and moved into it from the old adobe one which had served the family from the beginning, and each year the daughter brought friends from her Eastern finishing school to spend their vacations. After her graduation they got into the habit of spending most of their winters in the city, living at the big fashionable hotel—the same one to which the bank official had asked Sam to lunch, and where he had declined to go because the folks were not fixed up quite good enough. During their city life Sam himself spent most of his time around the cattleman's exchange, and could only occasionally be coaxed into a dress suit; but his wife and daughter were welcome factors in all social activities of the community. Their clothes took a back seat to no one, and their big six-cylinder car was the last word in luxury. Apparently there was no need to worry over the future. Sam was worth more than two hundred thousand dollars above his debts, and the increase in his herd alone amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

All this the banker told me after Sam and his family had driven off in their dusty little flivver to do their trading and get a good start back to the sticks while it was still daylight. At present they are worth about fifty thousand dollars less than nothing; the bank has a mortgage on everything. But in spite of that the banker was optimistic.

"Old Sam is going to pay out," he remarked confidently.

I said I hoped he would, but it seemed a pretty hard case. People who have had a taste of luxury don't ordinarily like to buckle down and do the hard things of life, I reminded him.

No Money, But Plenty of Credit

"That's just where you're fooled," the banker interrupted. "If you want to know how real folks can get down to bed rock I'll tell you:

"Sam's folks could still go into any store here in the city and buy anything they want on credit, merely from their past reputation. But I personally know they haven't bought a thing during the last year except bare necessities, and they have scraped up the cash for that. They have rented the second floor of their ranch house to some people from the East who are staying there on account of the man's health. Sam's daughter is doing the cooking for both families. Her mother drives seven miles every day to a Swede settlement where she gives music lessons. Tomorrow morning at four o'clock if you were out on the ranch you could see old Sam himself routing out his little bunch of Mexicans and going out in the brush to burn prickly pear with the gasoline torches. If he can keep the stock going until we have some good rains it will save the almost prohibitive expense of shipping them to pastures in Oklahoma or Kansas.

"Sam and his folks are doing these things without an idea in the world that they will have a cent for themselves after the debts are cleaned up. It is simply that the bank loaned them money and they are staying on the job to try to pay it back."

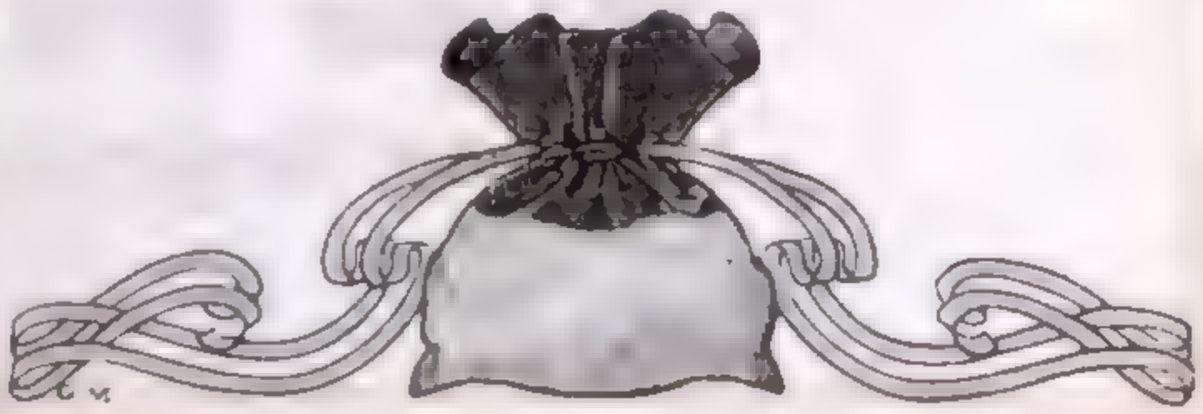
It seemed a gloomy outlook for Sam and his folks. I asked the banker what they could do when their present job was over. Perhaps, I suggested, the wife and daughter could get positions in town as teachers. But with his lack of city training, about the best Sam himself could expect would be a job as watchman somewhere.

The banker regarded me gravely.

"Yes, I believe Sam would make a good watchman," he said reflectively. "Anyhow, it's a cinch he would do his best. But Sam isn't going to be a watchman. He's going to be a cattleman."

I said that would doubtless suit Sam better; but stated also that it takes money to be a cattleman, and Sam wouldn't have any money after he had cleaned up the bank's loan.

"Money!" snorted the banker. "Of course he won't have any money! But this bank will, and when that time comes his credit will be ace high. Maybe he doesn't know it, but out there in the sticks burning prickly pear old Sam is building up a reputation."



Answering the Question—

...tion of new developments.

Progress in the improvement of automobile tires is still going on and there is room for great new achievements in increasing the durability of tires and reducing the cost for the benefit of the traveling public. New and better methods of manufacture, more efficient and less costly distribution, better service to the user—all offer opportunity.

F. A. Seiberling
President

From the first Seiberling advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post, January 7, 1922.

"Can It Be Done?"

When the statement of Mr. F. A. Seiberling reproduced here was made public last January, there were many no doubt who asked this question:

"Can it be done—can cord-tire quality, already highly developed, be still further improved and at the same time prices to the car owner reduced?"

The Seiberling organization, however, already knew from many years of cord-tire building not only that it could be done, but also how they would do it.

The Seiberling Cord, embodying in one tire the features which in the history of an industry had proven their worth, and adding to them new points of durability, was already being built.

A complete factory unit was being organized for production of clincher cords on a wholly new basis of economy in methods which made possible the April announcement of a *high-grade* cord for small cars at a price of $12.50.

Similar improvements in organization, methods and equipment in another Seiberling factory resulted in a sweeping reduction of prices in June on all *Seiberling Straight Side Cords* for larger cars.

Thus in six months the promise of better cords at lower cost was redeemed.

Only a new organization with old experience could have done this. Unhampered by obsolete methods and equipment, with extremely low plant investment in proportion to output, and with a wealth of inventive ability and practical tire experience, the Seiberling organization was able to give the motoring public an improved cord tire at prices that were without precedent.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY · AKRON, OHIO

One Quality Only
As good as the best materials and human skill can make it.

SEIBERLING CORDS

HART SCHAFFNER

& MARX CLOTHES

Wear them: for best style; for fine quality; for low cost–they give it all

Copyright, 1922 Hart Schaffner & Marx

August Joys

Bubble Grains all day long

Consider how much Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice mean to the young folks in summer.

They are food confections—airy, flimsy, toasted grains, puffed to eight times normal size. As fragile as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

Yet they are the greatest whole-grain foods that science has perfected. They are Prof. Anderson's inventions. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus every food cell is blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete. All the grain elements feed.

The finest breakfast dainty children ever get

Let them revel

Children revel in Puffed Grains. Let them do so to their hearts' content. You know of no foods so good for them.

Keep both kinds on hand, and in plenty. There are countless ways to enjoy them, morning, noon and night. And they mean that children get enough of the whole-grain nutriment.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice

Ways of serving

With cream and sugar.
With melted butter.
Mixed with berries.
In bowls of milk.
As nuts on desserts.
As wafers in soups.

The Night Dish
Puffed Wheat in Milk

CALLED TO THE COLOR

(Continued from Page 14)

it either. There are very few of the higher classes in Russia who have not spent some part of the past five years in prison or who have not been subjected throughout the entire period to vicious persecution.

The following day a detachment of Red soldiers came to get the boy, who was by that time delinquent in responding to the summons for military service, and finding him gone they first put the father through a severe grilling, then they took him along with them and threw him into prison. He was not put in a cell, but was thrust into a big room which he shared with a number of other men of all grades of society. Save for its unfortunate occupants this room was absolutely empty. It had in it neither beds nor bedding; there were no toilet arrangements of any kind, and not even water to drink. Twice each day the guards passed in a samovar with some tea and a ration of black bread; nothing else. There being no exit for anyone for any purpose at any time it is not too difficult to imagine the condition of the awful place. My friend told me that the atmosphere was literally asphyxiating and that he spent days on end standing with his face against the bars of a window through the casings of which he imagined a little fresh air might be seeping. He would stand up until he fell exhausted upon the filthy stone floor, and there, with his too numerous equally wretched companions, he would sleep.

They kept him in this place three weeks, not being humane enough even to answer his frantic questions as to the whereabouts and welfare of his wife and daughter; then one day they led him forth for trial before the revolutionary tribunal. The proceedings were short and to the point. They asked him where his son was and he answered that he did not know; whereupon he was sentenced to death.

They took him back to his hideous prison and left him there for another week. When they came for him again he thought of course that his time had arrived and prepared himself in his mind to face a firing squad as bravely as he could. He said good-by to his prison mates and marched out with the Red soldiers. But instead of being called upon to face a firing squad he was called upon once more to face the tribunal. This time he was bullied and browbeaten at considerable length, but he was too far gone from starvation, nerve strain, foul air, fatigue and utter hopelessness to have much fight left in him. In telling me about it he recalled the feeling of apathy by which he was overwhelmed and his curiously detached interest in his own fate.

Work for the Professional Men

Then he said, "They finally asked me whether or not I would tell them where my boy was if I knew. I answered that. I told them it was an unfair question and if they were trying to justify their decision to shoot me they would get no help of that kind from me. It was as much as to say that I wouldn't tell them, of course, but I didn't care. Then they questioned me with regard to my attitude toward the soviet government and asked me if I would be willing to serve it. My answer to that was that I would be glad to serve my people in any way I could. They sent me into another room, and at the end of about half an hour an officer came in and told me they had decided to release me."

"Why do you suppose they did that?" I asked.

"At the time I hadn't the remotest idea," he replied, "but I have since learned that it was along about then that they began to think of the advisability of permitting a few valuable citizens to live." He paused for a moment, then, laughing, he said, "I suppose you know that I am a very valuable citizen?" I nodded a cheerful acknowledgment and he went on: "When they sent me here to take charge of this institution I had no choice but to accept the position. But I was glad to do it because I wanted to get to work. There was almost nothing being done in any profession; everything was going to ruin; the confusion was perfectly bewildering and I was nearly out of my mind from worrying about it. I had lived, as you know, in the midst of courtesies and in the atmosphere of courts, and the thing was stupefying to me and to thousands of men like me. But I hoped for something that might come out of it. I wanted to serve and I assure you I have served in this place as devotedly and conscientiously as I could possibly do under any circumstances. As a matter of fact I am more conscientious than I would be if I were working merely for money and professional success. I am not serving the soviet government; I am serving my people. That is what I keep telling myself all the time. Professional honesty has become my religion. It is the religion I constantly preach to my colleagues and to men of other professions. Unless men of our class stand up and do everything in our power to hold things together there can be no hope for Russia!"

"Oh," I thought to myself, "what a strain! How have they ever lived through it?"

He was gaunt and gray. His beard hung in straggling wisps hiding a collarless throat. He wore an old blue serge suit that looked as though it might have been turned out by a first-class tailor some five or six years ago. His body had shrunk within it and he had the coat of it belted round him, Russian fashion, while his trousers were tucked into *valenkis*, the high felt boots peculiar to the winter costume of the Russian peasantry. But his hands, the delicate hands of a certain kind of scientist, were delicately kept.

A Chance the Doctor Missed

I dare not identify him any further than this. And you may be sure that I have been careful to hide him away in his story, which is not so difficult since he is only one among many, even as the father of a boy who refused to wear the Red helmet.

And speaking of professional services, has it ever occurred to you to wonder how an ordinary citizen of the Bolshevik Republic gets done the innumerable things that no man can do for himself? I am reminded immediately of a doctor I met one evening who proved to be a very interesting person. We were a small party sitting round a samovar having tea and discussing things in general when, as a kind of by-the-way, he told us about having been called that day to attend a certain celebrated commissar.

There was a little titled lady sitting on the floor feeding bits of wood into a feeble flame that was flickering on the hearth and she looked up to exclaim: "Good heavens, do you mean to tell me you had such an opportunity as that and didn't poison him! Why didn't you poison him?"

Everybody laughed while she sort of caved in comically over her little pile of splinters and murmured to herself: "What we lack is initiative!"

The doctor's answer was that he would not mind in the least helping to hang the gentleman after he got him well, but that as a patient he had nothing to fear.

As we were walking back home a little later the American I was with referred to this incident and said: "That was dangerous talk. I wish they wouldn't talk that way. You never know whom you are talking to. Anybody you meet may be an agent of the *checka* for all you know. And there were two men there I always have doubted a good deal. There's that ——"

He went on to tell me about a dark and sinister-looking chap whom I had not liked very well myself. But the lad was not to be taken too seriously. He had been in the midst of the situation longer than is good for the nerves. He had the Red Terror on his mind and seemed to think that even he was only just managing to keep a lap or so ahead of it. As regarded the Bolshevik secret service he permitted his imagination to get the better of his sense of proportion, as nearly anybody is likely to do under such circumstances. He said he thought he would have to stop associating with the countess because she was always saying something reckless and would be getting herself into serious trouble if she was not more careful. Not that he blamed her, he said. Nobody in Russia had better cause than she to be resentful and rebellious.

I agreed with him as to that; she had been through it all, and she told us herself about the latest outrage she had suffered, saying that she thought it was just about one too many. Only a short time before this she had been spending an evening with an

(Continued on Page 56)

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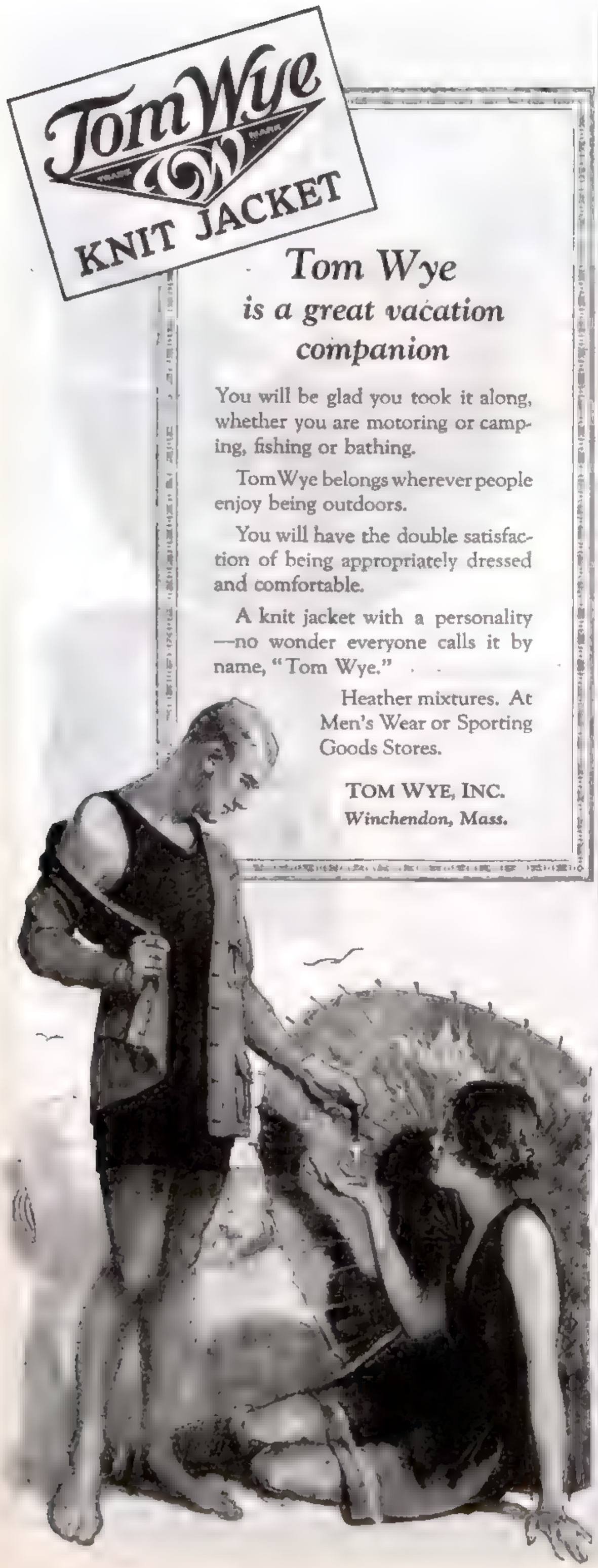
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(Continued from Page 54)

old lady friend a few blocks away from the house in which she lived and along about ten o'clock she started to walk home. She said she was horribly afraid, but since there was nobody to go with her she had to go alone. She was wearing what she described as the only thing of any value she had left in the world—a handsome fur coat.

She had gone about two blocks when a man came hurrying up behind her, slowed down and followed her for a short distance, then stepped up beside her and said: "I beg your pardon, madame; do not be afraid of me. You are going in my direction, and it is very unsafe for a lady to be alone on the street as late as this. Will you not permit me to walk with you?"

"What could I do?" she exclaimed in telling us about it. "I could only thank him and tell him I was nearly home. There didn't seem to be any reason for being rude to him. And besides, I was afraid to be rude."

When they reached her house she thanked him for his courtesy and turned to open her door, when he said, "Aren't you going to invite me in?" That frightened her, but she maintained her polite attitude and assured him that she would be glad to do so if it were not so late.

"My only reason for asking," he replied, "is that I dislike very much to have you take your coat off out here in the cold. But I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to let me have it. I'm not a Bolshevik; I'm a gentleman; or, rather, I was; everything I ever had has been taken away from me, and one must live. I only wished to see you safely home before asking you for your coat because it is very cold and you needed it. I hope you will not make it necessary for me to lay hands upon you."

"I slipped out of it and handed it to him," said the countess. "And you should have seen him when he bowed to me and walked away! He was the most extraordinary creature! But," she added ruefully, "I have nothing now but a sweater and an old raincoat."

This is a digression from my point of wondering how people get done the things they cannot do for themselves, due to my having thought first, as one naturally would, about doctors. There are certain loose thinkers of the communistic persuasion who contend that there is nothing in the nature of personal service that anyone should require of another. But what does such a person do about sending for a doctor when he is ill? What does he do when his teeth need attention? How does he manage when he begins to need the services of an oculist? Who mends his shoes? How does he get his hair cut? How does he get his meals cooked—if any? How does he get his washing done?

Rules Without Rulers

There is not a good communist in the world who will not treat me to a smile of patient tolerance in answer to these questions and say that of course all such things are fully covered in communist rules and regulations, and I would say that I am quite aware of this, but am nevertheless interested in the methods employed to enforce these rules and regulations. Such enforcement can be accomplished by means of Red tyranny and terrorism, to be sure, but Red tyranny and terrorism have their limits, as has been demonstrated many times, whereas I believe it cannot be demonstrated that a horse having been led to water can be made to drink. You can lay any man's work out for him, but who is to guarantee that he will do it to the best of his ability? Why should not the ruined and unremunerated doctor have poisoned the communist dictator?

I am not now going into detail with regard to such organization of professions as I was permitted to observe. As a matter of fact my mind is very weary with thinking of the tremendous complications that go to make up the delightful simplicities of life in the one and only communist state, and I want merely to browse along for an interval, remembering only incidents and people. Before I went to Russia a good many practical questions occurred to me and, not wishing to have to encounter any of them on my own account, I took such of them as might happen to concern me into due consideration in making my preparations for the trip. Among other things I arranged for an extra session with my dentist. I thought of this as being nothing more than a wise precaution because I was reasonably sure that my teeth were in proper condition. But I thought it might be just as well to have them jabbed at a little and thoroughly examined. And he found it! My toothbrush and everything hot, cold or sweet had been finding it for quite a while, but I had been persuading myself to believe that it was nothing but a sensitive surface. It was a tiny spot in an eyetooth right up at the point where the nerve connects with the top of my head.

"Here-re-re!" I said, sliding away down out of reach of the little steel toothpick. My dentist is one of these laughing dentists and he leaned up against his instrument cabinet and laughed.

"That's a nasty one," he said, "but we've got to get after it." Who is there who has never heard a dentist say that?

"What is it?" I asked, coming slowly up off the small of my back.

"It's what is known in technical terminology as a cavity," he replied.

"But it's right up next to the nerve," I tearfully expostulated.

"Yes," said he; "most cavities are."

He thought it was funny. We fought over it. He set the buzzer going and pointed it at me, and the sight of a buzzer makes all my teeth ache whether there is anything the matter with them or not.

Then he began to talk about my complexes and about how he always had admired my fortitude and—"Yah-h-h!"

The American Dentists

"But you know," he said, "you simply must let me get a deep-enough excavation to hold the filling. Otherwise it won't stay in, and suppose it should come out over there in Russia; what would you do?"

I wondered; but at the same time I cajoled him into doing just a little less buzzing than he ought to have done, and, sure enough, the day before I reached Moscow I brushed the filling out. After which it was much worse than it was before he discovered it. He had ground in pretty deep, you see, and as a consequence I had occasion frequently to believe that that particular tooth was trying to get into communication with Mars.

All of which unimportant detail is for the purpose of emphasizing the seriousness of my predicament. Merely to say that I had a misfortune with a tooth might be sufficient, but it would convey nothing of the trouble and pain and worry the misfortune cost me. It was bitter cold weather; I was just starting on a long trip to the Volga Valley and into Eastern Russia, and every time I opened my mouth outdoors I had to muffle it with something to keep the air from striking that torturing spot. I had to find a dentist.

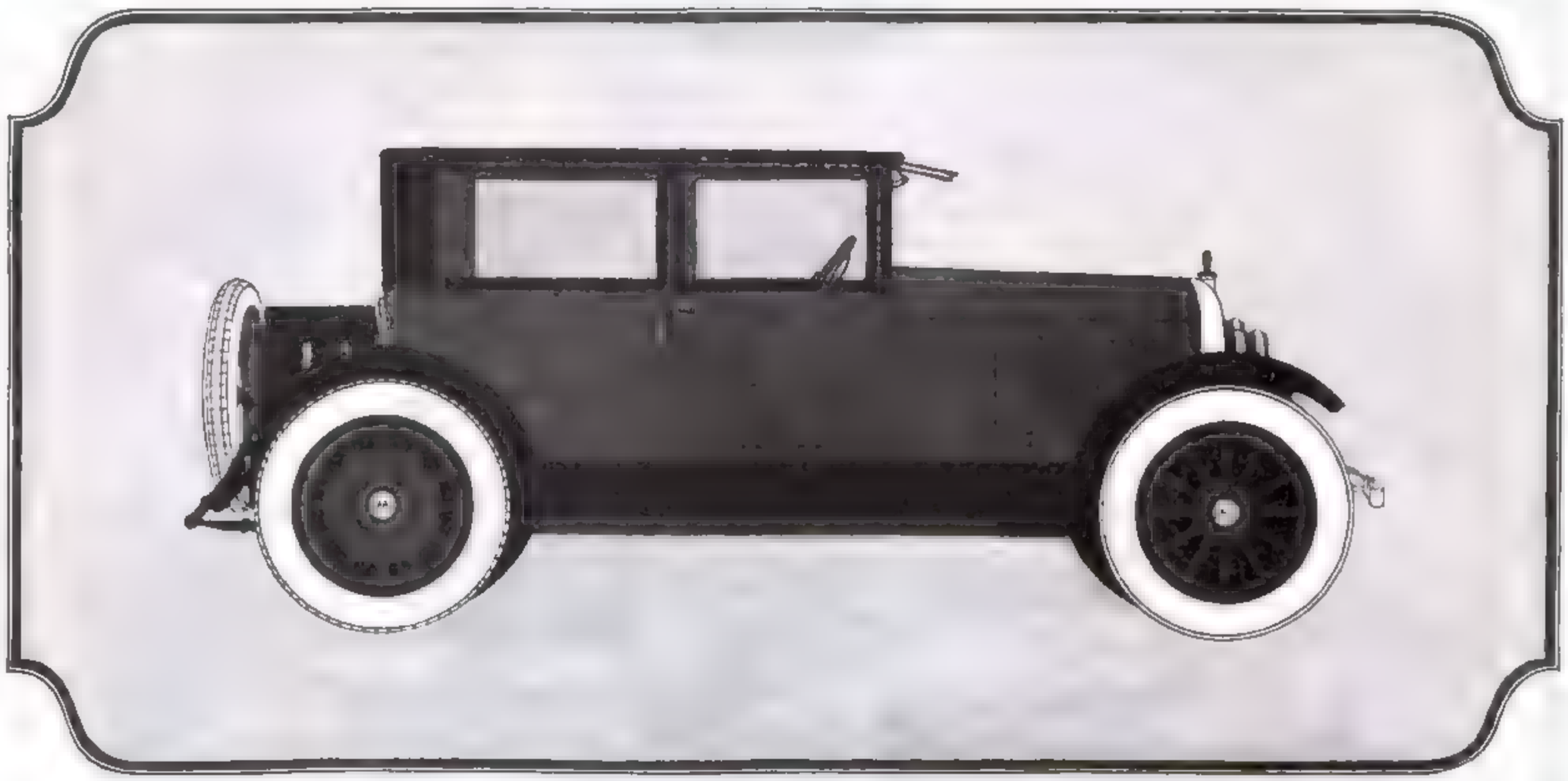
I went to the medical director of the American Relief Administration and asked if he knew of one I could go to in Moscow, and he laughed and said, "Why, sure! There's one of the best American dentists in Europe right round the corner!"

Now wasn't that wonderful! The doctor and I had an engagement to make a tour together round about town inspecting American feeding stations, hospitals, refugee camps, food and medical warehouses and all that sort of thing, and he said that on the way out we would stop and make an appointment for me with the dentist. We went round the corner, down the street a little way and then drove into a wide court that was surrounded on three sides by an apartment building which reminded me in a pinched and narrowed kind of way of the Palace of Versailles. There were numerous entrances with numbers over the doors. We found our number and entered a dingy hallway that looked as though it had not been cleaned for years. It probably had not. Indeed, it looked a good deal like a hallway in an empty building out of which a lot of very untidy people had just been moving. That is what all Russia reminds one of.

An excellent comparison! I only just thought of it. It describes Russia better than anything that has ever occurred to me before. Russia is like a partly emptied country out of which a great many untidy people have recently moved, leaving their litter behind them. Everything in Soviet Russia is dirty. This is a thing always to be remembered in any attempt that anyone may make to visualize the Russian situation.

We climbed three flights of dirty stairs and found the name plate of the American dentist on a door opening on the fourth

(Continued on Page 59)



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TRADE DU PONT MARK

(Continued from Page 56)

landing. We rang the bell. Did a neat little dentist's nurse appear; or a boy in buttons; or even a frowzy proletarian maid? Not at all. The dentist himself appeared and sidled out onto the landing as much as to say that that was the only reception room he had and would we please excuse him. He had a patient in the chair and some other engagements and would see me at five o'clock.

Ordinarily five o'clock would be pretty late for an appointment with the dentist, but in Soviet Russia they are not content with just one hour of daylight saving. They make it three hours, so that five o'clock time is really only two o'clock sun time.

Moreover, they keep daylight saving going the year round, so that even in wintertime it doesn't begin to get dark until very late and if you are in the habit of going to bed at a reasonable hour you are likely to get an impression that Russian daylight is almost perpetual.

Again the dentist answered his doorbell, and I was ushered into the queerest den that any man of his profession ever lived and worked in. In a corner facing a window there was a battered old dental chair with the paint knocked off it and bits of stuffing sticking out through holes in its upholstery. Alongside of it was an equally banged-up cabinet filled with rusty instruments, while on the other side was a small table on which there was a bourgeoica and a pan of boiling water containing instruments that were not rusty.

The Scene-Shifting Dentist

A bourgeoica is a small sheet-iron stove. Or it may be only a five-gallon gasoline can with a little door at one end and a hole in the top to let out the smoke. It is an institution in Soviet Russia and is an invention of the kind of which necessity is the mother. In the communistic habitations of the ruined and homeless bourgeoisie it takes the place of both heating arrangements and the kitchen range. Nearly everybody makes his own bourgeoica out of whatever materials he may be able to come by, and in social circles it provides a topic of conversation of never-ending interest. Their habits and the various methods employed to regulate them are matters of primary importance. Its name, bestowed upon it in ironical derision, denotes its relationship to the general scheme of things. It burns nothing but tiny bits of wood and is therefore very economical, but when it is first set going it smokes considerably, with the result that practically every bourgeois home in Russia—such as it is—smells as though its flues were badly out of order. It is capable of bringing the average winter temperature in a fair-sized room up to zero, or maybe to ten degrees above, and this is as much comfort as the bourgeoisie are expected to require. This sounds like an exaggeration, but it is not. It would be impossible to exaggerate any phase of the tragedy that has befallen Russia.

I could see my breath in the dentist's operating room. It was also his living room and dining room and bedroom and kitchen and pantry, to say nothing of its being his clothes closet and storeroom. Everything was piled helter-skelter: books and pictures, odds and ends of furniture, clothes and bedding, cooking utensils; it was an awful mess. The space in the immediate vicinity of the dental chair looked as though it had been cleared for an emergency. And so it had. I sat myself down very gingerly. The only thing that gave me any confidence at all was the vessel of boiling water with the instruments in it. I knew I could get no infection from instruments so treated.

He picked one of them out with a pair of tweezers and while he held it up to cool he said, "You mustn't mind the confusion I seem to be living in. I'm not quite settled down yet. I've been in jail for two years and only just got out a short time ago."

I was too stunned for an instant to rise to the occasion.

I merely smiled and said, "Is that so? What were you in jail for?"

"I don't know," he answered. "They never took the trouble to tell me."

He was attacking the little cavity with a buzzer that he worked with his foot. Incidentally, I think that kind of buzzer is to be preferred to the electrical variety. It takes the mind of the operator off his job just a bit and it doesn't make the needle go round quite so fast. I explained that the cavity didn't amount to much and suggested that he leave it alone and just chuck a little cement into it.

"You are evidently able to get away with that sort of thing with your own dentist," he said, "but you can't do it with me. Either I'll fill it right or I'll not fill it at all."

I appreciated his professional high-mindedness, but —— Anyhow, there was the trip out to the Volga; there was the bitter cold weather; there were the frequent signals to Mars; I had no choice. He finally got what he called a decent hold. It was awful, and all the time he was mumbling along saying things that sounded irrational. He spoke as unconcernedly about terrific experiences as though such experiences were commonplaces to be expected in the life of any man. He talked about the fearful conditions existing in Bolshevik prisons as though he were apologizing for them and promising that they would be improved. He had a good deal to say about a dental organization of some kind and this led him on to a consideration of the almost insuperable obstacles that lay between every man's job and his necessary food supply. He was analytical in a language that was new to me. He was like something in a strange topsy-turvy dream.

He was leaning against the wall mixing some enamel on a little glass block when he said, "At that, I guess I can shift scenery better than I can fill teeth."

"What do you mean, shift scenery?"

"Oh, I'm a boss scene shifter. That was my job all the time I was in jail. These bolos are bears for art, you know, and they've kept the ballet and the theaters going right along. At first they got the population pretty well scrambled, but it is beginning to straighten itself out now. Nearly everybody I know is getting back to where he belongs. I don't know why they put me in a scene-shifting gang, but I'm glad they did. I liked it. I learned a lot of things I never knew before. The only thing that really worried me was ruining my hands. They were always dirty and rough, and I'm only beginning now to get them back where they are clean enough for this kind of work."

Irrelevantly I asked him, "Did they take all your property away from you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied with the utmost nonchalance; as much as to say: "What's a little property between friends?"

He had to hurry with the enamel before it began to harden, so he had me down with my mouth full of gauze and was gently pressing the cold foreign substance in against the sensitive nerve when he said, "But never mind; it has been a great experience; expensive and sometimes pretty awful, but nearly always entertaining. Everybody asks me why I don't go back to the United States. But why should I? I've been practicing dentistry here for nearly thirty years; I love Russia and the Russians almost as much as if I were a Russian myself. I have witnessed one of the greatest dramas in the history of the world. I've been a part of it. It isn't nearly finished yet, and I want to stay and see it through."

The filling he put in is still there.

Women Street Cleaners

The code of communistic law under which the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic functions declares that all citizens shall be subject to compulsory labor. This sounds considerably like a tyranny imposed principally upon the proletariat that is supposed to have become itself the exclusive lawmaking section of the social organization, but one is compelled to believe that a good many of the Bolshevik laws were promulgated without reference to the proletariat in any way and for the purpose solely of providing an instrument with which to wreak a spiteful vengeance upon all persons who could not or would not qualify as proletarians under the definition adopted. Because of the almost complete cessation of industry of all kinds—I have in mind great industrial sections of cities with never a wisp of smoke rising from any smokestack—the compulsory-labor law is nowadays a good deal of a dead letter, not to say a mockery. But during the first years of the Bolshevist régime it operated with considerable regularity, and especially against the classes of people who had never done anything in the way of manual labor, who had no vocations, who belonged to no unions and were therefore without soviet representation. Among such people may be counted the members of the nobility and aristocracy, former business men of all kinds, with their wives and daughters, and the few merely idle rich.

All these were at the complete mercy of the People's Commissariat of Labor, and it is an actual fact that for such work as cleaning streets or shoveling snow the first choice fell upon the women of these grades of society, whose weak backs and delicate hands were a favorite subject of ridicule in Bolshevik circles. And it is a good deal of a commentary on the character of the soviet government that to this day one sees a good many more women than men engaged in hard labor. Indeed, it seemed to me that the women were doing most of the work. Wherever there was work of any kind being done I observed that women were employed, while a very common spectacle was a street thronged with idle men in which gangs of women were engaged in shoveling snow and cleaning the ice out of the street-car tracks.

A great many men of the classes upon which the wrath of the Bolsheviki fell most heavily escaped by the simple expedient of shedding their own identity and making a sudden plunge into the social maelstrom. There is plenty of hiding room in a population of more than one hundred and fifty millions. One such man in a certain place—a boy, really, about twenty-two years of age—maneuvered through the personnel of the American Relief Administration for an introduction to me. He wanted nothing but that I should do for him something that he could not possibly do for himself and that nobody could do who lives in Russia. He wanted me to buy an American food package and have it delivered to a girl friend of his.

Prince and Pauper

You see, the regulations of the A. R. A. forbid the direct sale of food packages, as well as the sale of food to or through any member of the American personnel. It is a food-remittance business and purchases must be made by persons on the outside for the benefit of somebody on the inside specifically designated. Otherwise the operation would resolve itself into a wholesale-grocery business, minus the philanthropic features that serve to maintain it as a tremendous agency for the relief of actual distress.

I sent word to the young man that I would see him. He sent back an apologetic message to the effect that he would have to come to me more or less as a thief in the night and asked if I would be willing to receive him that evening at ten o'clock. I returned a verbal answer through his messenger that I would, and at ten o'clock he arrived. He was a prince of the former realm of Russia. I knew this. There are a good many persons in Russia today who are posing as something they never were in endeavors to curry favor with noncommunistic foreigners who may happen to be passing in and out; but there was no doubt about this lad, even though at the moment he was nothing but a common laborer in a shop. The name he had chosen to assume meant nothing at all.

He called on me in his workman's greasy blouse and with his trousers tucked into the tops of more than ordinarily disreputable-looking boots. He was a fine upstanding specimen of young manhood nevertheless, and with the manners, naturally, of a gentleman. Such manners would not necessarily betray a man in Russia. They are not uncommon even in the lowest ranks of society.

He kissed my hand ceremoniously, then spreading his own hand out and looking at it he laughed and said: "Madame, I should apologize; not for my clothes, because I have no others, but for my hands. I really did try to make them clean to come to see you, but you can't wash off the Bolshevik make-up. It has to wear off. You might say I am hiding behind my own finger nails. As long as one is sufficiently dirty in Soviet Russia one is comparatively safe. I suppose you know that."

We sat down at a small table where I had been writing, and he proceeded to tell me his story. It was tragic enough, but he was so young and so evidently able to take care of himself that I wasted no sympathy on him on his own account. I had already been told that he was the son of a certain nobleman who was executed in the early days and that he was the rightful owner of large estates that had been expropriated. He was a healthy-minded youth, however, and did not seem to feel at all sorry for himself. In fact, he laughed a good deal at his own experience and became very serious only when I asked him how he had escaped service in the Red Army.

"I didn't escape," he said. "I served two years, but I was in a technical corps and didn't do much harm."

He was plainly embarrassed. I was sorry afterward that I did not go on and get that part of his story in some detail, but with the tragedy of his father in my mind I felt some embarrassment about it myself, so I merely smiled and asked him what it was he wanted me to do for him.

"Oh, if you only would!" he exclaimed. "I have a girl friend. She is about two years younger than I. The estate of her family adjoined my father's estate"—he named the location—"and we grew up together. I was an only child, but there were four of them, so I went to school in their schoolroom. I spent more time with her than with anyone. I had an English governess who made me speak English as far back as I can remember and who taught English to the others. I speak good English? Yes? I speak it better than I speak Russian really. I like it better. My governess used to take us for picnics in the woods in summertime and she was a great sport in winter when there was tobogganing and skating and that sort of thing.

"When the war began, everything was changed, of course, and it seems to me that everything has been changing ever since. I was not quite sixteen, and Sonia was about fourteen. Her elder brothers had been sent away to the university already, and were old enough to join up. I don't know what became of them; killed very likely. In 1916 my mother died and I was sent to an officers' school to begin my training for the army. That was where I was when the revolution came. You will remember that after that everything went along more or less as usual for about six months, then came the Bolshevik *coup d'état* and the beginning of the present situation. My regiment—it was the regiment I belonged to by hereditary right—went to pieces at the front. Most of its officers belonged to the nobility and they either escaped or were shot. A few of them accepted service in the Red Army in order to save themselves, but not many. I kept in touch all the time with a friend of my father and it was he who advised me after my father was shot to lose myself and become a proletarian. It was not difficult. The confusion was so great that it was as though the whole country had gone stark raving crazy and one could do almost anything. All I did was to wander round for a while, then apply for registration in a soviet and claim that I had lost my identification papers. It was very risky, but nothing happened to me except that I was soon drafted into the Red Army."

In a Theatrical Soviet

I could not quote him at such length except for the fact that I sat there and wrote down nearly everything he said. By doing this I rather cramped his style of narrative, but it was an interesting story, no matter how he told it. I had to promise him that I would guard my notes very carefully and that I would not mention any names. He went on to say that he managed every once in a while to see his father's friend and that through him he got news from his home.

"Our neighbor's estate, as well as our own, was confiscated of course, and Sonia came finally to the city and went into a theater. She is a very pretty girl and has a good deal of talent. We used to have private theatricals a lot when we were children and she always said she was going to be an actress. But this is not the way for her to be an actress. She's a member of a theatrical soviet and she gets a salary of three million rubles a month. She got a fairly good *paiok* for a while, but the government, as you know, has almost stopped supplying food rations and she is—well, she must either starve or do what so many girls are doing. Enough bread for a single meal costs a hundred thousand rubles; a pair of the cheapest kind of shoes cost five million rubles. What does a salary of three million rubles a month amount to! She is living in one terrible little room, doing everything for herself—her own washing, cooking, cleaning, everything—rehearsing long hours every day and playing every

(Continued on Page 62)

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CALORIC
PIPELESS
SYSTEM OF CIRCULATING HEAT

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night, and she is always hungry. Since I have been working I have been giving her part of my *paiok*, but it isn't much, and what I want you to do is to send her an American food package. I must even ask you to pay for it, because I haven't any money at all. My wages amount to two million rubles a month. For two million rubles I can now get just one American dollar, and it takes ten American dollars to buy a food package. What can I do? I must beg! When I heard about you and that you would soon be going out to Riga I made up my mind that I must see you and ask you to do this. I——"

"That's all right," I said. "I'll see that she gets food if you will give me her name and address, but how about the other girls in the theaters? Aren't they all very much in the same predicament?"

"Yes, practically all of them," he answered. "They just don't get enough to eat!"

I remembered the story I had just heard about Chaliapin, to which I have already referred. He had returned to Russia only a few days before and everybody was greatly excited over the prospect of an opera season with him as the chief attraction. On the way in from the outside world he had bought, or had had somebody buy for him, a number of food packages and a package for each member of his family, and when it came to making his contract with the soviet government he agreed to sing only on condition that he be paid in food. Everybody I knew was laughing about this at the time and accusing Chaliapin of being somewhat excessively famine-shy. He is the idol of the people and it is not likely that he would ever be permitted to want for anything. It is said that he is one of very few persons who are permitted to live in real luxury. He has a splendid home in Petrograd and another in Moscow, and neither of them has ever been touched.

After my encounter with the interesting young scion of a once noble house I made an inquiry about the conditions under which the girls and women in the theaters were living, and learned that in a great many instances they were worse than his mild suggestions would lead one to suspect. Through the efforts of the A. R. A. and other organizations a good deal of relief is reaching them now, but as long as economic chaos continues in Russia and general conditions, as a consequence, go on being what they are, all such people will be in dire need of any assistance they may be able to get.

How to Forward Food

Since I came out of Russia I have been appealed to many times for advice by both friends and strangers who have wanted to contribute to Russian relief, but who had not known just how to go about it. The needs of the great mass of the actually starving or utterly destitute are being met by the American Relief Administration and affiliated organizations in as complete measure as is physically possible in view of the limitations of transportation facilities, but provision has been made for the continued operation of the food-remittance division of the A. R. A., and my advice to everybody is to contribute through any completely identified and demonstrably dependable organization that is working for the betterment of conditions under which the professional classes in Russia are living, or to send whatever they may be able to give to the American Relief Administration, 42 Broadway, New York, earmarked for the Emergency Food Remittance Fund. Through this agency you can buy five or ten dollars' worth of food and say that you want it delivered to a doctor or a lawyer, an actor or an actress, an engineer, a dentist, a biologist, an ornithologist, a teacher of Greek, an architect or artist; any kind of person you may happen to have a special interest in. The organization in Russia will reach out and find your beneficiary for you, and you may be sure that the person selected will need your assistance with a very great need. He will be bewildered by your interest in him, but he will be grateful and you will get an acknowledgment from him as well as from the Relief Administration. You will know that your five or ten dollars' worth of food has reached the right spot. The system works like a time clock in an office building. You punch it and it registers just what you expected it to.

I had not been in Moscow twenty-four hours when I was invited to go to the ballet. It is an actual fact that when two gentlemen of the A. R. A. called on me I was attacking the interstices of a very dirty pink sateen mattress with the poison gas provided for that purpose. In London I had decided against carrying with me a folding cot although I was told that I might regret it. But why should I? Russia was a civilized country, was it not? These were the questions I asked. Only twice in my life had I carried with me a folding cot; once in China on a long trip into somewhat remote regions, and once in the wilds of Northern Luzon. On neither occasion did I have half the reason so to burden myself that I encountered in Russia. One of the A. R. A. gentlemen sat on the lukewarm radiator and the other one stood up. Neither of them would have dreamed of sitting on the bed. One gets to be curiously cautious in Russia. I occupied the only chair and was glad to see them, even in such unconventional surroundings.

Said one of them, "We came along to bid you welcome to this delectable land and to ask if you wouldn't like to go to the ballet with us tonight."

"The what!" says I

"The ballet," says he.

Mind you, I had been in Moscow only a few hours then, so to me nearly everything was more or less of a surprise.

"Do you mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that in the midst of all this the Moscow Ballet continues to function?"

"Well, rather!" he replied.

"Is it any good?"

"Simply superb!"

The Imperial Theater

Whereupon the two of them begun to discuss the bill for the evening, its artistic merits and the merits of the artists who were to present it. They spoke of Madame So-and-So and agreed that her dancing was incomparable, but that in pantomimic ability she was pretty weak in comparison with certain other stars. They were talking ragtime so far as I was concerned and I sat listening to them, wide-eyed with astonishment. I looked out of my grimy window upon an amazing scene. There were some women down in the street hitched with ropes to small sleds loaded with firewood. It was the heart of the city, but there was no other traffic in sight. I listened to the vast silence that had succeeded the city's roar. I lifted my eyes to the snow-blanketed roofs and looked here and there, searching the space within my range of vision for points remembered. The narrow street led out into the spacious theater square, at one end of which stands the stately Imperial Theater with its splendid portico and its pediment crowned by a colossal group representing Phœbus in the Chariot of the Sun.

I recalled one wonderful evening I had spent in that theater witnessing a special and gala performance of Russian ballet that was attended by Moscow's most brilliant social throng. The theater seats four thousand people. It has five balconies in the form of a great horseshoe and is decorated in red and gold with innumerable lights reflected in a myriad crystal tasselings and pendants. There is an imperial box surmounted by the crown and double eagle of the Romanoffs in the middle of the horseshoe, while two tiers of crimson-draped and handsomely gilded boxes flank the stage. These also were used in the old days by the imperial family. The late Czar never liked to sit in the box in the middle of the horseshoe in any theater.

The performance was to begin at half past seven, so they called for me betimes in a big American car that belonged to the transportation service of the Relief Administration. This interested me. Indeed, being privileged to ride around in a big American automobile that was clean and well-kept never ceased to interest me because it afforded me advantages of observation that I might not otherwise have enjoyed. It enabled me to make illuminating comparisons. There used to be as many handsome cars per population in Moscow as in any other city, to say nothing of innumerable taxicabs; but I am writing about the first quarter of this year, 1922, and by that time they had all gone the way of nearly everything else of practical value, and only a sufficient number were in evidence to serve the needs of the soviet officials. These—all looking a good deal the worse for wear—together with a few Red Army lorries, were the only motor vehicles to be seen.

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1922. The force assembled at the Western Electric plant in Chicago.

A group of Western Electric men in 1881.

Some of the 37,000 workers in the world's telephone workshop

This picture shows some Western Electric people at Chicago listening to the president of their company talk from his desk in New York.

He spoke through a telephone which the people who heard him had made. His voice was carried over wires and through cables which they had made, and was amplified many million times by a loud speaking device which they had made.

Yet what these people had accomplished in making equipment to respond to so remarkable a test is but typical of the work they are doing every day. Your own telephone was made with the same skill and care.

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You will also find that your car looks longer, lower and more graceful when equipped with Michelin Steel Wheels. The *convex* or *outwardly curving discs* blend with the sweep of the streamline body—itself a harmony of *convex surfaces*—suggesting speed and easy gliding through space.

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Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash and the White Company are among those who have recognized the superiority of Michelin Steel Wheels by adopting them as standard or optional equipment.

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia

BUDD
Michelin
STEEL WHEELS

(Continued from Page 62)

There were numerous carts and droshkies, little one-horse sleighs and lumbering wagons, but practically everything in use for traffic purposes was in a state of extraordinary dilapidation.

We drove up under the beautiful Ionic portico. My heart was fairly in my mouth with palpitant interest. It all looked so dark and unused. There were many people standing about, but they didn't seem, somehow, to belong where they were. They reminded me of a crowd that had gathered under a shelter to escape from a storm. Faint gleams from little side lights lit them up palely. We had to push our way through closed doors, with shoving people coming and going. The dim-lit foyer was thronged. We went up a bare stone stairway to the second tier, on which our box was located. We hurried to our places in order that we might be in time for me to have a look at the audience before the curtain went up.

It was a boastfully proletarian audience for the most part, but in spots it displayed a budding ambition to be bourgeois. A great majority of the men were in workmen's blouses and wore shaggy sheepskin caps, but there were plenty of ordinary business suits and a few dinner jackets. I counted five and I suppose there must have been a good many more. They were very conspicuous. The women were more interesting. One saw everything from bobbed hair and smocked frocks or frankly peasant costumes up to bare shoulders rising out of odds and ends of colorful finery.

I asked a great many eager questions. I wanted to know who was occupying the imperial boxes and was told that they were given each night to a different soviet to be disposed of among the workers. They were packed with people, none of whom seemed to share anybody's ambition to be bourgeois. Indeed they looked to me like people who were made up to represent the downtrodden element. A number of them were leaning on the box rails reading newspapers and I learned afterward that to read a newspaper in a public place was a swagger thing to do. It was supposed to mark a man as being specially intelligent, or as a party man interested in soviet governmental procedures. There are no newspapers in Russia except those that are either issued or controlled by the soviet government.

Nearly everybody kept his cap on throughout the evening, and the atmosphere, though clammy cold, was redolent of the great unwashed. I was face to face with the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was fascinating, but in thinking of what it was costing the big majority of the Russian people I found it rather fearful.

A Magnificent Ballet

The curtain went up and I could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment and delight. The curtain went up on a stage setting as magnificent as any the Metropolitan Opera House in New York ever exhibited. I need not say that the art of the dancers was the art that the rest of the world has been endeavoring for a good many years to imitate. It was the utmost, and represented whole lives of labor on the part of the artists and such training as is known to no other company of people on earth. In witnessing Russian ballet on its native heath one knows that the girl with the gauze wings in the fifth row back can probably dance almost as well as Pavlova, lacking only Pavlova's interpretative intelligence, her creative genius. You get no jar upon your artistic sensibilities when it is Russian ballet at its utmost. It is a poem rightly swung in faultless rhythm and properly punctuated. The orchestra was about one hundred strong and played divine music divinely with its overcoats on.

I was told that a number of the grown-up dancers were receiving assistance through the Emergency Food Remittance Fund of the A. R. A. and that all the children were being fed regularly at an American feeding station. It was all so hard to realize.

The piece was a folk tale and had in it princes and princesses bejeweled and gorgeous, gnomes and wicked genii and a lot of exquisite little fairies dancing in and out of scenes in fairyland. The people loved the princes and princesses and hated the gnomes and wicked genii. They applauded wildly, rose in their places and shouted "Bravo!" when some dancer did something especially wonderful, as some dancer very frequently did. My attention was divided between the audience and the stage. I knew that the art I was looking upon was art for art's sake if ever there was such a thing, but I knew also, having been told, that the artists gloried in the praise of the populace and were making finer efforts than they ever had made before. It was somewhat confusing and self-contradictory all the way through. I looked out across the great dim-lit auditorium and knew that in the old days nine-tenths of the people in it had been shut out from any such privilege as they were then enjoying. The ballet was now theirs and they adored it! They no longer had to think of it as something splendid that was designed solely for the entertainment of the rich. It was theirs! In the old days they could see it, but they had to see it from away off in the dim distances of the upper balconies. Now the bourjooies could jolly well occupy those seats; the best in the house was no longer any too good for them!

In thinking these thoughts and singing hallelujah in my soul over the pleasure of the pleased and tremendously appreciative crowd I was rapidly becoming a Bolshevik myself, but then I remembered that in the general scheme of things bread is more important than ballet, and I fell into deep cogitation over the unequalizable inequalities and the unsolvable problems.

Between the acts we went out and mixed with the throng in the great salon where once upon a time the fashionable people gathered to look one another over critically and to exchange fashionable politenesses. Small tables had been placed here and there against the walls and there was a refreshment booth with huge steaming samovars on its counter where one could get tea or soda water and some curious little bright-colored cakes and candies. There was a loud buzz of intense conversation. The people paraded up and down, couples together arm in arm, and everybody was smoking, especially the women. Most of them were smoking something that does not belong to the vegetable family, in which tobacco is included. The atmosphere was almost too thick to be breathed.

A Modern Robespierre

There were a great many Red soldiers and pretty girls. I do think that there are more pretty girls in Russia than in any other country on earth, not excepting my own. I saw none on that occasion who looked well groomed, but I saw several who were fairly startling in their sheer beauty. I exclaimed about them to my American men friends, but from the response I got I gathered that I was not calling their attention to something they had not been able to observe for themselves.

There was no laughter; no lightness; the air of chronic depression that one never escapes in Russia was as heavy in such a place as anywhere; the thrill of a beautiful spectacle on a stage might serve to lift for a brief period many hearts, but the depression would settle back upon them. The light of a country must be in the daily lives of its people, and in struggling to reach a new kind of light Darkest Russia has succeeded only in sinking deeper into Stygian depths.

A number of acquaintances of my American companions came up to speak to us and were introduced to me. One of them had already been described to me in whispered confidence as a kind of modern Robespierre. He was one of the most notorious of the chiefs of the *checka* and was said to have done a good deal of killing on his own account and to have signed more death warrants than any other man in Russia. He held out his pen hand and I had to give him mine.

He was a charming person. I came to know him quite well later on, and liked him very much. He was as mild and gentle as the maiden aunt of a minister. I understood that he was keeping close tabs on everything I did and it was rather fun to tell him what I thought about Bolshevism and the soviet system as though I knew nothing at all about him and naturally expected him to agree with me.

At the moment, however, he only smiled and asked the conventional question: "How are you enjoying your visit to Moscow?"

"Well, to tell you the truth I haven't been here long enough to know," I replied. "I have only just arrived."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue

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194	2.50	4.00
48	3.50	5.00
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You are certain of safety-

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Try the New Handy 10c pack of 25 towels—for home, office, touring, camping, picnicking, etc.

Scotissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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DOING THE "DARBY"

(Continued from Page 15)

exercises at which Lord Queenborough was expected to be present and address the pupils and teachers.

"Lord Queenborough, I might mention, owns St. Louis," added my friend.

"But," I objected, "why should we go to school exercises to see the owner of the horse? That will not have any bearing on the race, will it?"

"Oh," replied my friend in pained tones, "he is bound to say something. Come along, old top."

So we went, and after some perfunctory remarks delivered in rather jocular conversational way his lordship became austere and, clearing his throat, unbosomed himself.

"I would like to give you all a straight tip on the Derby," he commenced gravely. "Indeed, I can assure you I sincerely wish I was able to say to you here and now to back my horse. So far as I know St. Louis is perfectly well and I see no reason why he should not repeat his two-thousand-guinea form, but ——"

Every eye was glued upon his lordship. Teachers, pupils and spectators leaned forward in breathless expectancy. The atmosphere was heavily laden with apprehension and surmise. The dropping of a pin would have sounded like a battleship going into action. The titled gentleman paused, drew forth a snowy handkerchief and carefully flicked an imaginary speck of dust from an admirably tailored coat. It was a historic moment.

"—— but," he concluded, "it is nearly two weeks since we have had a rain. The course is not exactly to my horse's liking; neither are the latest weather reports. It might be well to pray for a downpour."

An American of the Singing-kid type would have probably said under the circumstances, "This goat I got can't beat a fat man on the track like it is today, but he's a bear in the mud, an' if it rains tonight go soak the family plate an' bet on him."

To the pilgrim from the Stars and Stripes it was all so like, also so different.

Now do not for a moment think that all this is spoken of lightly or with the voice of comedy. Racing is the most serious business, or sport, or occupation, or pastime, or—I came very near saying religion comprising an integral part of British viewpoint and sentiment. Everybody from the countess to the coster has a bet on the big race. The editor of the Times said it all and then some. He spoke with the voice of authority—a voice that would come as a stunning revelation to opponents of the turf on our side of the water.

The race itself is run on the historic Epsom Downs, about fourteen miles by rail or highway from London, and as befits what is regarded as a national holiday weeks are spent in preparation for the big event. For several days previous, the highways and byways leading from all parts of England to the Downs are blocked with traffic. In Britain, you know, the commissary is always two jumps ahead of the flag. Heavily laden lorries with big lumpy trailers behind are sending skyward the dust of the hard road. For a starter I was informed that a hundred tons of beer led the vanguard, covering the advance of ninety-six thousand bottles of the same beverage; and in order that these latter should not be lonesome a hundred thousand bottles of mineral water were detailed to keep them company.

In the cool vaults beneath the grand stand Mr. Stringer, the Harry Stevens of England, told me that he expected to provide sixty-five thousand special luncheons for 1922. He based his estimate on the fact that in the year 1920 he had catered to fifty-five thousand patrons.

Of course the number mentioned represents only a very small portion of the general attendance at the Derby, because it must be remembered that the Downs in area cover several miles of territory, most of which can be occupied by the general public free of charge. The saying that it is a place of magnificent distances can be more than aptly applied here. Moreover, it is the most inconvenient and impossible race track ever invented for patrons of the sport of kings or commoners.

The price of admission to the grand stand is about five dollars and a half in our

Prominent Figures at the Opening of the Epsom Meeting—Lord Lonsdale Receiving the King on His Arrival at Epsom

money. From the grand stand to the saddling paddock is something like a quarter of a mile. If one wants to view the candidates at close range he can do so by paying five dollars and a half more. If he wishes to get a comfortable seat in the grand stand he can accomplish that feat also by paying extra for the privilege, but if the visitor arrives at the conclusion that he has paid enough—why, he can climb several flights of stairs to the roof, which is open to the weather and does not afford protection from either sun or storm.

To an American this strikes one a good deal like pushing the mourners off the sidewalk, but the English mind works differently. It is pointed out to you that the Downs afford plenty of room for everybody, and that they are free to all comers, so why worry? The general entrance gate is situated more than half a mile from the grand stand. After leaving the train, which has its terminus back of the famous Tattenham Corner, or what we would call the head of the home stretch, one must either hire a conveyance or foot it the rest of the distance. Once inside the grand stand the visitor is confronted with an army of bookmakers standing in solid phalanx on the dry slippery grass of the lawn. I should say there would be between two hundred and fifty and three hundred of them.

A Bad Day for Welshers

They have no boxes such as we had in the old days, but simply stand on the ground with a clerk beside them, whose business it is to record the bets. His employer's coat is usually decorated by a large brass badge inscribed with his name and home address. When you bet he simply hands you a numbered card and the clerk notes the amount and the odds laid. I might add that the lawn space is extremely limited. On big days the spectators are packed in. I noticed one bookmaker with his name spelt out in diamond letters about two inches long and pinned to the lapel of his coat. Others wore party-colored hats in order to be easily located by their customers.

It was as though bedlam broke loose. Everybody was shouting the odds at the top of his voice. The English bookmaker is by no means an example of the reticent self-contained Englishman we read so much about in the polite literature of our beloved country. It strikes one as being more like a grand congress of the world's prize ballyhoo men and side-show barkers, keyed up to concert pitch and supplemented by a flock of foghorns.

These bookies are known as Tattersalls Ring, but on every coign of vantage out in what we would call the center field and across the track facing the grand stand, men are perched, each wildly gesticulating. Other men equally strenuously employed are on the lawn. These are called the "Tick Tack Men," and in this sign language they convey to each other the odds on the various horses as they fluctuate up or down. These in turn advise the bookmakers, who are located out in the free field.

It would be hard to estimate how many bookmakers were doing business as free lances on Derby Day. Whole acres of territory were covered with their booths, which were flimsy wooden affairs, covered for the most part with gaudy bunting and carrying the owner's name, emblazoned in letters which could be read half a mile away.

They come from all over England and some are perfectly reliable, having an old-established clientele; but for the stranger the safest way is not to bet with such gentry.

Long before the Derby started and after the second race of the day had been run, we passed the wreckage of several of these flimsy institutions. The wrong horse had won and the bookmaker had not stood upon the order of his going, but had left that place. There was nothing for his erstwhile clients to do but to wreck the works.

At one point I noticed an excited crowd surrounding a little man with a cockney accent that one could cut with a knife. They were winners on the second race, who wanted their money.

"I'll settle awfter the Darby," he pleaded. "Give me a chawnce, cawn't you?"

But his creditors were obdurate; so a policeman was called and the case stated in forcibly punctuated sentences.

"Ah, quite so," agreed the guardian of the peace. "'E's a welsher, of course, but I cawn't do anything, y'know. The Jockey Club don't recognize betting."

"And you won't get our money for us?"

The bobby shook his head with finality. "Sorry. Cawn't do a thing, y'know. We don't recognize betting."

While you could clap your hands the recalcitrant bookmaker was carried off his feet and disappeared in the midst of a seething, struggling mob. It was like a lone rat being thrown into a pit with fifteen terriers. Later he emerged from the mêlée minus most of his clothing, bedraggled and buffeted from head to foot. The policeman viewed the proceedings with a certain judicial tolerance, but made no effort to arrest any of the participants.

As before stated, the race for the Derby is a national institution; moreover, a universal holiday. No stranger can view it without being made thoroughly cognizant of that fact. The Englishman goes about his preparations for the due celebration of this day with a certain method, which distinguishes him in most of his activities, sporting or otherwise. As a rule he makes up a party. I was fortunate enough to be included in that of Captain Barry, a London producer and agent for our own George C. Tyler. As early as eight o'clock in the morning we motored down from London through the pleasant Surrey roads, forming part of the endless chain of conveyances which stretched all the way from the Downs clean back to the heart of the big city.

Every conceivable method of transportation was represented, from the high-powered touring car to the coster with his cart, more often than not loaded to the guards with rosy-faced youngsters, and his pony's trappings embellished with gaudy-colored ribbons.

It was fortunate that we made such an early start, because two hours later in the day the road became well-nigh impassable, and the vehicles crawled along it at a snail's pace. So great was the throng that this was continued until the races of the day were nearly over.

This may seem peculiar from the American standpoint, but not from that of our British cousin. The day is sacred to him, and whether he sees a race or not he is going to observe the occasion *in propria persona* by visiting the Downs, even if he has nothing but his journey for his pains.

When our party arrived at the course we found that a marquee had been set up and a private inclosure fenced in. Our location was just a few yards from the famous Tattenham Corner. A very efficient policeman showed us where our motor was to be parked, and strange as it may seem with such a tremendous throng there was an almost unbelievable order.

Up Hill and Down Dale

Of course there was a luncheon—not a basket affair by any means, but a regular honest-to-goodness function of six courses with champagne. The service was most excellent, but before that a few of us crossed over to the track proper and viewed at close range the historic Tattenham Corner.

Now I want to say that as far as this famous and sacred pathway is concerned it does not conform in a single respect to what anyone would consider the requirements of American racing. From the top of the high ground on what we would call the back stretch and rounding the turn there must be a drop of two and a half or three feet. Since the course was first used there is no indication that those in control ever made the slightest attempt to level it. The turf evidently is in its original condition, possibly has been rolled after bad weather—but leveled? Never. Just hills and hollows, as no doubt it was in its virgin state. Even the top rail is not laid evenly. In places it had the general aspect of an old-time fence, jutting out in some places and receding in others. No attempt has been made to throw up or bank the corners; in spots the track slopes away from the inner rail at the most perilous angle, particularly when the grass is dry and slippery. Twenty yards away it may slope from the outside in. No course ever invented was more liable to throw a galloper off his stride. Personally I would hate to take the chance of running a first-class horse over it, and I can quite imagine the force of the argument when we are frequently told by experts that the best horse is often beaten in the big stake at Epsom.

(Continued on Page 70)

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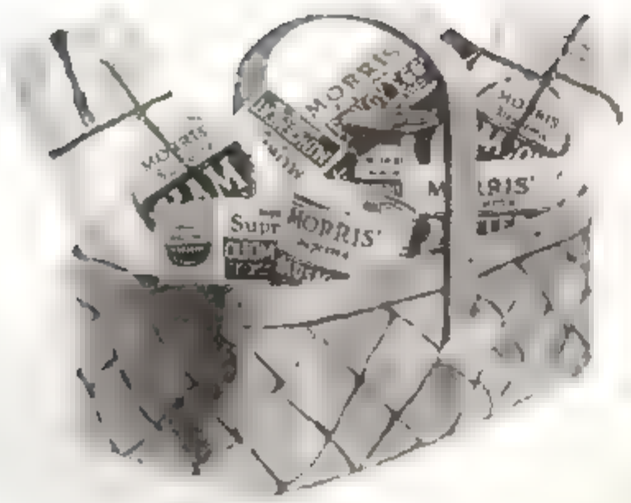

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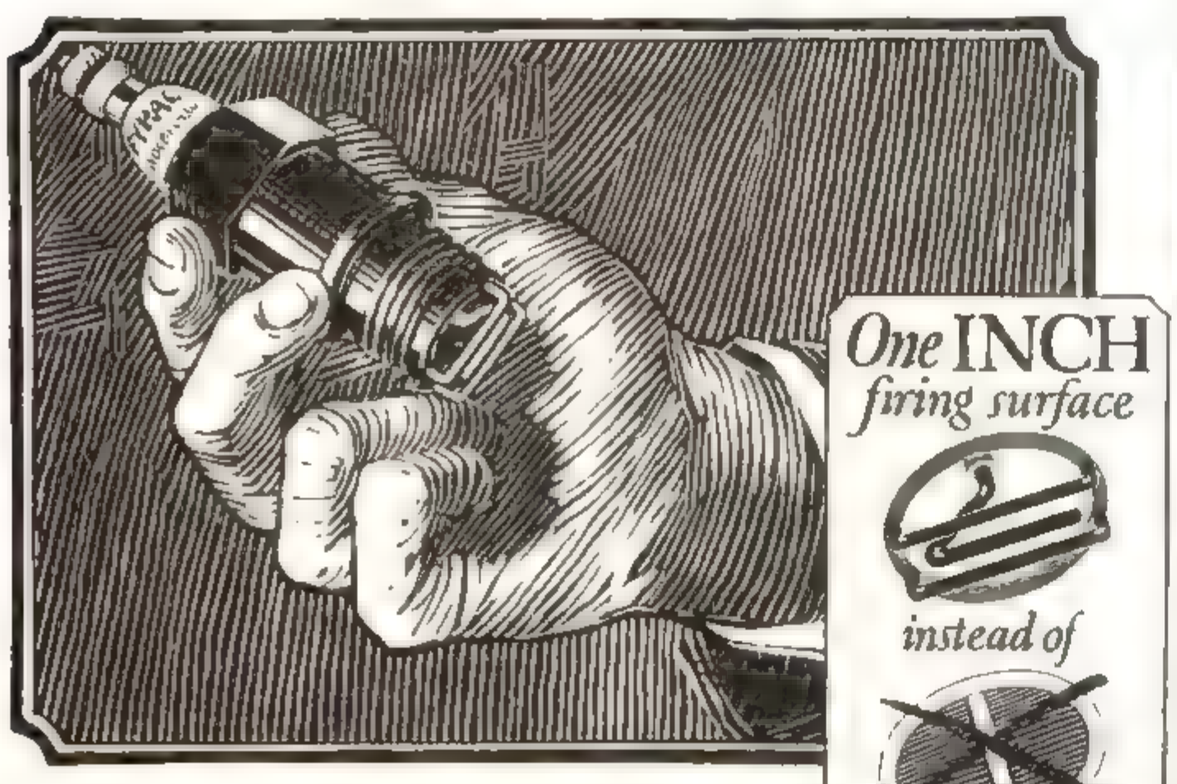

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YOU know what an ordinary spark plug looks like—with its single sparking point. Now take FYRAC in your hand. Look at Fyrac's INCH of firing surface. Then realize what it means.

Touch the button of the demonstrator on your dealer's counter. It flashes FYRAC into life. See how FYRAC sparks at 7 to 10 places simultaneously along its stout firing wires.

Then picture those hissing, crackling sparks in your motor, igniting all the gasoline vapor—giving new life to your motor, reducing gasoline-formed carbon, eliminating much of your spark plug cleaning, and lasting months after points of ordinary spark plugs would be shriveled beyond use.

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We have arranged with Fyrac dealers to present you with a certificate *worth $1* to apply on purchase price of a set of Fyrac plugs for your car. If your dealer cannot fill your order, write us—we will see that you are supplied on this basis.

To get best results from any motor we have always recommended the use of a set of Fyrac plugs and make this offer to get you started.

(Continued from Page 67)

We were considering this aspect of English racing, perhaps from the too practical standpoint, and were accompanied by an American gentleman who has been prominent in the building of railroads and other national activities.

"Well," said he at length, "why don't they go to work and fix it? What is the use of having it this way? With a gang of men I could straighten out that fence in half a day, and it would not take very long to plow the course up all around the turn, level it, and bank it up to the outside, so that all the trouble would be eliminated and every horse and rider would have an equal chance."

In the very innocence of his heart that bird did not know he was treading on the very ragged edges of perdition. Captain Barry lifted one hand in mild protestation. His companions regarded the speaker with the indulgent air of a child who has babbled unknowingly; but in a case of this kind the Britisher is always more than polite.

"It could not be done," answered the gallant captain firmly as soon as he had found his voice. "Why, my dear sir, what would the Derby be without Tattenham Corner? It's the tradition; it's been here for a hundred and thirty-nine years; nobody would even dream of suggesting that we should change it!"

So there you have got to the cube root of it now. Tradition is keeping Tattenham Corner on the map.

The day was baking hot, not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun was registering one hundred and five in the open. It might be added that none of our party took the slightest interest in the races which preceded the main event. All around us on every side and as far as one could see, the Downs were one black mass of humanity. Gypsies with their wagons were assembled by the thousand. Stout Englishwomen were staggering up the rickety steps of the ramshackle wagons to drink deep at the fountain of Egyptian lore. Other swarthy-faced women with babies in their arms were mingling with the crowd, begging. "Give the baby a shilling and you'll have luck, sir." They were gathering in a harvest too. The Britisher has his superstitions.

His Majesty Puts One Over

Down at the paddock the cream of London society, top-hatted, frock-coated, be-spatted, be-caned and in many instances be-monocled, accompanied by equally aristocratic women, were strolling about and examining the candidates critically. King George himself appeared in a gray top hat with coat and trousers to match. In this case he put one over on the Johnnies, 90 per cent of whom were attired in the conventional black morning coat and the usual appurtenances belonging thereto. Perhaps there is a grim vein of humor lurking in his royal highness' personality. Who can tell? Let us give him the best of the going.

Thirty horses were carded to start. It was a tremendous field from our point of view, and when one comes to consider that with half a dozen horses taken out there was little left worthy to be labeled as class it was a wonderful manifestation of gameness on the part of their respective owners. The saddling of a Derby candidate partakes of all the attributes of a sacred rite. There is none of that airy persiflage or badinage we not infrequently see at home between rival owners and trainers on such occasions. Everything is conducted with a gravity past understanding.

From the betting ring one can hear the dull roar of the bookmakers. Somehow or another it appears incongruous and out of place amidst such surroundings. Then at last all is ready and they file slowly out. All but Donoghue, England's crack jockey, who was carded to ride Captain Cuttle. He mounted his horse, rode him a few paces, then dismounted again, taking the racer into a corner and giving him a brief examination; the horse limped a little as he went forward. There was a consultation between the jockey, the owner and the trainer, after which he remounted and galloped straight to the starting post, taking no part in the regular parade.

At the post there was a long delay; the field was a top-heavy one and some of the three-year-olds were acting badly. There was plenty of time to reach the drag on which we had journeyed out on Tattenham Corner. For nearly half an hour the immense throng stood silently under a sun which was almost depressing. Nobody voiced a protest. It was all part of the game. Then at last came the hoarse cry "They're off!" Again we waited for action, but we did not get a glimpse of the runners until they gained the top of the ridge, previous to making the first turn for the Corner; and in this respect I do not suppose anybody ever saw the full running of the Derby, from post to finish, unless he rode the last horse in the race.

As the racers came down the hill they were strung out. Probably a hundred and fifty yards separated the leader and the last horse. Rounding the turn at Tattenham Corner, Jacquot was in front by about a length, Captain Cuttle, Tamar and St. Louis being in close attendance. Once straight the veriest tyro could see that the race was over, because Donoghue went to the front with Captain Cuttle as though the rest of them were tied to a post. St. Louis, the favorite, dropped back to fourth place, and Pondoland, who had given the empire such a jolting sensation, was never heard of. A remarkable incident of this race lay in the fact that for four years, namely, 1918, 1919, 1921 and 1922, Lord Astor's entry finished second in England's biggest event.

Miss Gwendoline's Half-Holiday

There was none of that wild applause that greets the winner at home. The good old rebel yell from the South was missing. There were no voices lifted in supplication. To the pilgrim the acclaim was more in the nature of a polite appreciation. Stilled was the roar from stentorian throats beseeching some jockey to sit down and ride, no wild shouting from the inner field.

It is true, of course, that we were permitted to get only the briefest glimpse of the race. But then, wherefore all this talk? We saw as much of it as anybody else did, and that's some comfort. Nevertheless, and towering above all these things, we rest in the happy thought that we have helped our British brother to celebrate his Day of Days. And when you come to think of it, and when they have all sung their closing hymns, you have got to hand these islanders some of the lights and flowers. You cannot help giving him credit for having the strength of his convictions and sticking to his ideals until the last dog is shot. For a hundred and thirty-nine summers and winters he and his father and his great-great-grandfather before him have had only one red-letter day in their calendar, and he does not mind whether the sun shines or the rain descends in torrents, because for another hundred and thirty-nine years he will still be making his annual pilgrimage to this sacred shrine of sport.

And do not forget that through it all, and whether his tracks are good, bad or indifferent, he has laid the foundation for the superlative in speed, and with years of careful and intelligent breeding has developed the thoroughbred horse to his present state of excellence. So when you rise in your place and try to tell him how he ought to train his horses and prescribe for him some nostrum which is guaranteed to be a cure-all he calmly refers you to his record of achievement and lets it go at that.

Not the least important phases of the race for the Derby are the various sweepstakes or lotteries, which are conducted in all portions of the empire for months previous to the running of the race. Of these the famous Calcutta Sweep, as it is called, is the most important, and this year the amount of money involved was two hundred and ninety-one thousand pounds. The holder of the ticket on Captain Cuttle was a Miss Gwendoline Thomas, who was employed in the secretary's department of the Royal Insurance Company's office in Liverpool. To her, of course, went the first prize, of one hundred and sixteen thousand pounds. The holder of the ticket on the second horse received fifty-eight thousand pounds, and of the third something over twenty-nine thousand pounds. We are gravely informed by "our own correspondent" that as soon as Miss Thomas heard the result of the race she put on her hat and knocked off work for the day.

So that's the story of the Derby, as I saw it. I cannot describe to you anything about the gowns affected by the ladies or whether Queen Mary wore her gloves turned down at the wrists or pulled clean up to the elbows, but I think I am correct in stating that skirts were worn longer, but not quite ankle length. There are some things a man is bound to take notice of.

A tip to Mr. Kelly, country merchant

—on how he can secure more farm trade

C. E. KELLY, merchant in Caledonia, Marion County, Ohio, whose trade with farm folks comprises 75 per cent of his total, complains that "the manufacturers are not backing us up with advertising like they do the city stores."

"I carry the well-known products," he says, "but I think the national advertisers ought to help me more through the use of farm papers."

We would call Mr. Kelly's attention to the advertising pages of Farm & Fireside, a copy of which we are sending him.

And to the list, below, of the lines of merchandise advertised regularly in this great national farm publication.

In this book, at least, manufacturers of nationally known goods are backing Mr. Kelly up and creating for him, in his own county, a very special sales opportunity.

It will pay Mr. Kelly to take hold of it. Other country merchants are making Farm & Fireside advertising work for them with great success, and he, too, can use it to secure more farm trade.

Suggestions for Mr. Kelly

Two things are necessary to enable you to get the most sales value out of Farm & Fireside advertising:

First, give preference to the lines of merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside; and, second, let the farm families in Marion County know that you have them.

The resources you have at your command are your counter and shelf space; your windows; your newspapers and other forms of local advertising media. In your store and in your windows make frequent displays of the products, and put with them a sign reading, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside." In your local newspapers feature the same articles and use the same slogan, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside."

Clip from current issues of Farm & Fireside the advertisements of articles which you carry and which you think will appeal to your trade, and paste these advertisements on the glass in your window. Another good idea is that of placing these clippings alongside of the articles, as they are displayed on your counters and in your glass cases.

But, most important of all, write to the manufacturers of these goods. Tell them you want to get all the value you can out of the money they are spending to help you by advertising in Farm & Fireside. Ask them for suggestions. You will be surprised at the many good ideas they can pass on to you from the experience of other merchants in your particular line, and at the helpful material they can furnish you to carry out your plans.

Special offer

Probably you have some good ideas of your own. If so, send them along. For any idea, plan, or scheme that we can use, showing how retail merchants in any line can get more sales from Farm & Fireside advertising, we will pay $25. See list of products below.

Many merchants like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise. To enable you to do this, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside The American Magazine Woman's Home Companion Collier's The National Weekly The Mentor

Tie *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Absorbine
Advance Brake Lining
All-Weather Coat Shields
American Insurance & Telegraph Co.
Barrett Everlastic Roofing
Burpee Seeds
Case Tractors
Champion Spark Plugs
Clothcraft Clothes
Columbia Dry Batteries
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Dodge Cars
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators
Devoe Paints
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-A-Ce-A
Du Pont Products
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlight Battery
Freezone
Gillette Razors
Goodrich Tires
Goodyear Tires
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hood Workshu
Hudson Cars
Hupmobile Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvesters
Iver Johnson's Bicycles & Guns
Jewett Cars
Kelly Springfield Tires
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Planet Jr. Implements
Potash
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Red Baby Speed Trucks
Red Star Timer
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Shaler Vulcanizer
Simmons Beds
Sun Maid Raisins
Swift Products
Titan 10-20 Tractor
Union Carbide
U. S. Tires
Viko Aluminum Utensils
Waterbury Watches
Wear-Ever Utensils
Whiting-Adams Brushes
Wright Bias Fold Tape

Use Dyanshine Economically!

DON'T be wasteful. Use Dyanshine sparingly. Press the dauber against the neck of the bottle until nearly dry. It will contain ample polish for two shoes.

Just apply Dyanshine occasionally. When a shine becomes dull it usually needs brushing instead of more polish.

Rightly used, Dyanshine is unusually economical. It is unequalled for children's shoes.

Insist on Barton's—the original combination color restorer and shoe polish. Fifty shines for fifty cents.

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BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

THE DEADFALL

(Continued from Page 9)

Duncan stooped and pulled at a bent wire that projected slightly from the front edge of the cushion. It drew all the way out; he lifted the end of the tarp, showing the loops of waxed thread through which the wire had passed. There was plenty of room between the cloth and the springs.

"Satisfied, sheriff?"

Mackenzie rubbed his chin.

"Looks like it was Steve, sure enough. Obliged to you for settin' me right, Lin."

Duncan jerked a hand at Cole.

"He had the right notion, first off, Mackenzie."

The sheriff nodded. His glance moved back to the young pines, where Duncan had already cut and trimmed perhaps twenty slender logs and stacked them in a long, slanting pile, one end on the earth, the other supported by a cross piece between two standing trees.

"Cuttin' a sight o' poles, Lin. Aim to build you a curin' barn?"

Duncan's eyes barely met his.

"Figured I better, Mackenzie. Got to make some tobacco, come spring, or go hungry, now Steve's—now Steve's run out on me. Mail money used to pay f'r the groc'ries."

Mackenzie nodded for answer and moved away. Sim Cole swaggered after him. The car scrambled over the loose sand, turned and jolted gingerly out of the clearing. At the fork Mackenzie broke the silence:

"Drive down to the ford, Sim."

Cole threw out the clutch and argued the point:

"Pretty soft down thataway, sheriff. Might easy get mired."

"Reckon we better risk it, Sim."

The deputy hesitated as if on the edge of a definite rebellion. Mackenzie's authority had worn thin in the last twenty-four hours. But he turned the car toward the swamp without speaking. The road dipped down in a series of gentle loops, each with a mudhole at its foot. Presently, as they came out on the last dry crest, they could see the yellow-gray flood water of the branch, swollen out of its low-banked channel and all but covering the thick tangle of shrub and creeper, so that only the bare tree trunks lifted above it. Cole stopped the car, and the sheriff got out and walked to the edge of the water. He stood there for what seemed to Cole a very long and futile time.

Even in midsummer drought the swamp measured a good four miles along the branch, with a width of two or three hundred yards on either side where the footing was dangerously soft and the moccasins were plentiful. Now it was almost a lake, its width doubled, passable only here and at the wooden bridge four miles below. The water must be four feet deep at the channel. No car could possibly get through. Mackenzie's delay on the bank annoyed Sim Cole, eager to tell his new story to receptive ears back in Tyre. He called out sharply:

"Need a boat to get through, Sheriff—let's go back."

Mackenzie came slowly to the car and climbed in.

"A raft might do, I reckon," he said as Cole backed and filled to turn in the narrow space. He moved his head in an oblique nod. "All right, Sim. Wouldn't wonder if you did a mite of talkin' back in town. Looks like you got a right to crow over the old man this time, sure enough."

Cole did not answer, but Mackenzie could see his ear move back as if to give him room for that wide, flat, triumphant grin.

III

RUFE McLEAN was waiting at the office—a tall, stooped fellow with puzzled, beaten eyes. He fumbled awkwardly with his rusty hat, as if it were Mackenzie and not he who had the grievance.

"Reckoned I'd stop in, sheriff. Done heard somethin' ——"

"Saved me the ride over to your place, Rufe."

Mackenzie shook hands. "Looks like I played the fool with your money."

McLean shook his head.

"I ain't blamin' you none, sheriff. I'd 've trusted Steve with it jest like you done. You—you figure they's any chance to git him?"

Sim Cole broke in eagerly:

"Sure is, Rufe—if we git up a posse an' go up after him. He ain't got but a day's start on us, an' he's on foot. We'd ought ——"

"Sim, he's a great hand for a posse, Rufe." Mackenzie answered the silent question in McLean's glance. "He ain't lived in the hills like I have. Reckon we'd waste a sight of horse meat goin' up yonder after a hill boy 't knows the country like Sim an' me know the jail."

Cole laughed harshly.

"You're the sheriff. If it was me I'd be up yonder by now. But mebbe you'd ruther pay Rufe his four thousand out'n your own pocket than go ridin' after Steve Duncan." He cocked his hat and swung out of the room.

The sheriff's glance followed him mildly. He turned to McLean.

"Rufe, I owe you that money, like Sim says. I ain't got that much, but I'm fixin' to git it for you if you c'n wait a mite longer."

McLean twisted his hat.

"Sheriff, I hate to leave you do it. Don't seem right 't you sh'd pay ——"

"Reckon it's fair enough 't a man sh'd pay for his own mistakes, Rufe. I lost the money for you an' I'm bound to make it good."

"But"—McLean hesitated, avoided Mackenzie's glance—"but c'n you do it, sheriff? You ain't got that much, have you?"

"Aim to git it, like I said." Mackenzie smiled gently. "Reckon I know where I can git it right now, Rufe." He drew out an old wallet. "If fifty'd be any use I c'n spare it well's not."

McLean took the bills reluctantly.

"I sure hate to do it, only I been waitin' so long for Ross to settle ——"

Mackenzie watched him from the window. He did not stop at the group on the jail steps, where the sheriff could see Sim Cole's restless hands illustrating the story he was telling to attentive listeners. Mackenzie saw them turn and stare as McLean drove past. He went out, his brows wrinkled, his hands crossed behind him. The talk died down as he approached the jail. He nodded his greetings. There was an uncomfortable silence until a harsh laugh jarred through it. Mackenzie turned at the sound and surveyed Ross Breen deliberately, his cheeks puckered about the outer corners of his eyes. Breen had consoled himself with a refilled flask; wanting the stimulus of blockade liquor, he would have avoided company like this—grudged even the sparing talk such contacts demanded.

"Evenin', Ross. Reckon Sim's done told you ——"

"Sure did, sheriff!" Breen laughed again. "Next time you an' Rufe McLean fix to skin me reckon you'll know better'n to trust a hillbilly with the profits! Steve Duncan must be laughin' fit to die, with that four thousand ——"

Mackenzie eyed him steadily:

"Reckon Steve's laughin', Ross?"

Breen shrugged.

"Why wouldn't he? Anybody'd laugh 't had got all that easy money."

The sheriff shook his head gently.

"A mean boy might, Ross. An' Steve Duncan wasn't mean 't I ever noticed."

There was a matter of assent from the others. Steve had been popular. Sim Cole was quick to take issue with the general opinion:

"He was mean enough to steal, anyhow."

Mackenzie glanced at him.

"That's right, Sim. Takes a mean man, mostly, to make a thief, sure enough. Looks like Steve had us fooled all the while he lived here, don't it?"

"Never had me fooled," declared Cole. "Ketch me trustin' a hillbilly!"

"Mighty hard to fool you, Sim."

Mackenzie paid the tribute almost humbly. He went into the jail, where he and Cole slept. Behind him the talk began again—in cautious tones now. He stood just inside the door, listening. Sim Cole was giving them details. Mackenzie turned away. His brows were smooth again and there was even a thin smile at the corners of his mouth. You could count on Sim Cole to talk, anyhow.

Mackenzie stretched himself on his bed and folded his hands under his neck. He shut his eyes and lay still, while the murmur of voices drifted in to him. It was drawing toward dusk when he came out again, but the deputy and Breen were still

(Continued on Page 74)

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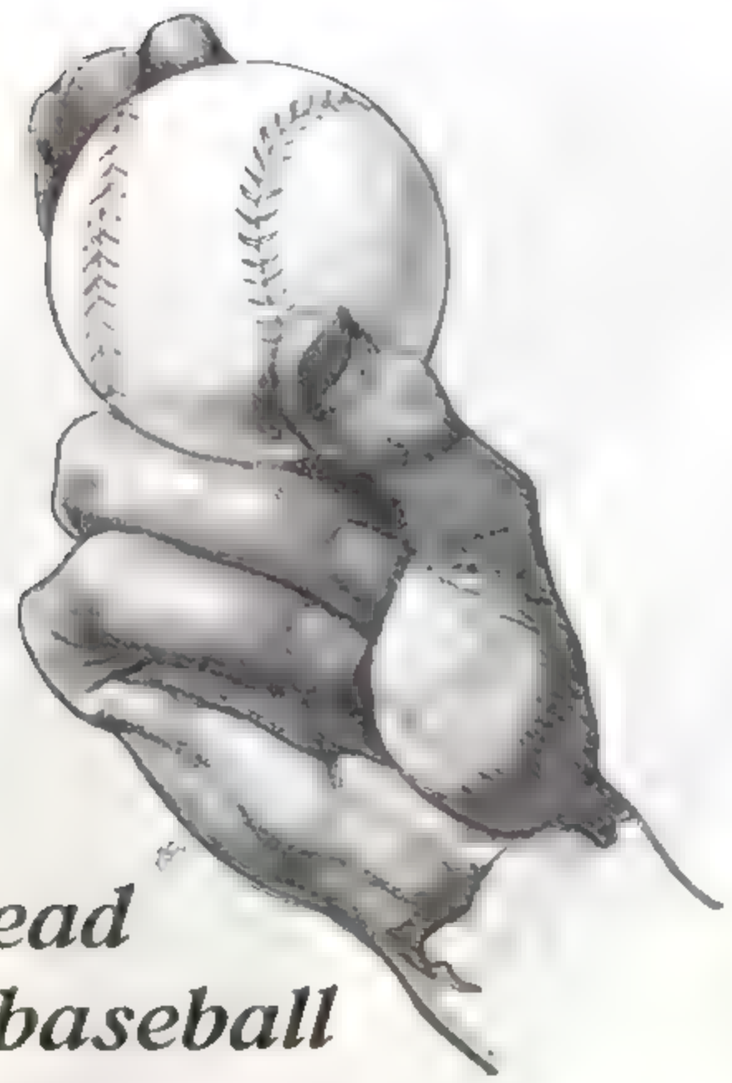

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on the steps, and Mackenzie heard Cole say impatiently:

"I done told you it was hid under the seat, Ross. Lin Duncan he took an' showed us how Steve worked it. That's how I knowed Steve must've got away with it. Nobody else knowed about that there hole, Lin says."

There was a pause. Then Breen spoke slowly.

"Reckon that settles it, like you say, Sim." He turned quickly at the sound of Mackenzie's step and hoisted his awkward bulk erect. "Got to git started back—done wasted a day talkin'."

Mackenzie shook his head. "Ain't wastin' time to talk to Sim, Ross. Reckon if I'd listened to him I wouldn't be in this jam, right now." He dropped one hand to Cole's shoulder. "You ain't been wastin' your time, Ross."

Breen glowered at the innocent old face; Cole twisted to shoot an oblique, suspicious look up at the sheriff. But there was no hint of irony in Mackenzie's smile.

"Don't know how I'd do this sheriffin' job without Sim," he pursued benignantly. "Look at how he figured out this business when I couldn't make head nor tail to it." He slapped Cole's shoulder lightly. "Why, Ross, it wouldn't surprise me a mite if Sim got me back that there money. No, sir!" He chuckled. "If it's anywhere's in reach a man as smart as Sim's plumb bound to figure out where it's hid. Jest give him time an' he'll put his finger on it, Ross."

Breen shrugged.

"Good luck for you if he does, Mackenzie."

He walked away. The two on the steps watched him untie his horse and climb awkwardly to the seat of the buckboard. Cole turned to the sheriff.

"Why'd you go sayin' all that to Ross? You ain't got no use for me——"

"Plumb wrong about that, Sim. Got a heap of use for you—a heap, sure enough. I'm bettin' on you to git that money back for me before mornin', Sim. Le's go git supper, first off."

The deputy studied him narrowly as they walked toward the hotel.

"I know you're funnin' when you talk thataway."

Mackenzie shook his head.

"Not me, Sim. Reckon you'll make a right pretty sheriff when you git your turn. Ain't much I c'n teach you. Only one thing, mebbe."

"What?" Cole's brows arched.

"Son, you ain't learned 't when you got to find out who done a mean trick the first thing is to go look for a mean man." He waited a moment. "Takes a right mean man to do a killin' for money, Sim—about the meanest kind they is."

"Killin'?" Cole stared. "They's nobody killed in this here business."

"Did I say killin'?" Mackenzie wagged his head. "Reckon I'm gettin' old, Sim."

They went in to supper, but Sim Cole was unwontedly silent at the table. He ate mechanically, his eyes on the old man opposite him.

Mackenzie chatted cheerfully with the others, generous in his praise of Cole's shrewdness.

"Sim, he figured right off 't Steve done it." He chuckled ruefully. "Made me look plumb foolish. I even had a notion 't somebody might've killed Steve and throwed him in the branch. Looks like I was gettin' too old for this sheriffin' job, gentlemen. Reckon it's about time Sim got a chance at it."

When they were back at the jail Cole broke out bluntly:

"What you gettin' at, sheriff? You figure somebody killed Steve, sure enough?"

"Got me kind of scared to figure, Sim. Ain't no reason to suppose it was thataway. Only when we was out to Lin Duncan's they was two-three things 't started me thinkin'. Kind of funny, Lin's cuttin' them poles——"

"Said he aimed to build him a curin' barn."

"I know. Only Lin never made no tobacco, an' it ain't too easy, Sim. An' I kind of thought he acted funny when he was tellin' us. Him an' Steve was right thick, an' Lin he talked like he was glad Steve done it."

Cole slapped his leg.

"Gorry, sheriff! Lin done it hisself! He knowed that hole was under the seat! I thought he acted funny, too, all the while he was showin' us——"

Mackenzie nodded slowly.

"Didn't I tell you an' Ross you'd git to the bottom of it, Sim? Reckon you an' me might ride out by Lin's when it's right dark—kind of funny about them poles. Lin he ain't no call to build a curin' barn. They ain't no good tobacco land on his place."

Cole scowled.

"Mebbe he's aimin' to fix up a raft like you said." He straightened. "That's it! He aims to drift down the branch before the water drops an' hide Steve's body so's it won't git found."

Again Mackenzie seemed to agree.

"I always counted on you, Sim. Shouldn't wonder if we got that there money by mornin'. Might's well git started, I reckon. Pretty nigh dark now."

By the time they reached the fork where the lane branched off to the Duncan clearing Cole had persuaded himself that his new theory was air-tight. He had begun to brag again, even to condescend tolerantly to Mackenzie.

"That was dead right, sheriff, what you said about lookin' for a mean man. I aim to remember that. Jest like you said—Steve Duncan wasn't mean. I'd ought to 've figured on that."

"Ain't many folks around here 't's mean enough to do a thing like this, Sim." Mackenzie touched his arm. "Better turn off the road right here. Walk the rest of the way."

Cole nodded and turned the car deftly aside where an overgrown timber track had left a gap. It was thickly dark, now that the headlights were out; they stumbled in the rutted lane. As they neared the clearing Mackenzie held back, choosing his path carefully, and Cole followed his example.

"What you aimin' to do, sheriff? Sneak up on him?"

"Figured we'd wait a spell, mebbe. Want to see——"

He stopped at the edge of the clearing. There was a dull light in the shanty window.

"Reckon we'll wait here, Sim."

He groped his way to a seat on a fallen tree. Cole squatted beside him. The deputy was excited, eager.

"You figure he aims to git away tonight, sheriff?"

"Mebbe. Watch a while, anyhow. An' I reckon we better not talk, Sim." He chuckled softly. "Reckon you c'n stand it, keepin' your mouth shet, Sim?"

Cole grunted sulkily but said nothing. The two men waited while the minutes dragged. The night grew audible by degrees, faint, far-away noises creeping stealthily nearer, seemingly, the low, furtive calls of night birds, the creak of swaying trees and the hushed whisper of the pine needles. Cole held his tongue stubbornly. The mild rebuke, after so much compliment, had bitten deep. It was Mackenzie who broke the silence at last.

"Funny—figured we'd see somethin' before this." He stood up slowly. "Walk careful, Sim. I aim to take a look through the window."

Cole did not answer. They approached the yellow oblong cautiously. Together they looked in at the single room. At first it seemed empty. Then Cole stiffened and whispered:

"Dead, by gorry! See—on the bunk, yonder!"

The sheriff sprang for the door, Cole at his heels. It was unfastened and they burst in together. The distorted huddle on the bunk heaved and twisted. Cole stopped short, but Mackenzie plunged forward. The lamplight distorted the face that looked up from the tumbled blankets, but Cole knew it for Lin Duncan. And he saw, now, that the hillman's hands were bound behind him and his knees and ankles fastened to the frame of the bunk. Mackenzie's big jackknife flashed and the twisted figure relaxed.

"Got here too late, after all, Lin! I'm right sorry—you hurt, anywheres?"

Duncan laughed, a thin, high sound, almost joyous.

"Only where them ropes cut, Mackenzie. Kind of figured you'd be along before I died o' thirst, 'r I wouldn't 've dared to leave him tie me up thataway."

Cole stared blankly from one to the other, his jaw sagging. Duncan sat up unsteadily, and Cole saw that his feet were bare.

"Fixin' to make you tell him, was he?" Mackenzie frowned. "Did he——"

Again the man on the bunk laughed in the shrill, thin tone that set Sim Cole's teeth on edge.

"No, sheriff. I give in when he went to hold the lamp under 'em." He laughed once more. "He let on he'd burn 'em clean off if I told him wrong."

Cole's curiosity found words at last:

"You let him git it? Who ——"

Duncan turned to survey him with a long, even stare.

"Obliged to you. Reckon it was you 't told him I got that there money. Figured you'd talk, same as you done this mornin'."

He showed his teeth.

"Never held with free talkers much, but you come in handy sure enough, young feller."

"I'd ought to've started sooner, Lin. I figured he'd wait till dark afore he come."

"Who?" Cole exploded again. "Who you talkin' about?"

Mackenzie turned to him.

"Sim, one o' these days you're liable to be sheriff. You'd ought to take an' figure this thing out by yourself. Practice, kind of, for you. Who d'you think?"

Cole shook his head helplessly.

"Not Steve?"

"Try again, son. Steve wasn't mean, like you said. And Steve's dead, anyhow, ain't he, Lin?"

Duncan jerked his head in assent. Cole saw the mouth flatten over the teeth.

"I don't see ——"

Mackenzie spoke patiently:

"Here's how it looks to me, Sim: Might be wrong, but Lin c'n tell you if I am. They was a-plenty seen Ross Breen pay me that money; they all seen you go out and fetch Steve in; they seen him come out with that there fake package. Reckon most of 'em knowed what I wanted Steve for."

"But I don't see ——"

"I looked out the window when Steve drove off," said Mackenzie. "They was one man 't was there when he come in 't was gone when he come out. A mean man, Sim."

"But who?"

"I want you should git the practice, Sim. See can you figure it out without I tell you. I was kind of glad that man was gone before Steve come out. Didn't give him credit for thinkin' so quick as he done. But when I heard 't Steve's team had come home without him I remembered, and sort of wondered. Kind of thought that money'd be under the seat when we come out here this mornin', Sim. When Lin showed us how Steve worked that trick I knowed who had the money. It had to be Steve, like you thought, or else Lin. An' I knowed it wasn't Steve."

"How?" Cole's wits were at work at last. "I don't ——"

"I done told you three-four times. Steve Duncan wasn't mean, Sim. If Steve took it he had to be a right low-down kind of thief. I knowed he wasn't. So Lin had it. An' when I watched him tellin' you it must be Steve I kind of guessed what he was up to."

"How?" repeated Cole.

"I knowed what I'd do if it was me, an' I knowed Lin an' me looked at things the same way, mostly. Lin he'd figure 't somebody'd killed Steve to git the money he found under the seat; he'd know the feller didn't git the money, and he'd know 't if Steve was alive he'd 've come home with his team. He'd figure 't if he give the money back to me the feller 't killed Steve wouldn't make another try to git it. That the way it was, Lin?"

Duncan nodded.

"Knowed he'd figure I got it soon as the story got around about that seat. Aimed to handle it my way, Mackenzie, or I'd 've told you first off."

"Didn't need to tell me, Lin. I knowed." Mackenzie's tone changed. "You find Steve yet, Lin?"

"Come sunup this mornin'. Fixed me a raft and went down the branch. Shot behind the ear—close up. Reckon he give Breen a lift ——"

"Breen!" Cole gasped as the truth came clear. "An' I been talkin' to him all evenin' tellin' him jest what he aimed to find out!"

"Talkin' comes in handy sometimes, Sim." Mackenzie spoke gravely. "I handled this thing all wrong—you done jest what Lin an' me both wanted. But I give Ross Breen a chance to git here ahead of me, an' Lin give him a chance to git the drop ——"

"We'll git him, though!" Cole straightened. "He dassent go back in the hills, an' if he don't ——"

"I'm right sorry, Lin. I aimed to ketch him right here—don't blame you a mite for tellin' him where at you had the money hid."

Duncan reached under the bunk and pulled out the sheaf of bills.

"Reckon it's all there, sheriff. Ain't counted it, but ——"

"But—but"—Mackenzie showed his first sign of bewilderment—"why didn't he come back when he didn't find it where you said?"

Duncan's face tightened with a queer, jerking grimace.

"Reckon we better go look," he said slowly. "I told him I buried it under that stack o' poles I been cuttin' out all day." He pulled on his boots and took up the lamp. The three men crossed the clearing to where something lay very still under a crushing weight of slender logs. Duncan stood, shielding the lamp from a feeble stir of wind.

"Changed my mind about buildin' me a curin' barn, sheriff. Took a notion to use them poles for a deadfall, like we used to make for b'ar back in the hills. Looks like I ain't forgot how, don't it?"

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 7)

It frustrated the power of public opinion in determining the policy of the state; it converted the Diet into a mere debating society whose principal function is to make noise; it nullified the authority of the cabinet, and it made party alignment a joke.

The status of the two leading parties—the Seiyu-kai and the Kensei-kai—will illustrate what has been going on in Japan for years. Although the former, headed by Viscount Takahashi, is ostensibly the party of the agrarians, and the latter is the alleged constitutional group with Viscount Kato, father of the Twenty-one Demands, as chieftain, there is really very little difference between them.

Their attitude on the question of universal manhood suffrage is typical. Both parties really favor unrestricted male suffrage, but neither one wants the other to get credit for its passage. Baron Goto, mayor of Tokio and one of the shrewdest politicians in Japan, summed them up when he said to me: "Both the leading parties sing the same tune. The only difference is in the meter."

The one party in Japan with a punch and a purpose is the Kokumin-to, which is composed of the Nationalists. It would be called the Liberal or Labor Party in any other country. Its two leading figures are Yukio Ozaki, Japan's foremost liberal leader, about whom you will hear more later on in this article, and K. Inukai.

The Kokumin-to Party introduced the army-limitation program into the Diet and has advocated the shortening of compulsory military service. Largely through the instrumentality of Ozaki this group made the first appeal for disarmament and it has been the consistent foe of militarism. If Japan is to emerge finally from the thrall of reaction the Kokumin-to Party must get the major credit for it.

One of the principal obstacles to real parliamentary government in Japan—and it bears directly upon the present evolution—is the provision of a certain ordinance that the Ministers of War and Navy must be active or retired officers of the army and navy. These two ministers have always been named by the Genro, and no cabinet member from Premier down could take his seat without first expressing accord with the policy of these two all-important colleagues. If the Minister of War or Navy resigned the whole Cabinet had to go. This grew out of the well-known fact that the War Office and not the Foreign Office dictated Japanese foreign policy. Moreover, the Genro named every Premier. This performance differs from the usual European procedure, where a retiring Premier, upon the fall of the government, automatically indicates his successor. Thus the Genro became the supreme arbiters of government. The Emperor approved of their every ruling and was in consequence little more than a figurehead.

The interesting feature of the Genro business was that technically it did not

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By Natalie Norris

MEN are queer creatures. They would have us impeccably clad as a Poiret mannequin and still they will rail and fume if we keep them waiting a mere half hour while we put the finishing touches to our toilette.

It is a wise girl, however, who turns a deaf ear to such masculine upbraidings and who, just for good measure, spends an extra ten minutes or so before her mirror to be on the safe side.

For, no matter what we may hear to the contrary, men are extremely critical of milady's dress. A skirt that reveals just a wee patch of petticoat, a hat that's just a trifle askew, or, heaven help us! a stocking with a crooked seam up the back will be spotted instanter by the first man we meet.

And that takes me right back to my old contention that there is no excuse for a crooked stocking seam, simply because there is no longer any need for seams at all.

A seam, you know, was first put in the stocking to make it fit a little better. In exchange for one fault, however, it brought another. The seam refused to stay in a prim straight line, but ran every which-way in crooked disorder.

The many "so-called" seamless stockings at that time were shapeless pipes of knitted goods with just as many needles to the ankle as they had to the leg. After the first laundering they lost all semblance of their pressed-in shape and were hopeless objects for any woman with the least bit of pride in her dress.

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exist. In order to give it a legal excuse for existence the Privy Council came into being, and during his lifetime Prince Yamagata was president. It was the official phonograph that expressed the Genro bidding. I refer to the Privy Council because it will figure in the process of Japan in transition.

The Genro procedure, it is almost needless to say, was one of various survivals of the feudal idea. Another and less familiar detail is the persistence of the old clan power. The two leading Japanese clans today are the Choshu and the Satsuma. They are the direct descendants of the daimio, or war lords, of centuries ago. Japan's greatest modern soldiers, sailors and statesmen have in the main been members of the Choshu or Satsuma clan. Yamagata, Inouye and Ito—the big three in the Genro—were Choshu men, while Oyama and Matsukata were Satsuma.

Although these clans worked together for the upbuilding of the empire there has always been keen rivalry between them. The Choshus have dominated the army while the Satsumas led in the navy. Since Yamagata was of the Choshu you can now understand why the Japanese Army has always had the pull, so to speak, in national affairs. Until the crisis of last June, which I shall shortly describe, it continued to have the inside track even after the death of Yamagata, in February. Despite the naval exploits in the war with Russia, Genro influence has invariably favored the army. The fact that army reduction has not followed in the wake of big-ship limitation is just one further evidence that the army still has the inside track. The army, or rather the War Office, remains the stronghold of reaction in Japan and is determined to oppose any curtailment of its prerogatives as long as possible.

An almost amusing revelation of clan rivalry, not without significance, developed shortly before Yamagata's death early this year. When the young Prince Regent returned from his trip to Europe his betrothal to the Princess Nagako was widely discussed. She is the daughter of Prince Kuni, a member of the Satsuma clan. Almost the last act of Yamagata's long and stirring life was to protest against this marriage, because he insisted the heir should wed a Choshu lady. He even threatened to resign as president of the Privy Council. I refer to this episode because when I got back to Japan in June formal announcement of the royal engagement was made. It merely shows that the Choshu influence is waning.

Baron Kato, the New Premier

With Yamagata's death a new epoch in Japan opened. Although there are still two surviving Genro—Marquis Matsukata and Prince Saionji—the old political trust may be said to have ended. Matsukata and Saionji are very old men. The latter was failing rapidly when I left Japan. Except for merely perfunctory conferences they do not appear actively in the councils of the nation.

The most convincing evidence that the Genro rule has ceased to be absolute came early in June, when the Takahashi Government collapsed. I happened to be in Japan at the time, and caught the spirit that animated what may be called the new order at first hand.

In the day of Genro dictation a new Premier would have been named almost immediately by the Elder Statesmen without outside consultation. In this case there was considerable delay. In the first place the formality of consulting the Marquis Matsukata had to be gone through with, but it is interesting to note that it was regarded as a formality. Prince Saionji had just suffered a collapse and was inaccessible. The real responsibility for the negotiations rested with Viscount Kiyoura, who succeeded Yamagata as president of the Privy Council. The fact to be remembered is that he discussed the choice with many persons before submitting a name to the Prince Regent. This in itself showed that the old formula was crumbling.

The Japanese reactionaries expected that Kiyoura would be the next Premier and his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the post. It was the first change in government since the Washington conference and although Japan, so far as the navy is concerned, acquiesced to limitation, the army crowd, as I have intimated, still held out for its old strength. It was a golden opportunity for a stand-patter like Kiyoura to get into the saddle.

But Kiyoura was the only out-and-out reactionary mentioned for the premiership. Among those gossiped about were Baron Saito, Governor-General of Korea, whose liberal attitude has begun to neutralize the bitter hostility of the natives, and Baron Den, Governor-General of Formosa, who also is not without advanced ideas. That men of this stamp should be mentioned alone showed the new tendency.

Much more astonishing was the actual choice of Premier in the person of Admiral Baron T. Kato, who was chief Japanese delegate to the Washington conference, and who made such a favorable impression during his stay in America. Lean, lithe, with a long sharp face, this veteran of the sea, for he was Admiral Togo's chief of staff at the historic battle of Tsushima, now faces an extraordinary opportunity for the use of his high talents, both as executive and diplomat. He is not a member of any party and can therefore bring about coalition. Since his return from Washington he has expressed such strong concurrence in the principles that animated the conference as to leave no doubt as to his future attitude. In fact Admiral Kato so aroused the antagonism of some reactionaries in Japan that when he returned in March elaborate precautions were taken by the police at Yokohama and Tokio to protect him. The authorities had learned their lesson when Prince Tokugawa, another delegate, came back a month previous. He was the victim of a hostile demonstration. The grievance against Kato was that he had surrendered too much at Washington. I tell this story to show the caliber of the man who is now at the head of the Japanese cabinet. From what I have heard him say I am convinced that he will do his utmost to keep Japan to her new policy of peaceful and not forceful penetration abroad, and a larger liberalism at home. Like most navy men he is opposed to the occupation of Siberia, which is purely an army venture.

A Commercial Genro

All this leads to the important query: What will succeed the Genro as the power behind the throne? In the answer lies the key to the future of Japan.

That the Genro, as an institution, is doomed, there is no doubt. Not only does the physical passing of the old war horses proclaim the end of the régime but popular feeling is beginning to align itself against a renewal of the system which has so persistently defeated the popular will.

For the moment the Privy Council is the accredited successor, but this organ must eventually become more and more the servant of the people. There is a strong impression among clear-thinking Japanese of all political faiths that the new authority will be embodied in what for the want of something better will be called a commercial genro. Its main function will be to establish a close but constructive alliance between the government and big business. In short, it will do for commercial and financial development what the Elder Statesmen did for politics and imperialism.

The link between big business and the government is no new feature in Japan; in fact many cabinets have been privately labeled with the name of one of the many large families. Most of the dominant industries in Nippon are controlled by families. It has often been said that it is impossible to know where the government begins and where these family connections end or vice versa. But this kind of liaison has been for private gain. The commercial genro will aim for a larger national benefit.

In the preceding article of this series I made a passing reference to the commercial-genro idea as it fitted into the larger drama of the changing East. A more detailed explanation is in order here, because it is an essential phase of Japan in transition.

The need of a commercial hierarchy that will be a balance wheel is obvious. If you know the economic situation in Japan you know that depression hangs like a pall over the country. Only a drastic readjustment can save the nation from panic, and there seems little inclination to retrench. The reasons for this condition are: Inflation, an adverse trade balance, failure to write off losses due to the world business collapse, the high cost of production, speculation and extravagance.

There is a deeper reason than those I have just given. It lies in the burden of

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excessive taxation for armaments. Long before the Washington conference assembled a few farsighted business men believed that there must be a change in the national attitude of aggression. Just as Herr Ballin and his colleagues warned William Hohenzollern that a European war would put the German Empire in eclipse, so did these enlightened Japanese business men protest to the General Staff that even preparations for war according to the program framed by the staff would be disastrous even before a shot was fired. But the militarists persisted because the Genro, largely Yamagata, held out the lure of a hypothetical enemy, and on this selling point got a yearly increase in the budget for army and navy. The Washington conference ended that menace and really saved Japan from national bankruptcy.

Now we get to the crux of the business. Japan in transition not only means political evolution but economic reversal as well. The country realizes that it must change from an agricultural nation into an industrial one; that industry, to be salvaged, must be intensified; and that, furthermore, those industries which depend upon raw materials like cotton and wool must be set up if possible in adjacent countries. It is dawning on Japan that in raw materials she is poverty-stricken. This is why she can never successfully wage or even initiate a war against the United States. It would be commercial suicide in the first place, for we are her best customers; and besides, she is without the natural resources, principally iron and steel, with which to conduct a conflict on the scale on which war is waged today.

This reference to war brings us to another absorbing Japanese problem, which is summed up in the question: Is militarism on the wane?

You would naturally think that naval limitation would have been followed almost immediately by a kindred cut in land forces. Such has not been the case, despite the fight made for it. The army, as I have already pointed out, has resisted reduction with every resource at its command.

The reason is that the War Office is reaction's last ditch. It was the Genro's favorite vehicle and it dominated every ministry. No matter what withdrawals of troops might have been promised by delegates in conference assembled, their action could easily be frustrated by the Minister of War, answerable not to his Premier but to the small group of statesmen, who in turn were responsible only to the Emperor himself.

A Move for Army Reduction

Such was the state of affairs at the adjournment of the Washington conference. With the assembling of the Diet this year the first real attack on the army's stronghold began. It was led by the Kokumin-to, whose spokesman was the intrepid Ozaki.

The strength of the Japanese Army on January first was roughly three hundred thousand men; or rather, this is the figure officially given out. There has always been so much mystery about Japanese naval and military data that every statement made about them must be taken with reservation. With the exception of the French Army and that motley mob of armed bandits that masquerades as the Chinese Armies, it is probably the largest armed force in the world at the moment.

No sooner was the Diet under way than the Kokumin-to Party introduced a bill to cut the army in half. To the War Office this was little short of sacrilege, and a grim struggle began. Both the Seiyu-kai and the Kensei-kai practically remained neutral. Thus the Kokumin-to had practically to go it alone. But for the Washington conference and the general impetus given by it to disarmament, the bill would have died almost before it was born, for such has been the fate of all previous attempts to curtail the army power.

It is eloquent of the growth of liberalism in Japan that in the closing hours of the Diet a compromise was effected by which the army is to be reduced by approximately fifty thousand men, the conscription term to be cut from two years to eighteen months, and thirty-three million yen to be pinched out of the new army budget. Although this deal was made, the War Office was still powerful enough to postpone definite action, so that at the moment I write this article, which is the middle of June, somewhere on the Pacific, the army integrity still remains unimpaired. It is, however, likely that the army-reduction bill, together with the new and reduced naval and military budgets, will be passed at a special session of the Diet to be held in the early autumn.

Nothing in Japan astonished me more than the widespread antagonism to militarism. Linked with the desire for army reduction is the determination to abrogate the precedent that the Ministers of War and Navy must be officers. Liberalism realizes that until a civilian can fill this post the army will still have a tremendous pull and be in a position to shape policies, especially foreign ones. The only civilian who ever held one of these posts was the late Premier Hara, who became Minister of the Navy when Admiral Baron Kato went to the Washington conference. Although this was a purely temporary measure, it was an advance.

The widespread objection to militarism – and here you have another evidence of the awakening Japanese consciousness—is based on the natural desire to avoid a compulsory service that in many instances deprives a family of its bread winner; on the burden of taxation necessary to maintain a top-heavy military establishment; and on the general feeling that militarism, as such, is out of fashion and uneconomic.

I can give you no more compact idea of the inequality of the Japanese Army in relation to the nation's resources than to say that although the wealth of the empire is only one-twelfth of the United States her army is nearly 200 per cent larger than ours. On the 5-5-3 basis as agreed on at Washington, Japan's navy is 60 per cent of that of the United States. Thus both branches of the service are entirely out of proportion with the overhead that the country can stand.

The Matrimonial Boycott

That militarism has reached its peak and has started on the toboggan is indicated by many incidents. Not long ago Gen. Seigo Iguchi, who distinguished himself in the Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars, announced his intention to retire from the military service and spend the rest of his life cultivating flowers. The reason that he gave for his resignation was that the proposed reduction in the army and the declining tendency of militarism were incompatible with the honor of a Japanese soldier.

Of keener human interest is the fact that there is practically a matrimonial boycott against soldiers and sailors in Japan. Until this year, as was the case in Germany before the World War, brass buttons held out a peculiar lure to the female. She would suffer economic hardship in exchange for the dazzle of a uniform. Now that the business of war is losing its glory and army compensation trails far behind the cost of living the army or navy officer is really becoming a drug on the market. It is interesting to remark in passing that not one of the daughters of Admiral Togo or General Kuroki is married to a soldier. During my stay in Japan the wife of Captain Sugi, a leading member of the Society of Army and Navy Officers' Wives, declared in a public address that she would never allow her daughter to marry a professional fighting man.

What has the Japanese Army to say for itself? To get this point of view I went to see Lieut. Gen. Hanzo Yamanashi, then Minister of War. I talked with him at his official residence, which is a big, gloomy foreign building with every conceivable object of Western so-called art cluttering up a near-Oriental setting. It is the usual result of the effort to westernize a house in Japan.

I had met him several evenings before at a Washington's Birthday dinner at the residence of Colonel Burnett, the American military attaché at Tokio. He was then in evening clothes, and was a stiff and formal figure. In uniform and amid his own environment, as it were, he was an entirely different human being, for he indulges in that rarest of Japanese dissipations, a hearty laugh. It is typical of the influence that shaped the Japanese Army that the only language in which I could converse with him was German. I found this to be the case with most of the high-placed Japanese military men with whom I came in contact. The German Army was the model for the Japanese, in the same way that the Teutonic constitution was the key to the Ito constitutional document which was supposed to give Japan life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

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I asked General Yamanashi to explain Japan's militaristic attitude.

His reply was: "Nothing is more remote from the truth than militarism in Japan. Our whole military preparedness is for defense only. It is done to achieve national security. Equally absurd is the widely circulated report that Japan wanted to attack the United States with troops. In the first place, the idea is preposterous; and in the second place, our army is not up to date. We are lacking in machine guns, for one thing. Again I say that our whole military preparation is for defense.

"The World War proved that war today is merely a struggle toward economic exhaustion. If we went to war with China, for example, we should go bankrupt. This economic exhaustion is a terrible price to pay for any gain that may accrue from war."

When I asked the general to express his views on army reduction he answered in this wise: "Ever since we joined the League of Nations I have had reduction in mind. The proposed initial reduction of fifty thousand men will be followed by a second cut as soon as world peace is absolutely assured. But Japan must feel certain that there is universal accord before she can cut down her army to the point where it would be crippled and therefore useless."

The real revelation of changing Japan is in the growth of liberalism. Emancipation of thought as the Japanese sees it, however, is different from the Western brand. Until lately it has been an abstract unrest, an inarticulate protest that has largely expressed itself in license to abuse the men higher up. For the moment the new liberal class is intoxicated with democracy, and some have repented with the inevitable headache of the morning after. A few years ago the reactionaries looked upon liberalism in the same way they regarded a new style in hats or collars, a fad that would soon pass. Now they realize it has come to stay.

The Washington conference gave liberalism an impetus, and even stimulated a near-radicalism. Socialism is making headway and occasionally, as during the last May Day demonstration, which was put down by the police with an iron hand, you see the red flag and hear a mild Song of the Revolution. These radicals are mainly university students and labor agitators.

Japanese Clannishness

Japanese liberals resent being called socialists because this name was given to the group of anarchists headed by Nishikoto, who plotted to murder the Emperor some years ago. They prefer to be designated as *shingin*, which means "new men."

Despite the efforts made to suppress it there have been sporadic outbreaks of Bolshevism. Not so very long ago one of the Yasudas, whose wealth was estimated at approximately two billion yen—which is about one billion dollars in American money—was stabbed to death at his country home by an assassin. From letters found on his person it developed that this assassin was one of a group of desperate men each of whom had plotted to kill one of the Genro or a capitalist. The assassin committed suicide after killing his man, and his friends gave him a magnificent funeral. People wrote letters to the newspapers commending the deed. This, however, was largely due to the fact that Yasuda was probably the most bitterly detested person in Japan, because of the methods he employed in acquiring his huge fortune.

Intense resentment is felt everywhere toward the *narrikin*, which is the Japanese word for "profiteer." Japan has one of the largest crops of swollen fortunes in the world, and like their fellows elsewhere the possessors of this wealth flaunt it in the face of the populace. It is just one more incentive to radicalism.

Yet no one expects a revolution by force in Japan. I asked one of the leading liberals to tell me what course the upheaval would take and he replied: "Revolution in Japan is inevitable, but it will be peaceful. This will result from the family system which regards the Emperor as the father of the nation. Besides, the imperial attitude has always been sympathetic with the poor."

This Japanese family system, which will figure conspicuously in a subsequent article, is one of the most picturesque things in Japanese life. After loyalty to the Emperor, family friendship is the most outstanding trait. This is one reason why you never see a beggar on the streets in Japan. A family would lose face if one of its members was seen soliciting alms.

Just as you can tell a man's character by the few favorite books he carries about with him, so can you appraise the national mental process by the literature the people absorb. I can give you no more illuminating index to the transition of Japan than to tell you what books are popular. I must preface it by saying that nowhere in the world is there a greater hunger for information. Only the avidity for knowledge in the Ghetto is comparable to it. Literacy in Japan is almost 100 per cent, which is almost the exact reverse in China. Many nights I have walked down the Ginza, the principal street of Tokio, to watch the bookstalls that are to be found in almost endless succession. At each one I found three or four young men emulating the example of Charles Lamb, who always declared that he got his reading free of charge because he took it in the bookshops. Nearly every Japanese office boy carries a book in the sleeve of his kimono and he reads it as he eats and during every leisure moment. Even the humblest citizen reads a newspaper every day. This mental activity, backed by the desire to learn, is one reason why liberalism, once it really gets started, will advance rapidly.

The Vogue for Radical Literature

Before the Great War Japan read Whitman, Longfellow, Poe, Emerson, Mark Twain, and later, O. Henry. With the outbreak of the European conflict a change developed in the public taste that suited the mood of the times. From Nietzsche, Tolstoy and Treitschke there was a shift to Karl Marx, Woodrow Wilson, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Jack London and the later Russian realists. Curiously enough since the Washington conference, Norman Angell and the pacifists have come into vogue. On many bookstands I have noticed such strange contrasts as Factory Management, How to Write Letters and Business Efficiency lying alongside the works of Turgenieff and Dostoyevsky. There is nothing lacking in the infinite variety of Japanese reading taste.

All this reading of radical literature has led to what the police naïvely call an epidemic of dangerous thoughts. Any idea that departs at all from the straight and narrow path of conventional thinking is immediately dubbed incendiary. So widespread has become this desire for advanced literature that in the last session of the Diet a radical activities control bill was introduced to suppress free thinking. Like most repression it is defeating its own purpose. Since the introduction of the bill there has been an increasing demand for books filled with dangerous thoughts. A professor in the Tokio Imperial University translated a volume by Prince Kropotkin, and was given a prison sentence for his temerity. With his incarceration hundreds of people flocked to the libraries asking, "Who is Prince Kropotkin?" Many thought at first that he was the General Kuropatkin defeated by the Japanese at Mukden in the war with Russia. The old prince became a hero.

This same attitude was displayed by the authorities in connection with the visit of Mrs. Margaret Sanger. Scarcely a thousand people in Japan had heard of birth control until the newspapers announced under flaring headlines that the Japanese consul general at San Francisco had refused its champion a visa to Japan. After much discussion in the Foreign Office, all of which appeared in the press, Mrs. Sanger was permitted to land in Yokohama after she gave a solemn pledge that she would make no speeches about her favorite subject. The result was that about a hundred reporters and every available camera man besieged her on her arrival, and they stuck to her. She and her cause reveled in publicity. Hundreds of thousands of persons were made familiar with birth control because everybody was discussing it. She made herself better known through the efforts to suppress her than if she had been given a free hand.

Japan is still strong on suppression. The laws on regulating the press are almost as drastic as they were in Russia before the first revolution. Nearly every Japanese newspaper has on its staff an unfortunate individual known as the prison editor. His name appears at the head of the editorial

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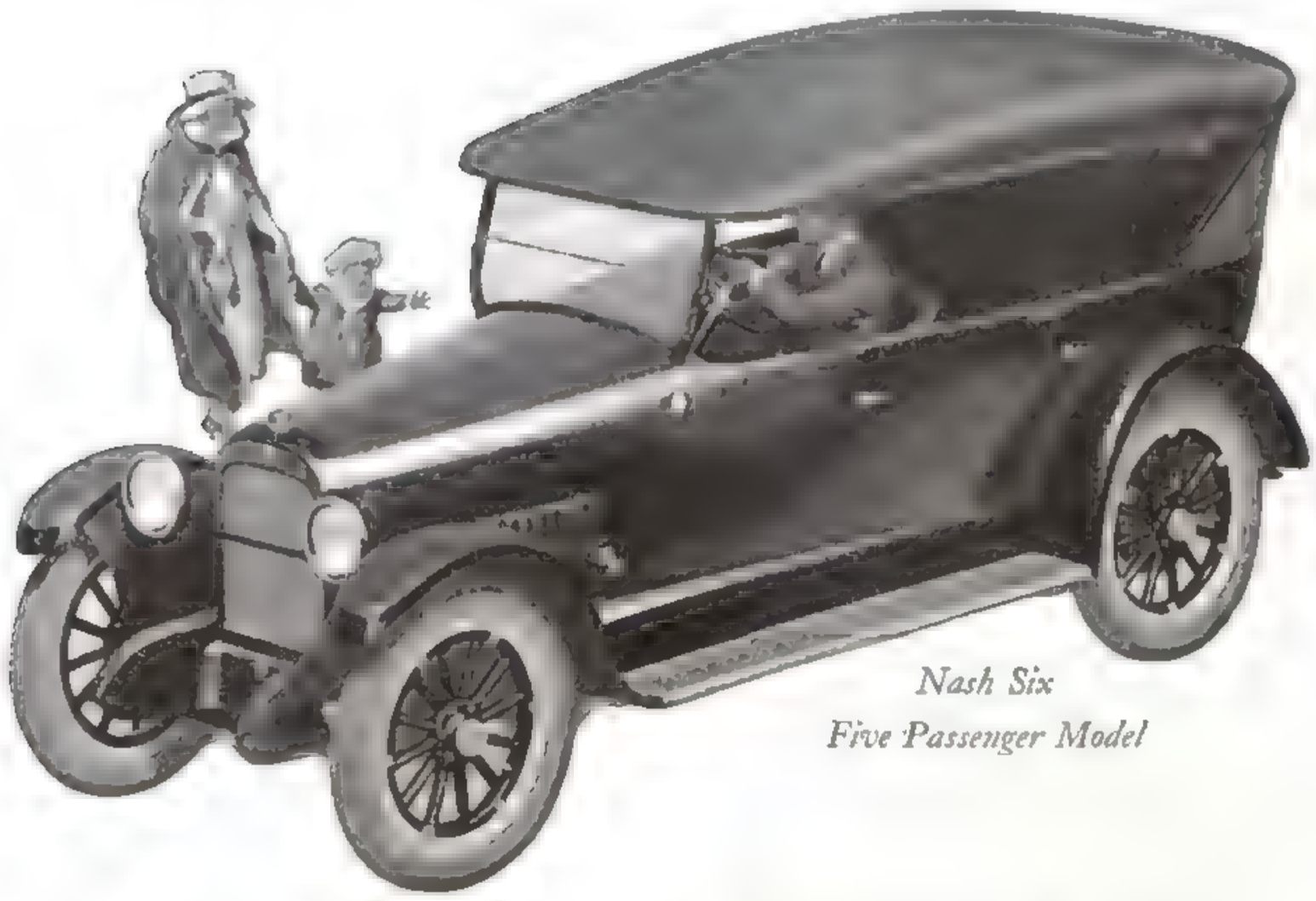

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(Continued from Page 82)

column and whenever the journal commits an indiscretion against the law he is haled into court and becomes the goat. Many have served prison sentences. Usually he is a person of office-boy caliber.

This repression also applies to the newspapers printed in English. In its account of the last May Day demonstration The Japan Advertiser, of Tokio, which is owned by B. W. Fleisher, one of the best-known and most progressive publishers in the Orient, printed ten lines of the Song of the Revolution, sung by the marchers in a parade. It was immediately suppressed. The joke about this proceeding was that the authorities did not discover the heinous offense until after practically every copy had been circulated in the metropolitan district. They telegraphed to the police at Kobe, Osaka and elsewhere to seize the mail editions. The story of the suppression was given wide publicity and the Japanese began to offer premiums for the tabooed issue.

A unique indication of Japanese liberalism is expressed in the new attitude towards Germany. Before the World War Germany the Empire was the model of the reactionaries. Today Germany the Republic is an object of interest and study for the advanced group, who see in it a new and significant experiment in democracy. Possibly the Teutonic collapse has had something to do with Japan's change of heart, notably in the direction of aggressive imperialism and forceful penetration. Be that as it may, Germany is still a subject that never fails to command attention among the Nipponese.

During my first stay in Tokio a well-known lecturer asked a group of young men that he addressed to indicate what country they preferred to visit on their first trip from home. Exactly 75 per cent expressed their desire to go to Germany. When asked the reason for their choice the unanimous reply was: "It is an interesting study in practical socialism."

Japanese democracy is not without effective spokesmen. First among them is Yukio Ozaki, leader of the Kokumin-to Party, and the most eloquent speaker and debater in the empire. I have already referred to him as the implacable foe of militarism. His name and achievement were familiar to me long before I reached Japan and I was curious to see what kind of person he was.

An Effectual Straw Vote

On a rainy afternoon in February, when all Tokio dripped and the countless dwarf pines shivered in the chill blasts, I visited him in his tiny house set in the midst of a gem of a garden whose natural beauty was undimmed by the gloomy atmosphere. Although he has had numerous opportunities to become rich, Ozaki is a poor man and lives on a modest scale. It is a tribute to his high integrity.

He received me in a room that charmingly combined East and West. The most grateful Western feature, however, was an American stove, which was a concession to Madame Ozaki, who is the daughter of a Japanese father and an English mother. I thanked heaven for this dispensation, because Japanese houses, even in the dead of winter, are not heated except with charcoal braziers. Since the walls of most of the native structures are made of paper you wonder how these people survive the bitter cold; yet somehow they do.

Clad in dark kimono Ozaki was an impressive figure. Even before he utters a word you know that here is a leader of the zealot type. His eyes are frank and fearless and there is a noble carriage to his fine head. He suggests strength, courage, calmness. Needless to add, he speaks admirable English.

At sixty-three Ozaki seems to be in the fullness of his powers after a life more American than Japanese in variety and strenuosity of public post. At eighteen he was editor of a country newspaper. Before he passed thirty he was a member of the first Parliament, and he has sat in every Diet session ever since. He has been successively Minister of Education, mayor of Tokio and Minister of Justice. In the last-mentioned capacity he served under the doughty Count Okuma. But Okuma's liberalism was too half-baked for Ozaki. He wanted the real thing at a time when Japan looked upon democracy as a capital crime. So he went on his own and blazed the way for real constitutional government.

Thus it came about that Ozaki became the first of the Japanese liberals, and for a time he was like a man without a country. When he began to advocate limitation of armament he was the pioneer in Japan—he was regarded as an anarchist. Having failed to convert the government he turned to the people. Long before the Washington conference he conducted one of the most original and picturesque campaigns yet waged for an idea. He held a series of disarmament meetings throughout the country. At each one he delivered an address in which he labeled armament as a crime and a curse. So intense became the interest in them that even Japanese women tried to attend. This was a hitherto unknown event, because at that time females were not permitted to go to political gatherings, and it is only lately that the ban has been lifted. The government became alarmed and tried again and again to prevent Ozaki from speaking. He remained within the law and could not be shut up. Hooligans were hired to attack him and his life was threatened a score of times.

At every meeting Ozaki distributed thousands of postal cards addressed to himself. On these cards he asked his auditors to express themselves on disarmament. Exactly 92 per cent of his hearers favored limitation. There is not the slightest doubt that this almost unanimous response had much to do in shaping the attitude of the Japanese delegates to the Washington conference. It was a notable victory of popular opinion over bureaucracy.

Ozaki on Arms Limitation

I asked Ozaki to analyze the results of the Washington conference and he replied: "The Washington conference was a big step in the cause that I have advocated for years, but it was only a beginning, certainly so far as Japan is concerned. The Japanese are still too self-assertive. We had easy victories over China and Russia, and the plain truth is that our people became intoxicated by praise. The inevitable result was a militarism that only increased the cockiness. This militarism has been too great a burden and we must rid ourselves of it or we are lost.

"What Japan needs more than anything else is what you Americans call a jolt. I think she will have it soon in the shape of a drastic economic crisis. It will prove once and for all the folly of our forceful expansion. If Japan had engaged in peaceful penetration she would not have incurred so much ill will and distrust. Until she began to show a change of heart at the Washington conference she was headed for absolute isolation.

"I have a vision of greater limitation of armament than was dreamed about at Washington. The whole world must get away from the idea of war and preparation for war. Japan's future does not depend upon force but upon an intensive economic development from within. With this development will come a slow but certain growth of democracy."

Ozaki then made a statement that sheds some light on the Japanese emigration problem in California and elsewhere. He said: "Unless I entirely misunderstand the Japanese character my people have no real desire for personal, and by this I mean racial penetration. The Japanese, like the French, do not like to leave their home land. But life here in Japan is so congested that they must seek two fields. The Japanese abhor extremes of climate. It follows that when they emigrate they pick out a pleasant environment. In my opinion this is one reason why so many have gone to California."

I cannot leave Ozaki without a word about his wife, who presents that rarest of Japanese spectacles, a helpmate who shares the public utterances and responsibilities of her husband. Madame Ozaki's life has almost been as full as her husband's, for she has been teacher, lecturer, social secretary, and was at one time amanuensis to F. Marion Crawford, the novelist. She is best known to English readers as the author of books about the fairy lore and warrior legends of old Japan.

Ozaki himself, I might add, despite his tumultuous political career, has found time to write half a dozen books, which range from a Japanese translation of a Life of Lord Beaconsfield to an elaborated statement of his creed entitled The Voice of Japanese Democracy. In the latter is the renewed evidence that no matter how radical a Japanese may be, his loyalty to the

Emperor never wavers. Every chapter is ended with a stanza of verse by the late Emperor Meiji. This Mikado was one of the world's most persistent poets. It is estimated that he was the author of more than forty thousand poems. He was the one poet, however, who never worried about the publication of his output. It was rejection-proof!

Ozaki represents what may already be called the old guard of Japanese liberalism. There are other and younger men equipped to carry on this battle. None holds out a larger promise of performance than Yusuke Tsurumi. I met him many times and in varying circumstances. Barely thirty-five, he is accepted as having one of the best-balanced minds in Japan and represents a real hope of democracy.

Tsurumi's liberalism is all the more remarkable when you consider his almost reactionary environment. He has been a civil servant ever since his graduation from the Imperial University of Tokio and at the moment is one of the principal secretaries of the Imperial Japanese Railways. A further reactionary connection that would have sterilized a more courageous will is the fact that his father-in-law is Baron Goto, one of the richest and most powerful of the old-line politicians, who has been much mentioned for Premier during the last few years. Tsurumi has traveled extensively throughout the world and accompanied Dr. I. Nitobe when he went to America for the first exchange professorship.

Yusuke Tsurumi's Views

I asked Tsurumi to prepare a statement for me on the Japanese situation, and this is what he wrote:

Japan stands at present at the parting of the ways. It is not the crossway where two ways part, but the parting where many roads shoot off in different directions. Counsels differ as to the choice of the road. Voices are heard in confusion and people do not know which prophet to follow. Japan is in need of a real leadership, a leadership with vision and courage.

It is not a new experience with us. We were once confronted with the same crisis some three-quarters of a century ago. The leadership of Japan in those days decided for the opening of the country to foreign intercourse.

The World War, that shook the foundations of many countries, affected Japan in an unexpected way. The Paris conference, the League of Nations and the Washington conference followed each other so swiftly that the Japanese nation was not prepared to deal with them. In the wake of the Great War followed the drastic industrial changes. Then came the staggering high cost of living. The good old days in Japan are gone forever and people have to make desperate fights to make both ends meet. This mental and physical change is crying out for adjustment.

What are, then, the needs of the new Japan? The high cost of living calls for a new and clean-cut relationship between producers and consumers, because in no other countries are there so many costly and nonessential factors existing between these two branches of economic life. The relationship between labor and capital must be brought to a different basis. The question of market for our products must also be solved, and especially our free access to raw materials must be secured. The population question is in need of a courageous and unsentimental treatment. It means birth control.

However, after all is said, there is still more for which Japan is in need of orientation. On our mental side we are in need of change. We must have sound and constructive liberalism both for our internal and external policies. The past half century of our government was dictated by sheer need of national security and existence. It was carried to an extreme and every phase of our national life was permeated with the spirit of "security of the Japanese nation." In industry, in politics, in education and national defense, we see the mark of the age very distinctly.

We have begun to think seriously about changing our policy, both domestic and foreign. How are we going to change our system of government, education and diplomacy? This is the question in the minds of all thinking Japanese. There can be no reconstruction in Japan without an intelligent and independent public opinion. No drastic change could overtake us until the public is prepared for it. The task of liberalism therefore is just now popular education. The Japanese people are emerging from a narrow nationalism and developing an international mind. It is one of the most hopeful signs of progress in the new Japan.

Through Tsurumi I had one of the most interesting and enlightening experiences of a trip packed with adventure. One day he asked me if I would like to spend an evening with a group of real liberals. I lost no time in accepting the invitation. I thought it would be a small gathering, but after the dinner which preceded it at Tsurumi's house I was astonished to find, when I went up into the large living room, that more than seventy-five people had assembled.

If beforehand I had felt any skepticism about the type of mind recruited for emancipated thought in Japan this occasion thoroughly dispelled it. It was a night of surprises. The crowd was a revelation. It included half a dozen young secretaries from the Foreign Office, including the ringleaders in the revolt against the bureaucratic system so long in vogue there. They alone made the occasion almost sensational. Then there were two fairly high officials in the Bank of Japan, three well-known Tokio editors, a dozen young business men, various journalists, several score of university students and last, and most picturesque of all, Takero Arishima, Japan's most popular novelist and the translator of Whitman.

The crowning feature, however, in more ways than one, was the presence of half a dozen women. Conspicuous among them was the young and lovely Baroness Ishimoto. She and her husband will have a little section all to themselves later on; so I merely refer to them now to include them in the picture of this demonstration of Japanese liberalism.

There was still another detail that made it stand out. Practically every gathering in Japan arranged for a foreigner is staged. It follows that when eminent financiers and others are entertained they do not always see or hear the real thing. The people are on dress parade, as it were. Visitors are apt to commit themselves ecstatically in speech and print and then sometimes repent when they get home.

That show at Tsurumi's was anything but staged, as I soon found out. I was asked to make a speech and when I got through I was heckled so hotly that it could have been only the real thing. In the course of my remarks I indulged in some criticism of Woodrow Wilson's policy of self-determination as exemplified by the nationalistic chaos and antagonisms of Central and Northern Europe. To my surprise I not only found many valiant defenders of the former American President but discovered that the group itself was known as the Woodrow Wilson Club.

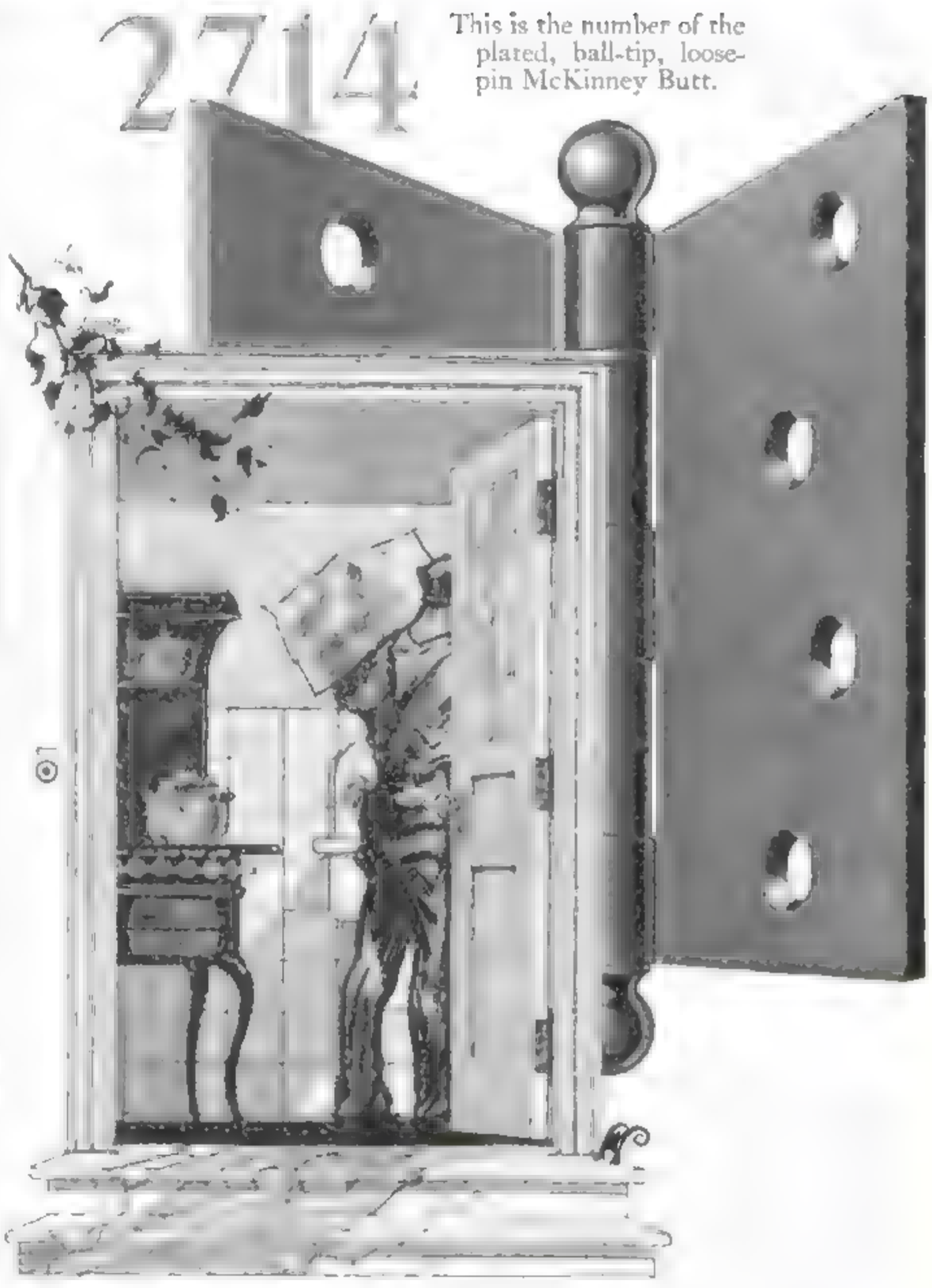
A Lively Meeting

Among the questions hurled at me was, "Why did America oppose the Anglo-Japanese Alliance when she stands for the Monroe Doctrine?" Another was, "Why do you massacre negroes in Chicago and discriminate against Japanese?"

I was asked to take the chair and I did so on the condition that I could put any question I liked. I then asked six people in succession to tell me what they would do if they could change the present Japanese policy. The invariable reply included elimination of militarism by the reduction of the army to one-fourth, withdrawal of Japanese troops from China and Siberia, the end of conscription, abrogation of the rule that the Ministers of Army and Navy must be officers, and the abolition of all restriction of freedom of speech in press and public. One young man suggested the imposition of a heavy tax on unearned income, especially inherited property. This shows a significant tendency in Japan. Practically everybody present favored legislation that would include an eight-hour day, social insurance, and the prohibition of child labor and night work. Others wanted socialization of public-utility enterprises. Here you have an epitome of what liberal Japan wants.

The most notable utterance of the evening was by Arishima the novelist, who made what for a Japanese was an impassioned denunciation of the whole capitalistic system. One week later Arishima startled all Japan by giving away his estate, valued at half a million yen, in order, as he expressed it, to become a member of the proletariat. His property, which consists mainly of agricultural lands in Hokkaido, in the north of Japan, will be divided into small lots and will be given with clear titles, free of charge, to the tenant farmers. In taking this step Arishima, who became a convert to socialism ten years ago, is doing in real life what the hero of Tolstoy's famous novel Resurrection did in the book.

To return to the Tsurumi meeting, one final detail will show its revolutionary quality. I asked the Baroness Ishimoto to make a few remarks, which she did with grace and intelligence. What surprised me was the attention which she received from



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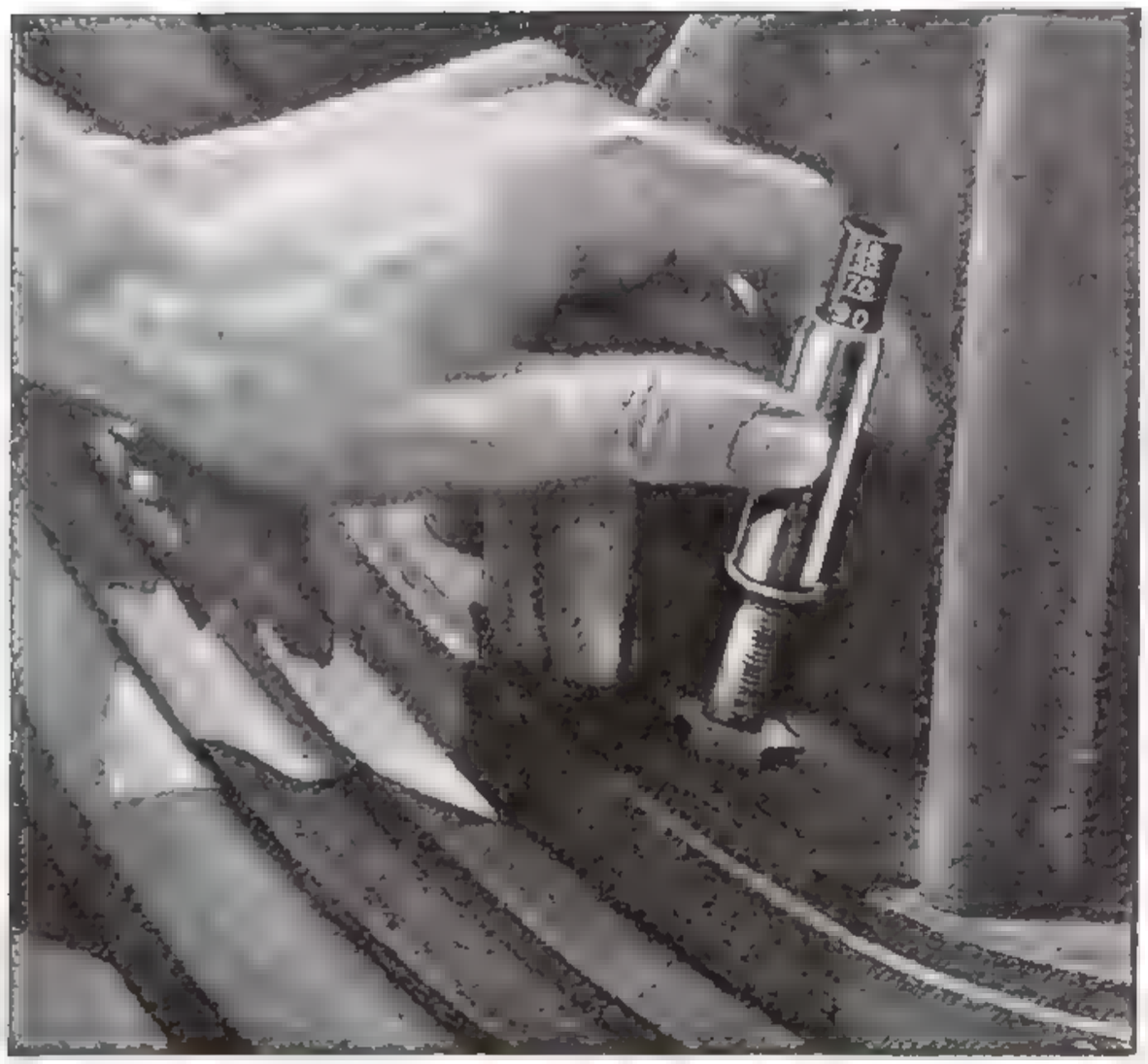

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the Japanese men. Nor was this due to her personal attractions. As most people know, the Japanese woman is probably the most repressed in the world, and she is never allowed to express herself in a mixed meeting. Japanese liberalism is coeducational.

The Ishimotos are a remarkable pair. Each has a distinct individuality and their combined experience contributes a significant chapter to contemporary Japanese life. The baron, who is still in his thirties, is the son of General Baron Shinroku Ishimoto, who died as Minister of War ten years ago. The family belongs to the samurai class and everybody expected the heir to follow the soldierly traditions of his line. Access to the Bible, however, changed the young man's point of view and he determined to do what he could for humanity. He cast about for the lowliest human lot in Japan, and decided that it was that of the coal miner. He took a course in mining engineering and then worked as a miner in the Kiusiu District. Before going he married the lady who is the present baroness and who is a member of a distinguished family. It was a real romance. Together they shared the hardships of the coal fields for three years, after which they made a trip around the world. Knowing this you are not surprised to know that they are among the most liberal of the Japanese liberals.

Japan's Labor Problems

It would take a book to deal adequately with every phase of Japan in transition, so deeply has change entered into the structure of the nation. The limitations of space prohibit much more than a brief analysis of one movement that cannot be overlooked. I mean the labor tendency.

Until the Great War the big and little employer in Japan exercised a paternalism that was a survival of the feudal day and is a part of the family system. Strikes were infrequent, and then only by individuals. Wages and working conditions were outrageously bad, but tradition decreed that the boss could do no wrong, and first obligation was to him.

With the outbreak of the war and the beginning of an unprecedented industrial boom in Japan came the inevitable competition for skilled labor. The Japanese worker suddenly discovered that he was an important person. He got wage increases without the asking, and everything was lovely. When the boom flattened out and dismissal or reduction in pay became the order of the day he rebelled. The sympathetic strike developed, and the old paternalism went to pot. Amiable acquiescence gave way to an ugly mood.

Suddenly sabotage became a part of the Japanese labor vocabulary. Being prize imitators, the Nipponese annexed the word but not the real meaning. When a Japanese worker wants to commit sabotage he does not break up machinery or burn down a factory. He simply goes slow, as they say. He cuts down in the quantity and quality of his work.

At present there are no labor unions in Japan as we know them. The local guild—and each craft has one—is the substitute. Floating labor is usually controlled by a sort of *padrone* who guarantees the men their living expenses when they are idle and who takes a goodly share of their wages when they work.

The nearest approach to a labor union today is the Yuai-kai, which means Laborers' Friendly Association, and which now has a membership of fifty thousand. It was founded by Bunji Suzuki, who has been called the Gompers of Japan, but he has no such intellectual acuteness or diplomatic adroitness as the head of the American Federation of Labor. The Yuai-kai has agitated the movement for factory welfare and, largely through the instrumentality of Suzuki, has established free night technical schools in which the ethics of trade unionism are taught.

Suzuki is a rotund, amiable little man—an unusual physical type for Japan—who has read just enough of socialism and Bolshevism to enable him to talk glibly about them.

When I requested him to sum up the labor present and future in Japan he replied: "Japanese labor, like everything else in the country, is in process of change, and the movement is toward close organization. Labor is just beginning to find itself. It was not until the war that it realized how underpaid and overworked it was. It must organize, and this is why I started the Yuai-kai, which is merely a beginning.

"Sooner or later Japan must undergo an industrial revolution. It is the only agency that can clear up the situation. Wages are still too low and most of the profits now go to the rich families, who pay a trifling income tax. The worker does not get his just share and he proposes to get it. The Japanese worker has been a long-suffering individual and has never asserted his rights, but now he is beginning to put fear into the heart of the employer."

"Will Japanese labor ever go Bolshevik?" I asked.

The Last Frontier of Absolutism

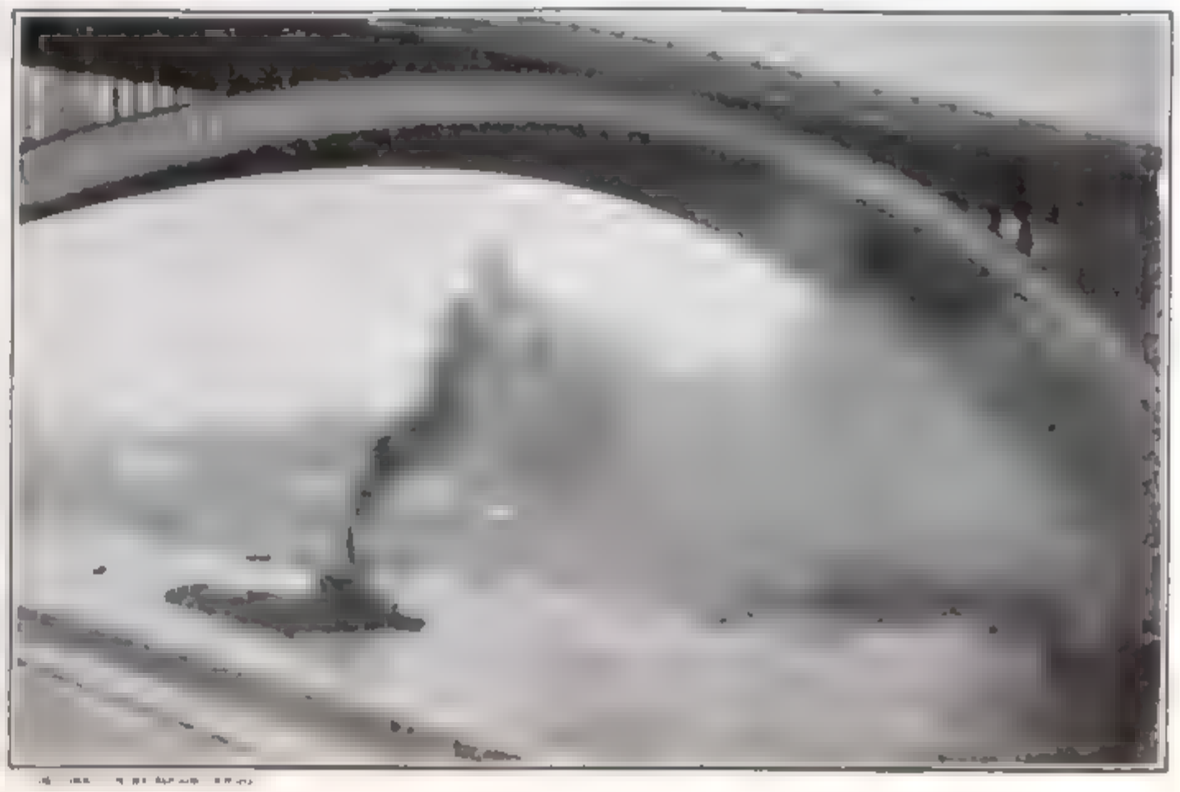
"It is not impossible," he answered; "but we Japanese would never go to an extreme that would menace the security of our Emperor. His place must always be secure. I believe in the doctrines of Karl Marx, and many of my colleagues think the same way.

"When I say that Japan needs an industrial revolution I mean more specifically a general strike that will tie up the country. That would be about as far as Japanese labor would go. Such an event, even without violence, would make the employer realize that henceforth labor is not a dumb brute to be driven at will."

It is doubtful if Japanese labor, regardless of provocation, would ever go to such extremes as obtained in some of our strikes. One reason is that the Japanese lack the stamina for this kind of adventure. Despite everything that has been written about their marvelous physical endurance they really have no punch when it comes to sustained physical effort. One thing is certain: Labor is in revolt and the industrial situation is likely to be much worse before it is better.

Such is the picture of changing Japan, where the last frontier of absolutism is being passed.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to the Chinese civil war and its consequences.



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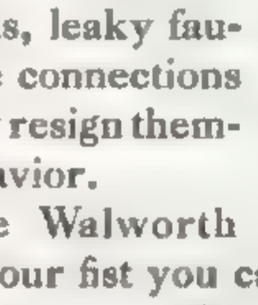

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A NOSE FOR NEWS

(Continued from Page 13)

As the clever young man went down the steps of the big house his smile was replaced by a look strongly suggesting irritation.

"He must think I'm thick," he said under his breath. "As if every wise one in town didn't know he'd spend his shirt to be senator, and has been moving heaven and earth to get Big Ed Sheehan to indorse him."

Then Mr. Geppert's clever countenance brightened.

"It will be a fine thing for me," he remarked to himself, "if the colonel has to go to Washington. It will keep him busy down there—and meantime I'll be busy here."

Three nights later Earl Geppert came into the city room of The Morning Voice and meandered, apparently aimlessly, past the desk of Marcus Quigley. The managing editor had gone to the ice-water cooler, his only exercise, and the nimble eye of the clever young man roved rapidly over the editorial desk. The eye was stopped abruptly by a headline written in the big careful hand of the managing editor; Marcus Quigley often wrote headlines for the more important stories; indeed, he did everything he could, and he would have set the type by hand had the necessity arisen. The headline read:

BIG ED SHEEHAN NAMED
IN BRIBERY CASE

POLITICAL BOSS INDICTED BY GRAND JURY

Geppert read no farther; he wheeled away from the desk like a circling sea gull and did not return until Marcus Quigley had resumed his seat. Then he approached the owner of the celebrated nose.

"Good evening."

"Good evening, Geppert."

"Heard from the colonel?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Oh, I thought he might have wired about that Sheehan story."

"He hasn't."

"What is there in that story, Quigley? One of those wild political things, isn't it?"

Marcus Quigley looked at the clever young man quizzically.

"No, it is not wild," he said slowly. "We have the facts. Big Ed has been caught with the goods at last. I had the hunch and Millett dug up the details."

"You're not going to run it, of course," remarked Geppert.

The editor peered along his nose at the young man.

"Of course I am," he said.

"It may be libel," warned Geppert.

"The truth is not libel," said Marcus Quigley.

"But, see here, you can't run that story."

"I'm going to."

"You know what it means?"

"It means that a crooked boss has been caught doing a crooked thing."

"Oh, I'm not thinking about Big Ed. I'm thinking about the colonel."

"What about the colonel?"

"Now, Quigley, you know the situation as well as I do. If The Morning Voice runs that story Big Ed Sheehan will knife the colonel politically."

Marcus Quigley looked grave.

"But it's news, Geppert," he said.

"Not another paper in town will touch it."

"It's news, nevertheless," the editor repeated doggedly.

"But the colonel wants to be senator."

"It's news," repeated Marcus Quigley.

The younger man's temper began to escape from his control.

"News!" he exclaimed. "News! Man alive, don't you ever think of anything but news?"

To the thin lips in the shadow of the great nose came a smile.

"I don't believe I do, Geppert. That's why I'm here."

Geppert was thinking of what it would mean to him to have the colonel busy in Washington; his clever face was contorted as he snapped, "Yes; you're here—now. But where will you be when the colonel sees that story in his paper?"

"That has nothing to do with the news value of the story, Geppert."

The calmness of the editor appeared to infuriate the man who faced him.

"Let me tell you something, Quigley. You may not know it. You think because you've been here so long you own this sheet. You think the colonel considers you indispensable. Well, you're dead wrong. I happen to know that he's stood about as much from you as he's going to. He'll be glad of this chance to get rid of you."

Marcus Quigley studied the words he had written; he shrugged his slight bent shoulders; then he looked up at Geppert and said, "I've fought for twenty-five years to make this a real newspaper that gives real news. If Colonel Fowler wants to make a rag of it I suppose that's up to him."

"Then you're going to run that story?"

"It's news."

Geppert's anger came boiling to the surface again.

"You and your infernal yapping about news!" he cried. "It's easy for you to sit and get off that stuff when you know the news is going to hurt someone else, not you. I suppose you've got coin tucked away, in case you lose your job. You've nothing at stake. You know you'll never break into the news with an ugly story yourself. Yes, it's easy to see another man's ox gored."

Marcus Quigley turned from the angry man and bent over a bunch of copy that had just come from the copy desk.

"I haven't time to discuss that with you now, Geppert," he said evenly. "The Sheehan story is news. It goes in. Good night."

For a second one might have thought from his face that the clever young man was going to assault the owner of the nose. Then suddenly a smile came to Geppert's face, such a smile as heralds impending triumph, a satisfied smile. He went out of the office, but he did not go home. He waited at the Press Club until after two, then stole back to the press room of The Morning Voice, secured a first edition of the paper, and mailed it, special delivery, to Col. Daniel Peyton Fowler, at his fishing camp in Maine. With the soft black pencil dear to reporters he wrote across the top of the first page:

Dear Colonel: Another ox gored. I warned him not to do it too. GEPPERT.

Then, still smiling a satisfied smile, the clever young man went home to bed.

When Colonel Fowler read the Sheehan story, and the penciled note, his face became the color of a Venetian sunset; it was still that color when he reached The Morning Voice office some hours later. He demanded loudly to see the managing editor. But a most unusual thing had happened that day. Although it was well past two Marcus Quigley was not at his desk. The colonel was forced to nurse his wrath in his own private office, and to him presently came Earl Geppert, who verbally expressed surprise at finding him there, but whose face showed no surprise whatsoever.

"Just when the trout were beginning to strike too," growled the colonel. "Where's Quigley."

"Isn't he in?" Again Geppert's tongue expressed surprise.

"No." The colonel was fuming. "No. I wish he was ——"

"Perhaps," suggested Geppert, "perhaps he thought it wiser not to be."

"Humph!" exploded the owner of the paper. "It's just as well for him. He'll gore no more of my oxen."

"I was afraid you'd be angry," said Geppert sweetly. "I told him so. But he just droned 'It's news.'"

"I'll have a piece of news for him that will make his nose tremble," muttered the colonel. He consulted his watch. "Humph! After five. I can't wait. Got a vestry meeting. But I'll attend to Mr. Quigley tomorrow."

Geppert accompanied him to the elevator, talking softly into the colonel's gnarled ear.

"Humph!" remarked the colonel as he strode along. "You're right, Geppert. Quigley's a fraud. Funny I didn't see it that way before. Of course he can afford to sit here and gore other men's oxen. And I'd been thinking it was pluck! Bah! And I thought it was a case of a man having the courage of his convictions. Bah! Tomorrow ——"

The descending elevator took the rest of the colonel's sentence with it. Geppert whistled a pleased waltz as he went back

to his office. An hour later, when he went out to dinner, Geppert noted that Marcus Quigley had come in; and he also noted that the managing editor was not busily poring over the assignment schedule, as was his wont, but was sitting, oblivious of the din of the city room, staring out of the window at the blank brick wall of the building opposite.

Geppert did not return to the office that night. He wanted to be rested, for it seemed to him the clever thing to do to be on hand, fresh and smiling, next day when the colonel named a new managing editor.

It was an even more feverish night than usual in the city room. But toward midnight it quieted down. The reporters of the late watch talked together in a corner. Their voices buzzed like bluebottle flies.

"The old nose is drooping tonight," remarked one.

"Never saw him look so all in before," said a second

"He was white and trembling when I reported to him," a third said. "Drink?"

"No; he doesn't touch it. Nerves, probably. No wonder, the pace he travels. He must be sixty, too. Fine old war horse."

"Why, look. There's Steve Farrell. Wonder what brings him into the shop this late."

They saw the solemn dumpy figure of Farrell, the veteran police-headquarters reporter, approach the managing editor's desk. Farrell was the dean of the staff, the only one who called the editor Mark, and on more than one occasion, they knew, the managing editor had saved Farrell's job for him. Ordinarily Farrell telephoned his stories in to a rewrite man. They saw Farrell bend over Marcus Quigley's desk.

They could not hear him when he whispered huskily, "Mark, old man, it's tough, damn tough "

"Yes, Steve."

"I'm sorry."

"Thanks, Steve."

The editor kept his eyes fastened on the papers on his desk, but they were not focused on anything in particular

"It hit me pretty hard, Steve." The editor's face was set. "The boy was all I had in the world, you know. I'd planned big things for him, Steve."

"Yes—I know. It's tough, Mark; tough on you."

The police-headquarters man glanced about; he whispered in an even lower voice than before, "I've got it fixed."

"Fixed?"

"Yes—look—here's the bulletin. The chief inspector gave it to me after I'd pleaded with him an hour. No one else has seen it. Not a word need ever get into print. Your son's case is closed, Mark."

"Old man"—the editor's voice broke—"you're a real friend. Let's see the bulletin."

Farrell laid on the desk a sheet of paper—the bulletin that is posted in police headquarters to inform reporters of the latest police news. Marcus Quigley bent over it. It read:

Detectives Malone and Stack report that the mystery of the theft of $49,000 in bonds from the City Trust Company has been solved. The theft was traced to Marcus Quigley, Jr., aged 25, of 1770 Linwood Avenue, Vernontown, an employe of the bank. When they went to arrest him at his father's house today he admitted the theft. He asked to be allowed to shave before he was taken to jail, and went into the bathroom, where he cut his throat. Despite the efforts of the detectives, and his father, who is Marcus Quigley, managing editor of The Morning Voice, to save him, the wound was fatal. The detectives say that young Quigley stole the money to give it to Mrs. Estelle Callaway, of 111 Park Avenue, widow of J. Sears Callaway, and well known in society. The detectives say that she lost heavily gambling for high stakes, and that she infatuated Quigley, who stole to help her recoup her losses. A number of men and women prominent in a certain high social set are named by the detectives as having taken part in the gambling. She lost the money Quigley gave her and refused to see him again. It is announced by the bank that Quigley's father has made good the stolen money.

The editor's ashen lips formed each word slowly, painfully, as if he were just learning to read.

"Yes," he said, nodding. "The facts are straight. But I do think it would be fair to mention in the story that the boy had a clean record, that he'd always been a good boy."

"Story?"

"It is a good story, Steve."

"Great heavens, Mark: you don't mean you're going to run it!"

The editor looked up from the bulletin; his face was the color of the copy paper.

"It's news, Steve," he said.

"But you could kill it."

"Kill news, Steve?"

"Come, buck up, Mark! You don't know what you're doing This story is about your boy, about you, understand? It's fixed, I tell you. You can kill it No one but you and I and the cops know "

The fingers of Marcus Quigley were bloodless as he gripped his thick paper pencil.

"Yes, Steve I know. But it is news."

Farrell laid his hand on the editor's antennalike arm.

"Don't be a fool!" he whispered hoarsely. "To print it will cost you your job, sure. You know how the colonel feels about scandal; he fired Britt after that divorce mix-up; you know that. And you know how that rat Geppert will make use of this. Can't you hear him slipping it to the colonel 'Your managing editor had a thief for a son'? You're in bad, right now, about that Sheehan story, I'll bet all I ever saw, aren't you?"

"I don't know, Steve. Probably."

"Got any coin?"

"No; every cent I owned went to the bank today."

"Well, think it over. You know what it is to be sixty, broke and jobless."

"Yes, I know."

"You're the one this story will hurt."

"Yes, I know. The boy is beyond hurting now."

"You'll kill the story then?"

"Don't crowd me, Steve. My head aches. Give me a minute or two. I've got to think this thing out. You'd better go home. Good night, old man; I'm never going to forget what you did for me."

"Good night, Mark "

When he had gone the managing editor sat rigid in his chair, staring out through the almost deserted city room, the room where he had passed the best years of his life. He saw the rows of typewriters and thought of the countless stories that had been pounded out on their lopsided keys; he thought of the stories that would be written on them. He saw the copy desk, with the slot in the center, and the copy readers, industrious as ants, their eyeshades pulled down over their eyes, their fountain pens in action. He heard their shouts of "Boy! Oh, boy!" Upstairs he could hear, ever so faintly, the click and tick and whir of the linotype machines, turning copy into leaden words to be spread on newsprint for men to read.

Soon, he reflected, he would hear the thunderous chorus of the great presses as they printed the thousands of fresh copies of The Morning Voice, his newspaper, the paper he made with his hands, his brain, his heart. His whole life was bound up in that scene. The smell of the city room was in his nostrils, that pungent blend of ink, fresh paper, tobacco smoke. He loved it all.

His long fingers closed on the police bulletin and tightened on the sheet of paper that meant to him disgrace, and the loss of everything he valued. He had felt that he could weather the Sheehan storm, but this scandal, coming on top of it, would mean his banishment; he knew that. The cords on his knuckle stood out as he gripped the crumpled paper.

"Sixty, broke and jobless," he muttered. "And alone!" He pressed his temples with his fingers. And then: "But this is news."

His bent shoulders straightened and squared; he stood up.

"Creelman," he shouted, "please come here."

A rewrite man hurried from his typewriter.

"Creelman," he said in his usual voice, "here's a good story. Go the limit. Front-page stuff. Don't ask any questions. You've just time to make the first edition."

A second later he shouted, "Boy! Here, quick! Jump up to the composing room and tell them to put the shipwreck story inside and save a column on the front page for the—for the Quigley story. Hurry!"

He drew toward him a clean sheet of copy paper, and in his big careful hand wrote:

EDITOR'S SON KILLS SELF
TO ESCAPE ARREST

Marcus Quigley Jr. Stole $49,000 to Aid Woman and Ended Life When Cornered

Then he slumped over on his desk and buried his face in his folded arms.

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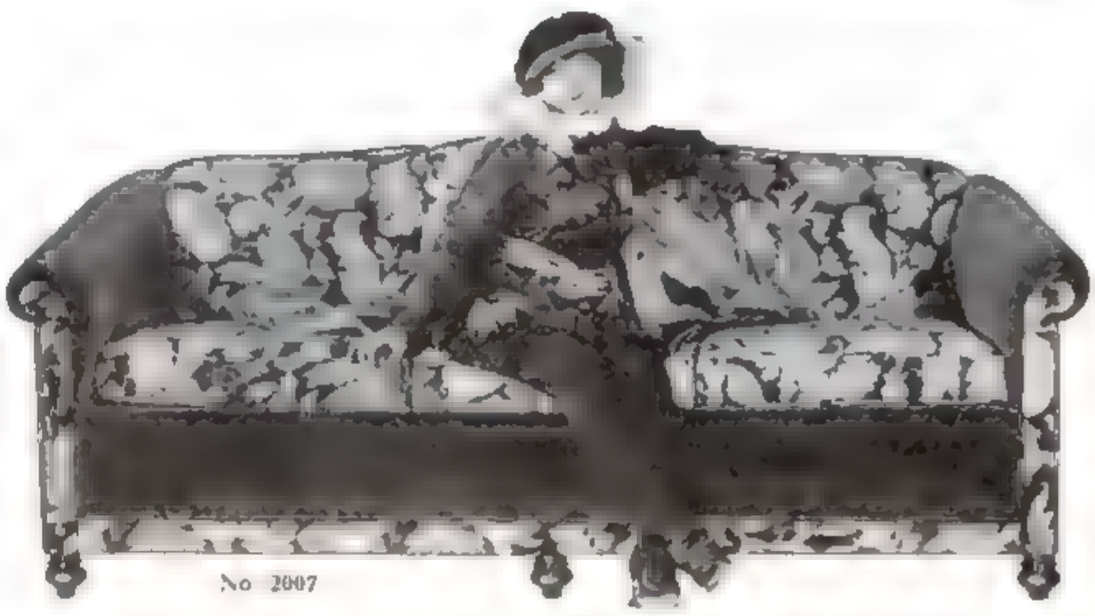

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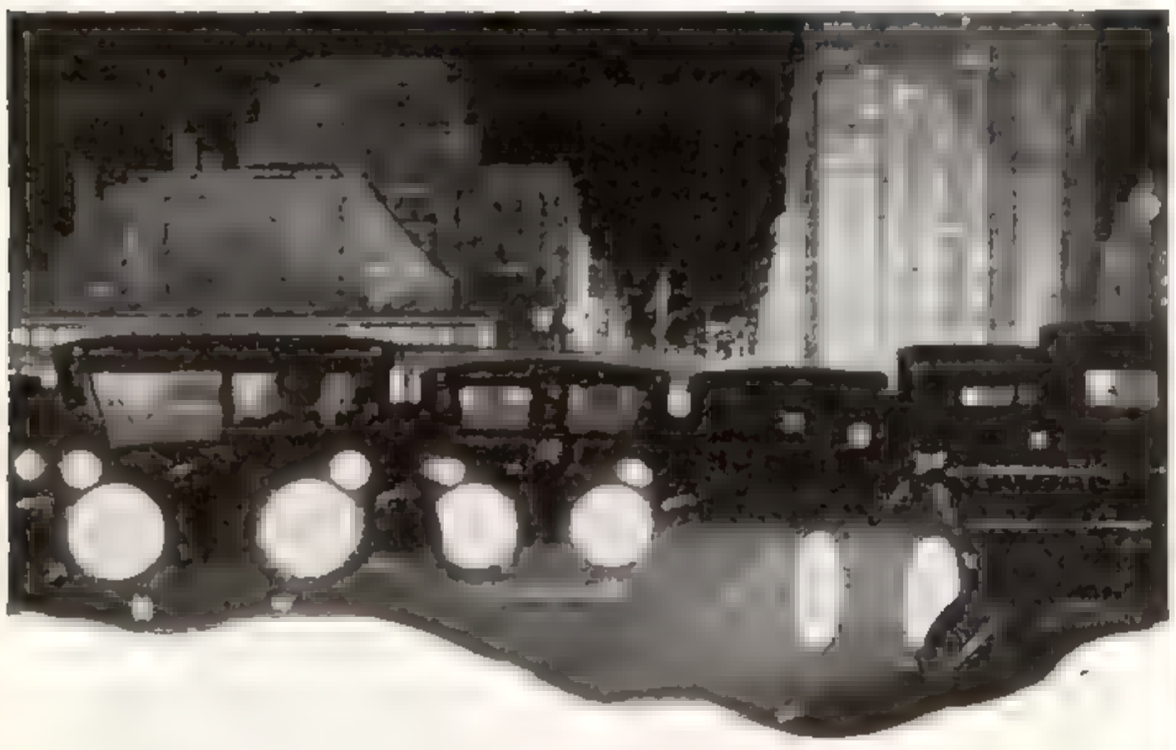

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

The next afternoon Marcus Quigley went to the office of The Morning Voice, as he had gone six afternoons a week for twenty-five years; he went almost automatically, hardly knowing what he was doing. He had barely seated himself at his venerable desk when an office boy told him that Colonel Fowler had left word for him to report to the colonel the instant he came in. He went slowly, walking as if his legs were weak from a long illness; he did not look up at the colonel, whose bulk overflowed a swivel chair behind a broad flat desk; he shuffled up to the desk and laid on it a sheet of copy paper on which he had written in his big hand: "Please accept my resignation, to take effect today. MARCUS QUIGLEY."

He knew that he would not be able to say the words, so he had written them. Before the owner of The Morning Voice could speak Marcus Quigley pushed the piece of paper toward him with his long fingers; then he turned and started to shuffle from the room.

A roar such as an angered lion emits stopped him in his tracks.

"Here, Quigley! What the devil is this?" The words came bellowing up from the colonel's barrel of chest.

"My—resignation," said Marcus Quigley.

He saw the burly pink fingers of the colonel close on the sheet of paper, saw them tear it twice across with swift fingers, saw him make a ball of the pieces and hurl the ball indignantly into a wastebasket.

"Bah!" said the colonel very loudly. "Bah! Do you think I don't read my own paper? Do you think my newspaper blood has turned to toilet water? Do you think I don't know a man with guts when I see one? Bah, Mark Quigley! You take that nose of yours back to the place in the city room where it belongs."

The colonel coughed.

"And, oh," he added, "one other thing. I'm taking Geppert away from The Morning Voice. He doesn't seem to have a nose for news."

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 19)

"'Yes,' I answered. 'First they sink to the bottom. Then they come up; but not right away. They've got to be good and dead a couple of days. It isn't time for these corpses to rise to the surface. They are not quite dead yet."

"An old-timer heard me. He was one of those chaps that are always reminded of something. He said that William R. Travers, who was bearish, once met a friend who was bullish. They exchanged market views and the friend said, 'Mr. Travers, how can you be bearish with the market so stiff?' and Travers retorted, 'Yes! Th-the s-s-stiffness of d-death!' It was Travers who went to the office of a company and asked to be allowed to see the books. The clerk asked him, 'Have you an interest in this company?' and Travers answered, 'I sh-should s-say I had! I'm sh-short t-t-twenty thousand sh-shares of the stock!'

"Well, the rallies grew feebler and feebler. I was pushing my luck for all I was worth. Every time I sold a few thousand shares of Great Northern preferred the price broke several points. I felt out weak spots elsewhere and let 'em have a few. All yielded, with one impressive exception; and that was Reading.

"When everything else hit the toboggan slide Reading stood like the Rock of Gibraltar. Everybody said the stock was cornered. It certainly acted like it. They used to tell me it was plain suicide to sell Reading short. There were people in the office who were now as bearish on everything as I was. But when anybody hinted at selling Reading they shrieked for help. I myself had sold some short and was standing pat on it. At the same time I naturally preferred to seek and hit the soft spots instead of attacking the strongly protected specialties. My tape reading found easier money in other stocks."

Planning an Assault on Reading

"I heard a great deal about the Reading bull pool. It was a mighty strong pool. To begin with they had a lot of low-priced stock, so that their average was actually below the prevailing level, according to friends who told me. Moreover, the principal members of the pool had close connections of the friendliest character with the banks whose money they were using to carry their huge holdings of Reading. As long as the price stayed up the bankers' friendship was staunch and steadfast. One pool member's paper profit was upward of three millions. That allowed for some decline without causing fatalities. No wonder the stock stood up and defied the bears. Every now and then the room traders looked at the price, smacked their lips and proceeded to test it with a thousand or two. They could not dislodge a share, so they covered and went looking elsewhere for easier money. Whenever I looked at it I also sold a little more—just enough to convince myself that I was true to my new trading principles and wasn't playing favorites.

"In the old days the strength of Reading might have fooled me. The tape kept on saying, 'Leave it alone!' But my reason told me differently. I was anticipating a general break, and there were not going to be any exceptions, pool or no pool.

"I have always played a lone hand. I began that way in the bucket shops and have kept it up. It is the way my mind works. I have to do my own seeing and my own thinking. But I can tell you after the market began to go my way I felt for the first time in my life that I had allies—the strongest and truest in the world: underlying conditions. They were helping me with all their might. Perhaps they were a trifle slow at times in bringing up the reserves, but they were dependable, provided I did not get too impatient. I was not pitting my tape-reading knack or my hunches against chance. I was following facts. The inexorable logic of events was making money for me."

Trusty Allies at Work

"The thing was to be right; to know it and to act accordingly. General conditions, my true allies, said 'Down!' And Reading disregarded the command. It was an insult to us. It began to annoy me to see Reading holding firmly, as though everything were serene. It ought to be the best short sale in the entire list because it had not gone down and the pool was carrying a lot of stock that it would not be able to carry when the money stringency grew more pronounced. Some day the bankers' friends would fare no better than the friendless suckers. The stock must go with the others. If Reading didn't decline, then my theory was wrong; I was wrong; facts were wrong; logic was wrong.

"I figured that the price held because the Street was afraid to sell it. So one day I gave to two brokers each an order to sell four thousand shares, at the same time.

"You ought to have seen that cornered stock, that it was sure suicide to go short of, take a headlong dive when those competitive orders struck it. I let 'em have a few thousand more. The price was 111 when I started selling it. Within a few minutes I took in my entire short line at 92.

"I had a wonderful time after that, and in February of 1907 I cleaned up. Great Northern preferred had gone down sixty or seventy points, and other stocks in proportion. I had made a good bit, but the reason I cleaned up was that I figured that the decline had discounted the immediate future. I looked for a fair recovery, but I wasn't bullish enough to play for a turn. I wasn't going to lose my position entirely. The market would not be right for me to trade in for a while. The first ten thousand dollars I made in the bucket shops I lost because I traded in and out of season, every day, whether or not conditions were right. I wasn't making that mistake twice. Also, don't forget that I had gone broke a little while before because I had seen this break too soon and started selling before it was time. Now when I had a big profit I wanted to cash in so that I could feel I had been right. The rallies had broken me before. I wasn't going to let

the next rally wipe me out. Instead of sitting tight I went to Florida. I love fishing and I needed a rest. I could get both down there. And besides, there are direct wires between Wall Street and Palm Beach.

"I cruised off the coast of Florida. The fishing was good. I was out of stocks. My mind was easy. I was having a fine time. One day off Palm Beach some friends came alongside in a motor boat. One of them brought a newspaper with him. I hadn't looked at one in some days and had not felt any desire to see one. I was not interested in any news it might print. But I glanced over the one my friend brought to the yacht, and I saw that the market had had a big rally: ten points and more.

"I told my friends that I would go ashore with them. Moderate rallies from time to time were reasonable. But the bear market was not over; and here was Wall Street or the fool public or desperate bull interests disregarding monetary conditions and marking up prices beyond reason or letting somebody else do it. It was too much for me. I simply had to take a look at the market. I didn't know what I might or might not do. But I knew that my pressing need was the sight of the quotation board.

"My brokers, Harding Brothers, had a branch office in Palm Beach. When I walked in I found there a lot of chaps I knew. Most of them were talking bullish. They were of the type that trade on the tape and want quick action. Such traders don't care to look ahead very far because they don't need to with their style of play. I told you how I'd got to be known in the New York office as the Kid Plunger. Of course people always magnify a fellow's winnings and the size of the line he swings. The fellows in the office had heard that I had made a killing in New York on the bear side and they expected that I would plunge on the short side. They themselves thought the rally would go a good deal further, but they sort of considered it my duty to fight it.

"I had come down to Florida on a fishing trip. I had been under a pretty severe strain and I needed my holiday. But the moment I saw how far the recovery in prices had gone I no longer felt the need of a vacation. I had not thought of just what I was going to do when I came ashore. But now I knew I must sell stocks. I was right, and I must prove it in my old and only way—by saying it with money. To sell the general list would be a proper, prudent, profitable and even patriotic action."

A Hunch on Anaconda

"The first thing I saw on the quotation board was that Anaconda was on the point of crossing 300. It had been going up by leaps and bounds and there was apparently an aggressive bull party in it. It was an old trading theory of mine that when a stock crosses 100 or 200 or 300 for the first time the price does not stop there but goes a good deal higher, so that if you buy it as soon as it crosses the line it is almost certain to show you a profit. Timid people don't like to buy a stock at a new high record. But I had the history of such movements to guide me.

"Anaconda was only quarter stock—that is, the par of the shares was only twenty-five dollars. It took four hundred shares of it to equal the usual one hundred shares of other stocks, the par value of which was one hundred dollars. I figured that when it crossed 300 it ought to keep on going and probably touch 340 in a jiffy.

"I was bearish, remember, but I was also a tape-reading trader. I knew Anaconda, if it went the way I figured, would move very quickly. Whatever moves fast always appeals to me. I have learned patience and how to sit tight, but my personal liking is for fleet movements, and Anaconda certainly was no sluggard. My buying it because it crossed 300 was prompted by the desire, always strong in me, of confirming my observations.

"Just then the tape was telling me that the buying was stronger than the selling, and therefore the general rally might easily go a bit further. It would be prudent to wait before going short. Still I might as well pay myself wages for waiting. This would be accomplished by taking a quick thirty points out of Anaconda. Bearish on the entire market and bullish on that one stock! So I bought thirty-two thousand shares of Anaconda—that is, eight thousand full shares. It was a nice little flyer but I was sure of my premises and I figured that the profit would help to swell the margin available for bear operations later on.

"On the next day the telegraph wires were down on account of a storm up North or something of the sort. I was in Harding's office waiting for news. The crowd was chewing the rag and wondering all sorts of things, as stock traders will when they can't trade. Then we got a quotation—the only one that day: Anaconda, 292

"There was a chap with me, a broker I had met in New York. He knew I was long eight thousand full shares and I suspect that he had some of his own, for when we got that one quotation he certainly had a fit. He couldn't tell whether the stock at that very moment had gone off another ten points or not. The way Anaconda had gone up it wouldn't have been anything unusual for it to break twenty points. But I said to him, 'Don't you worry, John. It will be all right tomorrow.' That was really the way I felt. But he looked at me and shook his head. He knew better. He was that kind. So I laughed, and I waited in the office in case some quotation trickled through. But no, sir. That one was all we got: Anaconda, 292. It meant a paper loss to me of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. I had wanted quick action. Well, I was getting it.

"The next day the wires were working and we got the quotations as usual. Anaconda opened at 298 and went up to 302¾, but pretty soon it began to fade away. Also, the rest of the market was not acting just right for a further rally. I made up my mind that if Anaconda went back to 301 it was a fake movement. On a legitimate advance the price should have gone to 310 without stopping. If instead it reacted it meant that precedents had failed me and I was wrong; and the only thing to do when a man is wrong is to be right by ceasing to be wrong. I had bought eight thousand full shares in expectation of a thirty or forty point rise. It would not be my first mistake; nor my last."

Job's Comforters

"Sure enough, Anaconda fell back to 301. The moment it touched that figure I sneaked over to the telegraph operator—they had a direct wire to the New York office—and I said to him, 'Sell all my Anaconda, thirty-two thousand shares.' I said it in a low voice. I didn't want anybody else to know what I was doing.

"He looked up at me almost in horror. But I nodded and said, 'All I've got!'

"'Surely, Mr. Livingston, you don't mean at the market?' and he looked as if he was going to lose a couple of millions of his own through bum execution by a careless broker. But I just told him, 'Sell it! Don't argue about it!'

"The two Black boys, Jim and Ollie, were in the office, out of hearing of the operator and myself. They were big traders who had come originally from Chicago, where they had been famous plungers in wheat, and were now heavy traders on the New York Stock Exchange. They were very wealthy and were high rollers for fair.

"As I left the telegraph operator to go back to my seat in front of the quotation board Oliver Black nodded to me and smiled.

"'You'll be sorry, Larry,' he said.

"I stopped and asked him, 'What do you mean?'

"'Tomorrow you'll be buying it back.'

"'Buying what back?' I said. I hadn't told a soul except the telegraph operator.

"'Anaconda,' he said. 'You'll be paying 320 for it. That wasn't a good move of yours, Larry.' And he smiled again.

"'What wasn't?' And I looked innocent.

"'Selling your eight thousand Anaconda at the market; in fact, insisting on it,' said Ollie Black.

"I knew that he was supposed to be very clever and always traded on inside news. But how he knew my business so accurately was beyond me. I was sure the office hadn't given me away.

"'Ollie, how did you know that?' I asked him.

"He laughed and told me: 'I got it from Charlie.' That was the telegraph operator.

"'But he never budged from his place,' I said.

"'I couldn't hear you and him whispering,' he chuckled. 'But I heard every word of the message he sent to the New York

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Are they furnished in different colors that show plainly when the cards are in filing tray?	Yes	?	✓
Is machine quiet in operation?	Yes	✓	✓
Will machine print perfect addresses on forms of uneven thickness	Yes	✓	✓
Can any address plate be used as a tab card without attaching a special [illegible]	Yes	✓	✓
Are [illegible]	Yes	✓	?
[illegible]	Yes	✓	✓
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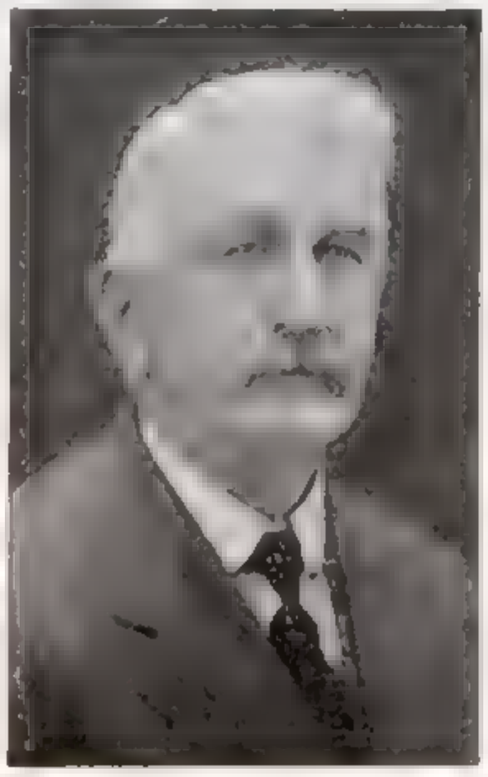

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"'Not this trip, Ollie,' I said.

"He stared at me and said, 'You're pretty cocky about it.'

"'Not I; the tape,' I said.

"'I've heard of those birds,' he said, 'who look at the tape and instead of seeing prices they see a railroad time-table of the arrival and departure of stocks. But they were in padded cells where they couldn't hurt themselves.'

"I didn't answer him anything because about that time the boy brought me a memorandum. They had sold five thousand shares at 299¾. I knew our quotations were a little behind the market. The price on the board at Palm Beach when I gave the operator the order to sell was 301. I felt so certain that at that very moment the price at which the stock was actually selling on the Stock Exchange in New York was less, that if anybody had offered to take the stock off my hands at 296 I'd have been tickled to death to accept. What happened shows you that I am right in never trading at limits. Suppose I had limited my selling price to 300? I'd never have got it off. No, sir! When you want to get out, get out."

Getting Ready for the Storm

"Now, my stock cost me about 300. They got off five hundred shares—full shares, of course—at 299¾. The next thousand they sold at 299⅝. Then a hundred at ½; two hundred at ⅜ and two hundred at ¼. The last of my stock went at 298¾. It took Harding's cleverest floor man fifteen minutes to get rid of that last one hundred shares. They didn't want to crack it wide open.

"The moment I got the report of the sale of the last of my long stock I started to do what I had really come ashore to do—that is, to sell stocks. I simply had to. There was the market after its outrageous rally, begging to be sold. Why, people were beginning to talk bullish again. The tape, however, was saying that the rally had run its course. It was safe to sell them. It did not require reflection.

"The next day Anaconda opened below 296. Oliver Black, who was waiting for a further rally, had come down early to be Johnny-on-the-Spot when the stock crossed 320. I don't know how much of it he was long of or whether he was long of it at all. But he didn't laugh when he saw the opening prices, nor later in the day when the stock broke still more and the report came back to us in Palm Beach that there was no market for it at all.

"Of course that was all the confirmation any man needed. My growing paper profit kept reminding me that I was right, hour by hour. Naturally I sold some more stocks. Everything! It was a bear market. They were all going down. The next day was Friday, Washington's Birthday. I couldn't stay in Florida and fish because I had put out a very fair short line, for me. I was needed in New York. Who needed me? I did! Palm Beach was too far, too remote. Too much valuable time was lost telegraphing back and forth.

"I left Palm Beach for New York. On Monday I had to lie in St. Augustine three hours, waiting for a train. There was a broker's office there, and naturally I had to see how the market was acting while I was waiting. Anaconda had broken several points since the last trading day. As a matter of fact, it didn't stop going down until the big break that fall.

"I got to New York and traded on the bear side for about four months. The market had frequent rallies as before, and I kept covering and putting them out again. I didn't, strictly speaking, sit tight. Remember, I had lost every cent of the three hundred thousand dollars I made out of the San Francisco earthquake break. I had been right, and nevertheless had gone broke. I was now playing safe—because after being down a man enjoys being up, even if he doesn't quite make the top. The way to make money is to make it. The way to make big money is to be right at exactly the right time. In this business a man has to think of both theory and practice. A speculator must not be merely a student, he must be both a student and a speculator.

"I did pretty well, even if I can now see where my campaign was tactically inadequate. When summer came the market got dull. It was a cinch that there would be nothing doing in a big way until well along in the fall. Everybody I knew had gone or was going to Europe. I thought that would be a good move for me. So I cleaned up. When I sailed for Europe I was a trifle more than three-quarters of a million to the good. To me that looked like some balance.

"I was in Aix-les-Bains enjoying myself. I had earned my vacation. It was good to be in a place like that with plenty of money and friends and acquaintances and everybody intent upon having a good time. Not much trouble about having that, in Aix. Wall Street was so far away that I never thought about it, and that is more than you can say of any resort in the United States. I didn't have to listen to talk about the stock market. I didn't need to trade. I had enough to last me quite a long time, and besides, when I got back I knew what to do to make up much more than I could spend in Europe that summer.

"One day I saw in the Paris Herald a dispatch from New York that Smelters had declared an extra dividend. They had run up the price of the stock and the entire market had come back quite strong. Of course that changed everything for me in Aix. The news simply meant that the bull cliques were still fighting desperately against conditions—against common sense and against common honesty, for they knew what was coming and were resorting to such schemes to put up the market in order to unload stocks before the storm struck them. It is possible they really did not believe the danger was as serious or as close at hand as I thought. The big men of the Street are as prone to be wishful thinkers as the politicians or the plain suckers. I myself can't work that way. In a speculator such an attitude is fatal. Perhaps a manufacturer of securities or a promoter of new enterprises can afford to indulge in hope jags.

"At all events, I knew that all bull manipulation was foredoomed to failure in that bear market. The instant I read the dispatch I knew there was only one thing to do to be comfortable, and that was to sell Smelters short. Why, the insiders as much as begged me on their knees to do it, when they increased the dividend rate on the verge of a money panic. It was as infuriating as the old dares of your boyhood. They dared me to sell that particular stock short."

On the Right Track

"I cabled some selling orders in Smelters and advised the bunch in New York to go short of it. When I got my report from the brokers I saw the price they got was six points below the quotations I had seen in the Paris Herald. It shows you what the situation was.

"My plans had been to return to Paris at the end of the month and about three weeks later sail for New York, but as soon as I received the cabled reports from my brokers I went back to Paris. The same day I arrived I called at the steamship offices and found there was a fast boat leaving for New York the next day. I took it.

"There I was, back in New York, almost a month ahead of my original plans, because it was the most comfortable place to be short of the market in. I had over half a million in cash available for margins. My return was due not to my being bearish but to my being logical.

"I sold more stocks. As money got tighter call-money rates went higher and prices of stocks lower. I had foreseen it. At first my foresight broke me. But now I was right and prospering. But the real joy was in the consciousness that as a trader I was at last on the right track. I still had much to learn but I knew what to do. No more floundering, no more half-right methods. Tape reading was an important part of the game; so was beginning at the right time; so was sticking to your position. But my greatest discovery was that a man must study general conditions, to size them so as to be able to anticipate probabilities. In short, I had learned that I had to work for my money. I was no longer betting blindly or concerned with mastering the technic of the game, but

with earning my successes by hard study and clear thinking. I also had found out that nobody was immune from the danger of making sucker plays. And for a sucker play a man gets sucker pay; for the paymaster is on the job and never loses the pay envelope that is coming to you.

"Our office made a great deal of money. My own operations were so successful that they began to be talked about and, of course, were greatly exaggerated. I was credited with starting the breaks in various stocks. People I didn't know by name used to come and congratulate me. They all thought the most wonderful thing was the money I had made. They did not say a word about the time when I first talked bearish to them and they thought I was a crazy bear with a vindictive grouch. That I had foreseen the money troubles was nothing. That my brokers' bookkeeper had used a third of a drop of ink on the credit side of the ledger under my name was a marvelous achievement to them.

"Friends used to tell me that in various offices the Kid Plunger in Harding Brothers' office was quoted as making all sorts of d. f. threats against the bull cliques that had tried to mark up prices of various stocks long after it was plain that the market was bound to seek a much lower level. To this day they talk of my raids.

"From the latter part of September on the money market was megaphoning warnings to the entire world. But a belief in miracles kept people from selling what remained of their speculative holdings. Why, a broker told me a story the first week of October that made me feel almost ashamed of my moderation."

Round the Money Post

"You remember money loans used to be made on the floor of the Exchange around the Money Post. Those brokers who had received notice from their banks to pay call loans knew in a general way how much money they would have to borrow afresh. And of course the banks knew their position so far as loanable funds were concerned, and those which had money to loan would send it to the Exchange. This bank money was handled by a few brokers whose principal business was time loans. At about noon the renewal rate for the day was posted. Usually this represented a fair average of the loans made up to that time. Business was as a rule transacted openly by bids and offers, so that everyone knew what was going on. Between noon and about two o'clock there was ordinarily not much business done in money, but after delivery time—namely, 2:15 P.M.—brokers would know exactly what their cash position for the day would be, and they were either able to go to the Money Post and lend the balances that they had over or borrow what they required. This business also was done openly.

"Well, sometime early in October the broker I was telling you about came to me and told me that brokers were getting so they didn't go to the Money Post when they had money to loan. The reason was that members of a couple of well-known commission firms were on watch there, ready to snap up any offerings of money. Of course no lender who offered money publicly could refuse to lend to these firms. They were solvent and the collateral was good enough. But the trouble was that once these firms borrowed money on call there was no prospect of the lender getting that money back. They simply said they couldn't pay it back and the lender would willy-nilly have to renew the loan. So any Stock Exchange house that had money to loan to its fellows used to send its men about the floor instead of to the Post, and they would whisper to good friends 'Want a hundred?' meaning 'Do you want to borrow a hundred thousand dollars?' The money brokers who acted for the banks presently adopted the same plan, and it was a dismal sight to watch the Money Post. Think of it!

"Why, he also told me that it was a matter of Stock Exchange etiquette in those October days for the borrower to make his own rate of interest. You see, it fluctuated between 100 and 150 per cent per annum. I suppose by letting the borrower fix the rate the lender in some strange way didn't feel so much like a usurer. But you bet he got as much as the rest. The borrower naturally did not dream of not paying a high rate. He played fair and paid whatever the others did. What he needed was the money and was glad to get it.

"Things got worse and worse. Finally there came the awful day of reckoning for the bulls and the optimists and the wishful thinkers and those vast hordes that, dreading the pain of a small loss at the beginning, were now about to suffer total amputation—without anæsthetics. A day I shall never forget, October 24, 1907.

"Reports from the money crowd early indicated that borrowers would have to pay whatever the lenders saw fit to ask. There wouldn't be enough to go around. That day the money crowd was much larger than usual. When delivery time came that afternoon there must have been a hundred brokers around the Money Post, each hoping to borrow the money that his firm urgently needed. Without money they must sell what stocks they were carrying on margin—sell at any price they could get in a market where buyers were as scarce as money—and just then there was not a dollar in sight.

"My friend's partner was as bearish as I was. The firm therefore did not have to borrow, but my friend, the broker I told you about, fresh from seeing the haggard faces around the Money Post, came to me. He knew I was heavily short of the entire market.

"He said, 'My God, Larry! I don't know what's going to happen. I never saw anything like it. It can't go on. Something has got to give. It looks to me as if everybody is busted right now. You can't sell stocks, and there is absolutely no money in there.'

"'How do you mean?' I asked.

"But what he answered was, 'Did you ever hear of the classroom experiment of the mouse in a glass bell when they begin to pump the air out of the bell? You can see the poor mouse breathe faster and faster, its sides heaving like overworked bellows, trying to get enough oxygen out of the decreasing supply in the bell? You watch it suffocate till its eyes almost pop out of their sockets, gasping, dying? Well, that is what I think of when I see the crowd at the Money Post! No money anywhere, and you can't liquidate stocks because there is nobody to buy them. The whole Street is busted at this very moment, if you ask me!'

"It made me think. I had seen a smash coming, but not, I admit, the worst panic in our history. It might not be profitable to anybody—if it went much further.

"Finally it became plain that there was no use in waiting at the Post for money. There wasn't going to be any. Then hell broke loose.

"The president of the Stock Exchange, Mr. R. H. Thomas, so I heard later in the day, knowing that every house in the Street was headed for disaster, went out in search of succor. He called on the late James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, the richest bank in the United States. Its boast was that it never loaned money at a higher rate than 6 per cent."

King for a Day!

"Stillman heard what the president of the New York Stock Exchange had to say. Then he said, 'Mr. Thomas, we'll have to go and see Mr. Morgan about this.'

"The two men, hoping to stave off the most disastrous panic in our financial history, went together to the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. and saw Mr. Morgan. Mr. Thomas laid the case before him. The moment he got through speaking Mr. Morgan said, 'Go back to the Exchange and tell them that there will be money for them.'

"'Where?'

"'At the banks!'

"So strong was the faith of all men in Mr. Morgan in those critical times that Thomas didn't wait for further details but rushed back to the floor of the Exchange to announce the reprieve to his death-sentenced fellow members.

"Then, before half past two in the afternoon, J. P. Morgan sent John T. Atterbury, of Van Enburgh & Atterbury, who was known to have close relations with J. P. Morgan & Co., into the money crowd. My friend said that the old broker walked quickly to the Money Post. He raised his hand like an exhorter at a revival meeting. The crowd, that at first had been calmed down somewhat by President Thomas' announcement, was beginning to fear that the relief plans had miscarried and the worst was still to come. But when they looked at Mr. Atterbury's face and saw him raise his hand they promptly petrified themselves.

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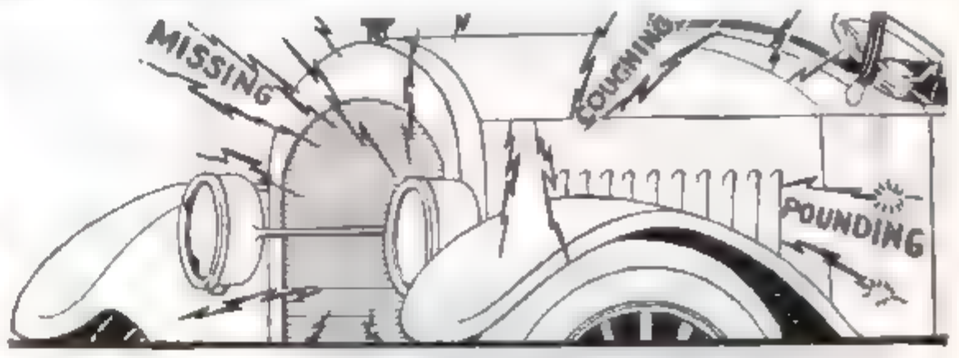

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"In the dead silence that followed, Mr. Atterbury said, 'I am authorized to lend ten million dollars. Take it easy! There will be enough for everybody!'

"Then he began. Instead of giving to each borrower the name of the lender he simply jotted down the name of the borrower and the amount of the loan and told the borrower, 'You will be told where your money is.' He meant the name of the bank from which the borrower would get the money later.

"I heard a day or two later that Mr. Morgan simply sent word to the frightened bankers of New York that they must provide the money the Stock Exchange needed.

"'But we haven't got any. We're loaned up to the hilt,' the banks protested.

"'You've got your reserves,' snapped J. P.

"'But we're already below the legal limit,' they howled.

"'Use them! That's what reserves are for!' And the banks obeyed and invaded the reserves to the extent of about twenty million dollars. It saved the stock market. The bank panic didn't come until the following week. He was a man, J. P. Morgan was. They don't come much bigger.

"That was the day I remember most vividly of all the days of my life as a stock operator. It was the day when my winnings exceeded one million dollars. It marked the successful ending of my first deliberately planned trading campaign. What I had foreseen had come to pass. But more than all these things was this: A wild dream of mine had been realized. I had been king for a day!"

The Market Topples

"I'll explain. Of course! After I had been in New York a couple of years I used to cudgel my brains trying to determine the exact reason why I couldn't beat in a Stock Exchange house in New York the game that I had beaten as a kid of fifteen in a bucket shop in Boston. I knew that some day I would find out what was wrong and I would stop being wrong. I would then have not alone the will to be right but the knowledge to insure my being right. And that would mean power.

"Please do not misunderstand me. It was not a deliberate dream of grandeur or a futile desire born of overweening vanity. It was rather a sort of feeling that the same old stock market that so baffled me in Fullerton's office and in Harding's would one day eat out of my hand. I just felt that such a day would come. And it did—October 24, 1907.

"I'll tell you what makes me say it: That morning a broker who had done a lot of business for my brokers and knew that I had been plunging on the bear side rode down in the company of one of the partners of the foremost banking house in the Street. My friend told the banker how heavily I had been trading, for I certainly pushed my luck to the limit. What is the use of being right unless you get all the good possible out of it?

"Perhaps the broker exaggerated to make his story sound important. Perhaps I had more of a following than I knew. Perhaps the banker knew far better than I how critical the situation was. At all events, my friend said to me: 'He listened with great interest to what I told him you said the market was going to do when the real selling began, after another push or two. When I got through he said he might have something for me to do later in the day.'"

A Sudden Switch

"When the commission houses found out there was not a cent to be had at any price I knew the time had come. I sent brokers into the various crowds. Why, at one time there wasn't a single bid for Union Pacific. Not at any price! Think of it! And in other stocks the same thing. No money to hold stocks and nobody to buy them.

"I had enormous paper profits and the certainty that all that I had to do to smash prices still more was to send in orders to sell ten thousand shares each of Union Pacific and of a half dozen other good dividend-paying stocks and what would follow would be simply hell. It seemed to me that the panic that would be precipitated would be of such an intensity and character that the board of governors would deem it advisable to close the Exchange, as was done in August, 1914, when the World War broke out.

"It would mean greatly increased profits on paper. It might also mean an inability to convert those profits into actual cash. But there were other things to consider, and one was that a further break would retard the recovery that I was beginning to figure on, the compensating improvement after all that bloodletting. Such a panic would do much harm to the country generally.

"I made up my mind that since it was unwise and unpleasant to continue actively bearish it was dog cat for me to stay short. So I turned and began to buy.

"It wasn't long after my brokers began to buy in for me—and, by the way, I got bottom prices—that the banker sent for my friend."

The Street Begs for Mercy

"'I have sent for you,' he said, 'because I want you to go instantly to your friend Livingston and say to him that we hope he will not sell any more stocks today. The market can't stand much more pressure. As it is, it will be an immensely difficult task to avert a devastating panic. Appeal to your friend's patriotism. This is a case where a man has to work for the benefit of all. Let me know at once what he says.'

"My friend came right over and told me. He was very tactful. I suppose he thought that having planned to smash the market I would consider his request as equivalent to throwing away the chance to make about ten million dollars. He knew I was sore on some of the big guns for the way they had acted trying to land the public with a lot of stock when they knew as well as I did what was coming.

"As a matter of fact, the big men were big sufferers and lots of the stocks I bought at the very bottom were in famous financial names. I didn't know it at the time, but it did not matter. I had practically covered all my shorts and it seemed to me there was a chance to buy stocks cheap and help the needed recovery in prices at the same time—if nobody hammered the market.

"So I told my friend, 'Go back and tell Mr. Blank that I agree with him and that I fully realized the gravity of the situation, even before he sent for you. I not only will not sell any more stocks today but I am going in and buy as much as I can carry.' And I kept my word. I bought one hundred thousand shares that day, for the long account. I did not sell another stock short for nine months."

A Million to Lose

"That is why I said to you that my dream had come true and that I had been king for a moment. The stock market at one time that day certainly was at the mercy of anybody who wanted to hammer it. I do not suffer from delusions of grandeur; in fact you know how I feel about being accused of raiding the market and about the way my operations are often exaggerated by the gossip of the Street.

"I came out of it in fine shape. The newspapers said that Larry Livingston, the Kid Plunger, had made several millions. But I was worth over one million after the close of business that day. But my biggest winnings were not in dollars but in the intangibles: I had been right, I had looked ahead and followed a clear-cut plan. I had learned what a man must do in order to make big money, I was permanently out of the gambler class, I had at last learned to trade intelligently in a big way. It was a day of days for me."

Livingston ceased to speak and took a long pull at his cigar. He exhaled the smoke slowly, his eyes fixed on a spot near the ceiling.

"So that is how you learned to play the game of stock speculation as it should be played?" I said.

"Yes," answered Livingston simply.

"Having told me how you made your first million," I said, "I should now like to hear how you lost it."

"Some other time!" and Livingston rose. He walked to the window and stared out a long time.

"I'll wait until tomorrow," I told him in a kindly voice.

"Huh? Sure, I lost it! And I'd lose it again if I did what I did that time. It's an expensive luxury—for a man to make an ass of himself!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue

THE TRUTH ABOUT CORDS

MANY tire buyers have assumed that the word "Cord" was a sort of "Sterling" or 18-karat mark on a tire—an assurance of high quality and long mileage, regardless of make or brand.

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SHIRT SLEEVES

(Continued from Page 17)

rested. All through January they moved up and down the cañon with the herd, finding half a day's grazing at a time and then shifting on. In February Grant began feeding hay, although everyone figured that twenty-dollar hay was better burned than fed into four-cent beef. Grant himself had many doubts. But spring brought a turn in the Chicago market, and beef went up two and finally three cents. His herd was sleek, strong and shining, and he put forty-eight hundred dollars into the State Bank two weeks before that five-thousand-dollar mortgage was due. Old Sam Hatton sent for him.

"Our loan committee has been talking over that extension you asked for, Buckley," he said. "They have decided to give you another six months if you want it."

Grant hesitated just a moment. He feared Samuel Hatton bearing gifts. But his plans were broadening.

"Thanks, Mr. Hatton," he said. "It will accommodate me a good deal."

Judge Galt shook his head at the news. "The old wolf would like to have you hog-tied and helpless, Grant," he said. "Keep an eye out for tricks!"

But Grant thought he could make it. He began to seed the hill slopes at once, late as it was. The bottom lands were all in barley and alfalfa mixed, so that the grain would furnish cover for the tender clover, and it was beginning to come up evenly and thick. He had a new plan—to raise a small dam in Lower Hellgate, which stood above a high step in the cañon, and store enough water there from Limekiln Creek to carry his alfalfa through the heat of August and September, after his grain was cut. This program would gain him a full year's growth of the forage. So he put a contractor on the job and in the middle of May the dam was up and a sheet of clear water covered thirty acres behind it.

On the twenty-fourth of May a sudden storm blew in from the southeast over the lake country, and about dark the rain began.

In eighteen hours four inches fell. Some time in the night, with a roar that was heard in Greenbrae, the dam in Lower Hellgate was swept away. Next morning Grant looked from the windows of the old house and saw the flood, which had covered the alfalfa in the bottom land under a heavy film of muck and débris, bring his barn down and carry it, a tangle of siding, studs, sills, joists and pieces of roof, and a thousand dollars' worth of hay, grain and implements, towards South Fork.

There was no time to mope. He threw off his coat, called to his man, and they hitched the mules and drove down to see what could be salvaged. They worked until it was too dark to see; went at it again the next morning, and by afternoon had most of the implements and some of the barn timbers dragged to safety. For the first time Grant could catch breath. He saddled his horse and rode up the cañon to view the damage there.

A gaping hole had been torn in the center of the dam, and the pent-up stream had cut a course to the lip of the high ledge below the two towering rocks called Lower Hellgate. This ledge was a hundred feet above the cañon bed, and probably three hundred above the floor of the valley itself. Now through the eroded gully up there the storm waters were rushing in a muddy waterfall. Two or three of the contractor's dump wagons had been on the dam and had gone over with the first flood. One of them lay on its side at the foot of the falls and its upturned wheel was spinning dizzily under the impact of the water. Grant put his horse to the steep road up to the level of Hellgate and surveyed the scene above. The dam, he saw, was practically gone. He looked on up the cañon. Upper Hellgate, a rock formation similar to the one where he had built his dam, was spilling its run-off and Limekiln Creek was touching high-water mark and probably would be for days. Still farther up, where the cañon began to rise precipitately towards the high Sierras and the abandoned Glory View Mine, he could see more water coming. His ranch lay at the foot of a flight of four steep stairs in the narrow cañon, and now he realized how foolhardy he had been to erect a dam of earthwork near the bottom of such a water trap.

If he had the money of course he could build small permanent dams on the edges of each of these cañon steps and so impound water enough not only for his own bottom lands but for those of his neighbors. But that would mean, at the very beginning, the purchase of Hank Norton's homestead of three hundred acres, adjoining his south line at Upper Hellgate and running south, and the old Glory View property next Norton's and covering the upper reaches of the cañon. After that, money to build dams, gates, flumes, spillways——

He laughed shortly.

"A wonderful scheme—if I had the million dollars!" he exclaimed. "And if I had the million I wouldn't need the scheme."

In spite of its impracticability he could not put the plan out of his head, however, and toying with it kept him, he realized, from facing the immediate future and its cataclysmic financial disasters. Perhaps he could finance his irrigation enterprise among the ranchers of the valley. Other Western settlements had lifted themselves by their own boot straps in the same way. He ran over the list of men likely to be broad gauge enough to see the possibilities—and came to a sudden stop. Samuel Hatton! Of course! And in twenty minutes it would be Hatton's scheme and Grant Buckley would be on the outside looking in!

He rode slowly down the trail towards home. A small, perfect rainbow caught his eyes. The tardy sun was piercing the fine spray thrown off by that spinning dump-cart wheel in the bottom of the cañon under the disastrous waterfall of Lower Hellgate. Grant pulled his horse up short. For a moment he held his breath. An idea so simple and yet so dazzling that it shook him had flashed into his head.

"Water power!" he whispered to himself.

Water power! The whole Limekiln Creek watershed harnessed to a plant that would not only make power for the entire valley, with some to spare, but that would make extensive irrigation a possibility, and an easy and cheap one! Of course! Why not!

When he rode into the home place he was waving his hat and emitting barbaric sounds that made his slow-witted farm hand think immediately of insanity in a dangerous form.

But when Grant asked for a second helping of beans at their bachelor supper and opined thoughtfully that it looked as though the storm was over, old Tom Petrie decided that the crisis was past.

Judge Galt was skeptical at first when the great scheme was broached to him, but his enthusiasm waxed. He undertook to investigate titles and make cautious inquiries, and Grant went into executive session with himself to study the question of ways and means. He had about five thousand dollars; but that, he realized, would not go far, and more than that amount would be needed in a few months to meet the extended bank note. With some difficulty he pocketed his pride, telling himself that he was putting a cold-blooded business proposition up to friends of whom he would not ask a penny for his own needs. He wrote several letters, but most of them brought back excuses. Billy Edmonton, a university friend, sent a thousand dollars in June, with the dry comment that he had kissed it good-by before it had left his hands.

The search for the present owners of the long-abandoned Glory View mining property was difficult and trying. When it ended and Judge Galt opened negotiations through a friend in San Francisco the owners immediately suspected that someone had opened up a hidden vein of the old rich ore, and they hurried experts up to look the ground over. Nothing came of this but delay and a sharp advance on the price quoted.

Grant and the judge promptly dropped the matter there, hoping that this would bring a change of attitude. Later it did, and more reasonable terms and figures were quoted. But no option would be given at a price Grant could afford; temporarily the deal hung fire.

Henry Norton, who owned the homestead between the Buckley line and the mining property, was willing to sell at a moderate price, but balked at giving an option. Grant persuaded him to consider such a transaction and left him. Straightway, although it was long before Grant

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knew it, the old homesteader went to Samuel Hatton to ask advice. Hatton told him to hold off a while—and promptly went on a still-hunt himself to determine what Grant Buckley was up to.

Meantime Grant had no intention of letting his ranch lie idle while he chased the elusive bubble of his scheme. He was a man overnight—filled out, strong, capable and growing in experience—and he increased his efforts instead of slacking off. He found the mud covering his bottom lands less deep than he had thought, and he began first to investigate the possibility of saving some of the alfalfa. The hot weather that followed the cloud-burst baked the surface of the mud film until it scaled and cracked. He realized at once that the surface must be kept moist and soft if any of the crop was to get through. So he began cultivating assiduously. The neighbors thought him crazy, but some of the wiser of them soon saw his plan and approved it openly. As a matter of fact, by July the alfalfa was beginning to come through, although the barley was almost entirely killed. There were dubious days in August, when the alfalfa was too high to permit of ordinary cultivation and yet not high enough to shade the ground. Grant studied this problem with anxiety; then went to an old blacksmith in Riverbank and had him build a long, heavy wooden cylinder through which nails were driven to protrude on the outside. When the clumsy device was completed it looked like an old-fashioned music-box roller, but when it was drawn over the ground it pricked and scarified the surface without tearing up the tender plants, and by September the bottom lands were green with alfalfa six inches high, and thick and sturdy.

The hay crop on the hillside had been badly beaten down by the May rainstorm; but heat and wind dried it, and it began to straighten up and grow lush and strong. The additional moisture had helped it. Grant soon decided that he could afford to thresh the crop for grain instead of cutting for hay, and he made his plans accordingly. Grain was up, hay was down. In the middle of summer he had recouped some of his losses from the May disaster and seemed on his way to make the ranch pay expenses.

But all this meant unceasing work—planning, contriving and physical labor of the hardest sort. The multitude of difficulties, delays, impeding details that only a rancher knows pressed on him from every side, but he kept going and his back stiffened under the load. There was little variety in his life, but he was looking forward a long way. He ached for the old human companionship of his college days; particularly he thought of Harriet Ashe and what she might have been now if he could have measured up to her standards. She, at least, was definitely put behind him. If he succeeded with his ranch and his power project he might be able to go looking for the old friendships with others again, however.

He had lost the luxury of self-pity long before. He was in a fight now, and there would be no disgrace in defeat. So he wasted no time in melancholy. As soon as he could leave the ranch to Tom Petrie he flew at the halting power scheme. His greatest need was capital to tighten his hold on the enterprise. Judge Galt finally suggested that he go to Lars Johansen.

"Lars is as honest as he is homely, Grant," the old lawyer said. "But until you have things tied up it will be just as well not to go into details, I think."

"I can't tell him that I'm cleaned out and have five thousand dollars and interest to pay in October, can I?"

"Yes, I think you can."

"And ask him to lend me money on that?"

"No, son. Ask him to loan money on yourself."

"I can see him laughing."

The old judge smiled.

"I don't figure it that way," he said. "And Lars won't either if you go to him with your coat off."

Grant stared, then laughed.

"I'll try it, judge," he said.

Johansen let Grant do the talking. But he studied the young man closely. After ten minutes he said:

"I been keeping my eye on you, Maister Buckley, since your father died. You been working hard, and that been pretty good sign on a young feller. You got some scheme up your sleeve, maybe?"

Impulsively Grant drew out pencil and paper and sketched the whole plan. When he had finished Johansen loaned him five thousand dollars.

"I like to help a lame dog yump over a gate, Maister Buckley," he said quaintly; "but he's got to walk home for himself. Maybe you see how I mean, eh?"

"I do," Grant said. "I will not be back for more, Mr. Johansen."

He had nearly nine thousand dollars now, but he had only a little more than a month in which to bring the power project to the place where he could realize something on it. His note was due in October, another one early in December. He had to play fast and play heavily if he was to win. He went to Henry Norton himself and asked flatly for the rock-bottom figure on the homestead.

"You seem to be in a turrible rush, Buckley," the old man said shrewdly. "I dunno whether you cal'late to find oil on my lands, or di'monds; but you cert'nly act like it was something. I'll take twelve thousand—and not a penny less."

"How much cash down?"

"Oh, say half."

"I'll tell you what I can do, Mr. Norton: I will pay you five thousand dollars now, cash, and give you a mortgage for five thousand more, to be paid in one, two and three years."

"Ten thousand in all. Um-m-m! 'Tain't much money, Buckley."

"A month ago you would have taken half as much and been satisfied. And if I don't buy you'll be lucky to sell—ever."

"That's so, mebbe," the old man admitted, chuckling. "Well, son, I guess we'll deal."

Grant's hand shook as he wrote that five-thousand-dollar check. He was in for it now—in to his ears. It was sink or swim, and not a life preserver on the boat! But he kept his chin up and his shoulders back. He was a grown man, and no mistake!

The grain crop yielded well, but the cost of harvesting and threshing ran considerably over what Grant had figured, and the net result was a disappointment. In the middle of September unseasonable hot weather set in and dried up his alfalfa land badly, so that the plan for buying a few hogs to run on it had to be abandoned. The new negotiations with the Glory View mining people dragged. The owners could not get over the impression that something had been found in the mine itself, and every time they made a proposition that seemed within reach and Grant moved to take it they would become panicky and withdraw it. Within ninety days the young rancher had to pay on notes secured by his ranch a total, he found, of approximately twenty-two thousand dollars. The only way he could avoid throwing up his hands and abandoning everything was by putting all this out of his head and eternally driving himself.

He had a letter from Harriet Ashe late in September that read:

> Roger Brown brings me the only news I get of you, Grant. I don't suppose that hard work ever really kills people, but if it does you seem to be making a very fair target of yourself.
>
> I have heard several times lately that I am engaged to Fred Ainsworth. He's a nice boy, I think you'll agree. The news seems to me important—if true!
>
> George Forcyth, my lawyer uncle—you met him at the house once; he's an old Psi U, remember—is motoring up somewhere into your country early next month. I can go if I want to. He's looking into a land deal for some clients and it would be a flying trip. Would you recommend it?

He wrote hastily, urging her to come. Then he tore up that letter and wrote noncommittally.

"What's the use of stirring all that up?" he asked himself sharply. "A girl like Harriet—who never saw a man in overalls and with his finger nails broken in her life, and who would probably be ill if she saw me with a two days' growth of beard on my face! No, we'll play a tight hand, old boy!"

The keystone to the arch of his power plan was the possession of the Glory View property. Grant finally decided to put everything else aside and go after that. A hurried trip to the coast developed the new fact that the owner was an old woman living three hundred miles north. He wired Judge Galt and caught a night train to visit her. She had left the day before for San Francisco. Grant retraced his steps—finally found her. When he had succeeded in talking her into signing a four months' option on the land, and had paid her twenty-five hundred dollars, he was so nearly a nervous wreck that he went to

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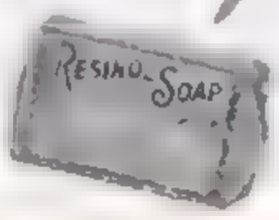

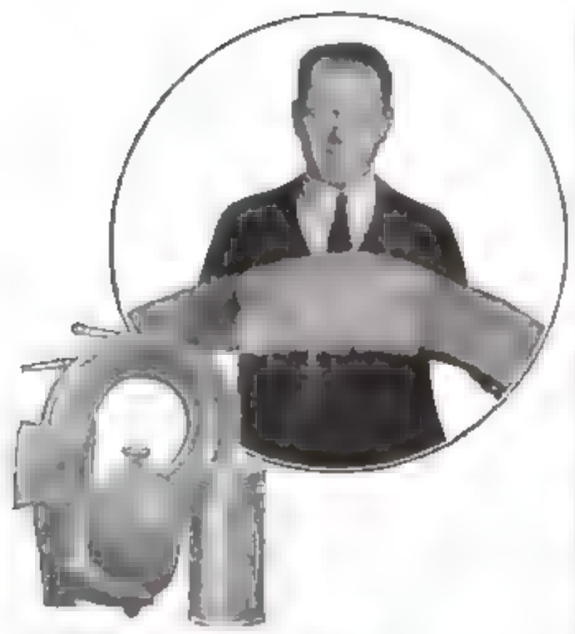

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bed on the train for the valley again and had to be awakened three times the next morning before he could stumble out.

In Riverbank again he went to Judge Galt.

"The foundation is down now, judge," he said; "but whether I can build on it or not is a question. In about fifteen days I will need almost six thousand dollars for Hatton. I can't raise it in that time. Can I market my power project?"

"I don't know, son. Let's lay out the program."

When they had done this, going over the ground step by step to be sure that nothing was overlooked to protect them as promoters of the enterprise, Grant breathed a long sigh.

"That's all right," he said. "I wish I could set my mind at rest about the notes at the bank."

"Of course you can let Hatton foreclose," the judge said. "The law allows you a year in which to redeem your property."

"But in the meantime it would be a cloud on my title. Could I talk to capitalists or bankers under those conditions?"

"Yes. It isn't the happiest arrangement, but it may be the only one."

"I'm going to the Western Power and Light Company first."

"Pretty small bite for them, isn't it, Grant?"

"I can try. See here, judge, I'm wondering why I couldn't go directly to Hatton and tell him what I have in mind. I don't see how he could block me, and if I had to let him in for a share it would be better than trying to fight his money and influence with my shoe string."

"I'm afraid of the old man," the judge said. "He's deep and he's shrewd and, as you say, he's powerful."

"Powerful enough to make it pretty clear sailing if he were interested and in with us."

"That's true. Go ahead, Grant. It's your hand—you'll have to play it as the cards look to you."

Grant hesitated. He shared the judge's fear of the banker, and he knew that there were many devious ways familiar to Hatton by which the devil might be whipped around a stump. Little as he liked it, he decided that the sword of those mortgages would have to hang above him for a while. He went to the city. After much difficulty he gained the outer office of a subordinate official of the Western Power and Light Company and introduced himself and his project.

Three days were taken up, mostly with long and trying waits to meet brief and unsatisfactory appointments with this man. In the interims he thought a hundred times of telephoning to Harriet Ashe. But he refrained. He told himself she was probably busy, but the truth was that he dreaded adding to his immediate load the discovery that she had left him behind—forgotten him—or would think his pitiful efforts funny.

On the third afternoon the power company official said:

"I think I have the whole proposition clearly, Buckley. The only thing I can do is to make a report on it. But I don't encourage you to hope for much."

"You understand that I have to have quick action, Mr. Leeds."

"That's one of the reasons why I don't promise you very much success," Leeds said grimly.

"You're afraid of a gold brick?"

"Not at all. We have methods for avoiding the purchase of gold bricks, my young friend. But apparently you are trying to find a catspaw for your own chestnuts. We are not philanthropists here."

"If you'll give me an engineer I'm so sure of the plan that I would be glad to pay all his expenses for a trip up to the valley."

"It isn't a question of expense for a reconnaissance, Buckley. Leave the matter with me—I will see what the vice presidents think."

Evidently they didn't think very favorably, if at all, for the days dragged, once Grant was at home again, and the day for payment of his loan came nearer, and nothing happened. On the first he went to old Samuel Hatton.

"Yes," the banker said precisely, when Grant had roughly outlined his plan, "I happen to know all about it, Buckley. You should have come to me earlier. I would have saved you the waste of all this time and money."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"That's one of your troubles, Buckley—you don't understand a lot of things. The banking business, for example. This institution has almost eighty thousand dollars tied up in your ranch. As the personal representative of the stockholders it is my duty to protect our money. We do not want your property—we want our loans repaid, in full, with interest. Therefore I have found it necessary to take certain steps."

"What steps?"

Grant tried to appear cool and unconcerned, but his heart was in his throat.

"In following up this lunatic venture of yours I discovered that you had approached the owners of the Glory View ground. You have an option on that property, I believe?"

"Yes, I have. And it is a good, tight, secure option."

"No doubt of that at all. But you had to be taught to keep to your own line and inside your limitations, my son. Get back to the ranch and see what you can do to save the pieces. Turn this project of yours over to me and I will try to get you out without too heavy a loss. In the meantime, if you do what I say and let me handle your affairs, I will take care of your notes for a time and give you one more chance. Refuse and I will close in and smash you—flat."

The old man did not raise his voice or accent a word of his ultimatum. The cold, measured tone was like a death sentence. Grant swallowed hard.

"Suppose I tell you to go to blazes, Mr. Hatton?" he asked.

"You won't—unless you are more of a fool than I take you to be. Because, my boy, that Glory View ground patent isn't worth the paper it is written on, and I have already had the attorneys for the bank file a contest on it. Inside of six months I will own that property, and where will your option be then?"

Grant rose. He did not think Hatton was bluffing, but he did think that his facts were awry. In any event he was not to be blackmailed or coerced.

"Mr. Hatton," he said slowly, "I came here to offer you a share in this project because I need help. But I don't need it badly enough to take it from a man of your caliber, even if you offered it. You have started a fight—and you're going to get a good one. I don't expect quarter from you, and you can stake your last red cent that I won't give any to you from now on. Go as far as you like—but watch your step!"

He realized as he went down the street towards Judge Galt's office that his last speech had been melodramatic and young, but he was frightened and he was mad, and he hadn't taken time to care what he said. However, as far as he could, he would make good on his threats.

He told Judge Galt what Hatton had said about the Glory View ground, made him out a check for a hundred dollars and asked him to take the next train for the San Francisco Federal Land Office and start an investigation.

If more money was needed he would raise it somehow. Judge Galt was to cooperate with the attorney for the old lady who owned the mining ground—he was to go the whole way.

The storm clouds hung low and the sun went out for Grant when he was at home again that afternoon, however. At the moment he would have sold himself and his entire ranch and his rainbow project dirt cheap, and to the first bidder. There was no news from the Western Power and Light Company until Wednesday, when Leeds' secretary wired that for the present the company would not take up the Limekiln Creek project. In the afternoon mail came a letter from Maxwell & Roth offering seven thousand dollars in cash for the timber rights on the Henry Norton land.

Grant's heart leaped. This money would temporarily save the day. But he must protect his watershed, if the power proposition was to be put through. He wired the lumber concern that he would accept if they would leave enough trees to cover the hills. Their answer was laconic:

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Grant had a hard night. It was the power scheme against temporary relief. That was what the situation boiled itself down to, and there was no dodging the issue. In the morning he dressed for the

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city, rode down to Riverbank, stabled the black and sent this wire:

Thanks. Norton ground not on the market on your terms. GRANT BUCKLEY.

Then he took the stage for the railroad and that night was in San Francisco. He found Judge Galt. The old lawyer was still in the preliminary stages of his investigation of the Glory View company title and had no news.

"What did you come down for, Grant?" the judge asked.

"I'm going to find someone who has the inside track to the higher-ups of the Western Power and Light outfit. It's now or never—I have a week and no more."

"More power to you!" Judge Galt said.

The strain of Grant's scheme was beginning to tell on the old man, and he was looking fagged and worried. Grant's heart smote him, but it was only for a few days more; then everything would be over one way or the other.

His search was fruitless. Several people he knew had devious roads of approach to suggest, but no one could promise him a personal introduction or suggest an open sesame. On the third day Grant accepted a lunch engagement with Roger Brown under protest. Good old loyal plodding Roger was the last man who could help him, but had insisted on the appointment and Grant was going through with it. They talked about casual topics.

"You're looking seedier than you were, Ulys," Brown said presently.

"Worrying," Grant confessed.

"But I thought since the deluge that you had put the ranch on its hind legs again."

"I have. It's something bigger than the ranch." And he outlined it rather wearily. "If I could get to the head of Western Power and Light ——"

"Well, you know how to do that, don't you?" inquired this amazing stock-and-bond-house clerk.

"I'd give one hundred dollars of my last hundred and six to find out!"

"I don't want your small change, Ulys. All you have to do is to see Harriet Ashe."

"Quit your kidding!"

"I'm not kidding, you poor dumb-bell! Don't you know that Harriet's uncle, George Forcyth, is the whole works in Western?"

"Come out of it, Brownie! Forcyth is a lawyer."

"Correct! He is A. T. Bright's lawyer, and Bright doesn't turn over in bed without asking Forcyth's advice."

"You mean the president of Western Power and Light?"

"I mean President A. T. Bright, of Western ——"

"Excuse me a minute!" Grant cried, and made a plunge for a telephone booth.

The office of George K. Forcyth was noncommittal. Who was this, please? Buckley? Did he have an appointment with Mr. Forcyth? No? Well, Mr. Forcyth was out of town. . . . Couldn't say. Didn't know. . . . Couldn't answer that either. . . . Don't mention it.

Grant called Harriet Ashe's home. Miss Ashe was out of the city. She had gone on a motor trip with her uncle. . . . Well, that was a question. . . . Probably not for several days. . . . Yes, she was somewhere in the Sierra Nevada country above Colfax. . . . Certainly not—quite welcome, I'm sure.

Grant hung up the telephone and looked at his watch. If he were lucky—and fast—he could make the 1:10 Overland. He forgot Roger Brown, lunch, afternoon engagements—everything. He made a running broad jump into a taxicab and connected with the ferry for the Overland by seconds. At midnight he was in Sorrel, which was the point of entry for the valley, forty miles away, and trying to engage a machine that would take him there before morning. There was none to be had. Roger combed the town, and at three o'clock awakened a surly liveryman and hired a saddle horse. He was in Riverbank at a little past eight.

"City people looking for you yesterday, Buckley," Moss Garrett, the liveryman said, when he went for his horse.

Grant felt chills race up and down his back.

"Are they gone now?" he asked.

"Dunno. I told 'em you wouldn't be back from the city for a day or so. Must have changed your plans, didn't you?"

"A little. Did they go up to the ranch, do you know?"

"Don't think so. Thought they'd find you in San Francisco."

"Good night!"

Grant felt let down—tricked by an unusually malicious fate. The only thing he could do was to telegraph to Forcyth's office and to Harriet—and wait. But he had so little time to wait—three days at most.

He rode homeward weary, depressed, almost despondent. It was beginning to be cold already, and the leaves were all gone and the fields bare. His alfalfa was about the only green on the south side, and it was seared in spots. His spirits touched bottom. Within a week he would be out looking for a job, with everything gone and his debts to Billy Edmonton and Lars Johansen his burden. He had come to love the ranch and his great scheme—he felt that he deserved to win something out of the wreckage. But even now he did not feel sorry for himself. He was determined to start over as soon as he could; obstacles could be overcome if one had the grit, and they could be avoided if one had the experience.

He was beginning to acquire both. Some day ——

As he turned from the coulee road into the home lane someone called. He looked up—blinked.

Harriet Ashe was standing in the old Buckley gate, framed in Virginia creeper, on which there still hung some flaming autumn leaves.

"Oh, there you are!" she cried. "I was afraid we'd missed you altogether."

Grant's hands shook as he pulled up the pony and slid to the ground.

"I thought you had gone back to the city," he said stupidly.

"Going this afternoon. Grant, how you've changed! How well you're looking—and grown up! And what a big ranch! And your great scheme—well, I am just beginning to believe it was all you!"

"My scheme? How did you hear ——"

"Laws, honey, we know all about you! Uncle George is up above somewhere now with two engineers, looking at your what-do-you-call-it—dam gate or hell site or some awful thing!"

"The dam site in Lower Hellgate, maybe!" Grant laughed. "But how you heard about it—how your uncle knew ——"

"Boy, I'm so tired of hearing about you that I never want your name mentioned in my presence again! We spent last night with Uncle George's Swedish superman, Lars Johansen. They talked of nothing but you all night. Johansen claims to have discovered you, or something. He had Uncle George down at Riverbank sending twenty-thousand-word night letters about some government land case that your local magnate, Mr. Patton, is making trouble over ——"

"Hatton?"

"That's the name, I guess. Uncle George says that is all buncombe! And I suppose you got the telephone message about some timber on one of your ranches. No? Well, there's one there in your metropolis—and I guess that's all. Are you glad to see me, Grant?"

He turned away for a moment, because he thought his eyes were going to fill. They didn't, but it was a close shave.

"Harriet, give me a second to catch my breath!" he cried. "It's going to take me the rest of the day to tell you how glad I am, but right now the right words won't come. Take a good look at me and guess, for now, will you?"

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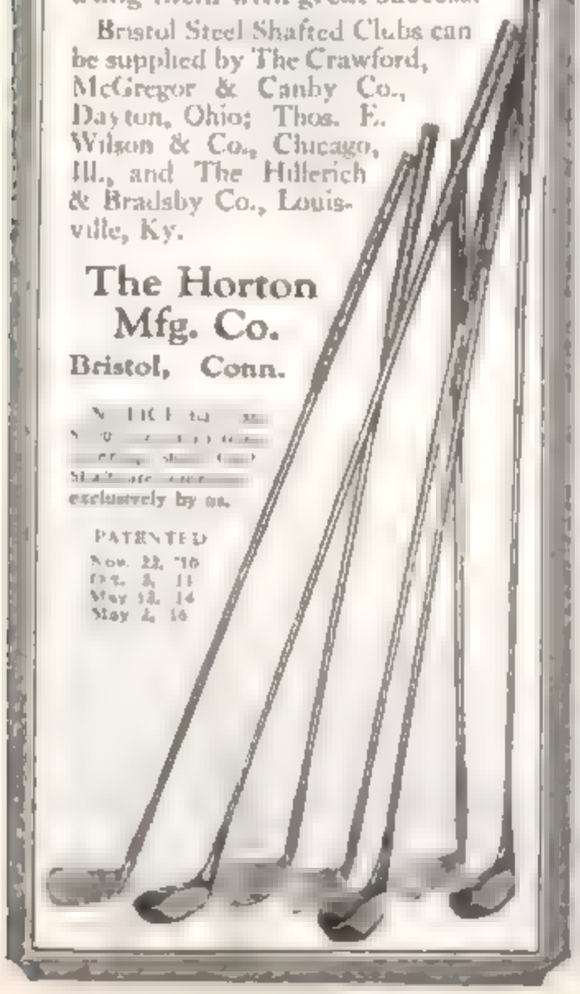

CANADA BARS THE GATES

(Continued from Page 11)

selecting of immigrants on the other side. Canada, like every other country in the world, has the right to say who shall and who shall not become permanent residents in her midst. If there should be countries in Europe who took the attitude that Canada had no right to station immigration officers within their boundaries to pass on emigrants Canada would probably feel great regret. She would also be forced to refuse admission to all immigrants from those countries, owing to the fact that their passports would lack the visé of a Canadian immigration officer. Nothing, it would seem, could be fairer than that.

The Canadian law, of course, causes many hardships to people already in Canada who wish to bring relatives into the country, as well as to many would-be immigrants who find that they cannot be admitted. The Canadian immigration authorities cheerfully admit that this is so. They also say that no country can impose any restrictive regulations of any sort on immigration without causing many hardships to many people; and they take the reasonable attitude that immigration is such a serious matter that its regulation must be pressed to a point which necessitates severe hardships.

The Canadians face their immigration problem much more honestly and courageously than does the United States. The United States knows that people from certain sections of Europe make poor citizens and are bad for the country; but this fact is seldom faced frankly, and no steps are taken to bar these people. Canada, knowing the same thing, admits it frankly. The Canadian immigration people will freely tell anyone who is interested in knowing, that Canada wants only certain classes of people from certain countries.

The Weakness of Percentage Laws

Canada has three brief reasons why a percentage law is worthless to meet their immigration requirements, and those reasons are sufficient to show why the United States should abandon any percentage scheme in writing a permanent restrictive law. The reasons are these:

A percentage law recognizes that drastic steps must be taken to curtail immigration because of its offensive nature; yet in order to offend nobody it lets in the bad and the good alike on a percentage basis; therefore it is a false and unsound remedy;

A percentage law is based on the nationality of the immigrant instead of on the race, whereas the immigrant's undesirability depends more largely on his race than on his nationality; therefore percentage law is unfair;

By letting in the bad with the good, and by shutting out the good ones that ought to be taken in order to shut out a percentage of the bad, a percentage law constantly increases a country's immigration problems; therefore a percentage law solves no problem.

There are a great many more excellent reasons why a percentage law doesn't restrict immigration as it should be restricted, but those three are sufficient for Canada.

Canada's refusal to consider a percentage law has resulted in the Canadian border being the only American frontier on which the United States is protected from undesirables. They are being smuggled across the Mexican border every day; they are boot-legged across from Cuba in increasing numbers; they come through Ellis Island by the thousand as a result of the Three Per Cent Law; but Canada gives us protection on the north.

Good as are the Canadian laws by comparison with the American laws, both countries are lamentably weak in their medical examination of immigrants. The Canadian immigration people moan pitifully that their doctors cannot properly examine incoming immigrants unless they can talk to the immigrants in their own language. The answer, say the Canadians, is to utilize doctors who can examine immigrants in their own language. That, however, isn't the answer.

The medical inspection of incoming immigrants is about as bad in the United States. The United States law expressly prohibits the entrance of aliens who are mentally defective. Yet, even under the Three Per Cent Law, many immigrants who are idiots, feeble-minded and morons—the latter class being, it should be remembered, persons whose mental age will never be greater than eleven years, even though they live to be older than Methuselah—are admitted to this country and allowed to run loose in it, free to beget descendants. The whole medical inspection of immigrants stands urgently in need of reorganization and standardization. Even the laws that have been passed are of little use unless the immigration problem is regarded as sufficiently serious to require businesslike methods.

The task of determining the mental fitness of immigrants goes back to the army mental tests which were carried out on 1,700,000 officers and men of the United States Army. These army tests, which were carried on for the purpose of segregating the mentally incompetent, classifying men according to their mental capacity and selecting competent men for responsible positions, rated men according to their mental age and divided them into groups. At the top of the list was the A group—men whose mental age was eighteen years or over. At the bottom were the D and the D-minus groups. Those in the D group had a mental age of nine to eleven years and were rated "inferior"; while those in the D-minus group had a mental age of seven to nine years and were rated "very inferior." The D and D-minus men were of such low intelligence that they rated lower than the common laborer. Their work needed constant supervision. The army regarded them as poor soldier material, and put them into labor battalions. In these tests 360,000 men of foreign birth were examined.

These men of foreign birth in the United States Army, being young and physically fit, were better than the great body of immigrants from their respective countries. But taking them as average representatives, these army tests show scientifically and conclusively that the bulk of the immigrants to the United States since 1880 has been in the D or D-minus class—mentally deficient and wholly unfit to exercise their judgment in voting, and thoroughly undesirable as a part of our population or as the progenitors of future citizens of the United States. There is no escape from these conclusions. They are based on exact information; and statements to the contrary are based on sentimentality or worse. The figures of these army tests are open to all, and may be found in any large public library or purchased in any book store under the title Army Mental Tests, by Yoakum and Yerkes.

The Facts Misrepresented

The claim is frequently made that attempts to stop any further entry into this country of the poor immigration which has obtained in recent years are unjustified attempts to stir up racial antagonisms. They are nothing of the sort. They are attempts to prevent this country from being utterly overwhelmed and wrecked by a concentration in it of the dregs of Europe; and the only way to prevent such a thing is to state the facts. Many men of standing in the community continue to fight the facts, which this country is slow to believe because of the false and mawkish doctrines which sloppy sentimentalists have spooned out to the people in the past. A minister declared recently in an address that "this country does not belong to the people of America, but to the people of all the world." Why should this be so, unless it is also true that the piece of land which a farmer wrenches from the wilderness belongs to any tramp who may happen upon it, and unless it is true that a man's wife is also the wife of every man in town? A large manufacturer declared in a recent address that "we are not getting the riffraff of Europe by immigration. The weak stay at home and only the lion-hearted come to our shores." As a matter of fact, every American consul in Europe, before whom every European immigrant must pass, states specifically and unequivocally that we are getting the riffraff, the incompetent and the parasites of Europe by immigration. Their testimony to that effect may be found in the printed hearings of the Senate Immigration Committee for 1921, Part I, page 10 and following. This testimony was secured from the State Department by the Hon. Albert Johnson, of Washington,

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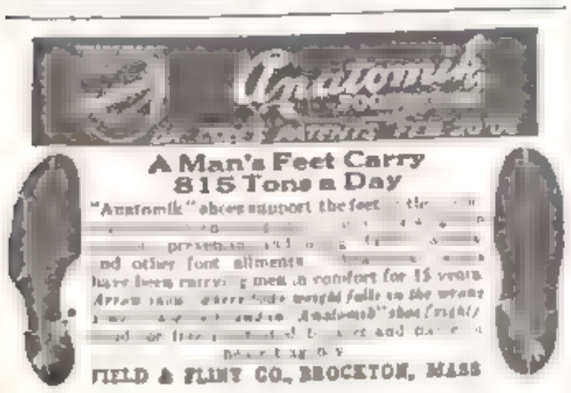

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chairman of the House Immigration Committee, and presented by him before the Senate Committee. Mr. Louis Marshall, a distinguished New York lawyer, appeared before the Senate Immigration Committee on January 4, 1921, and made an impassioned plea for unrestricted immigration. He spoke with extreme fervor of the fact that most of the American people were descended from immigrants. He was interrupted in the following way:

SENATOR STERLING: Mr. Marshall, you recognize the difference, do you not, between that earlier immigration of which you spoke a while ago and the later immigration, and the difference in the countries from which that immigration comes?

MR. MARSHALL: I do not. I do not, sir. The same things that are said about this immigration, this later immigration, were said about that earlier immigration.

SENATOR STERLING: Do you think those of the later immigration are as readily assimilable as those of the earlier immigration coming from Northern Europe, the Scandinavian countries, Germany and Great Britain?

MR. MARSHALL: I do. I think the only reason why they have not assimilated more readily has been the fact that our country has never performed its duty toward the immigrant. . . .

This is the place to refer back to the army mental tests. And again it must be stated that these findings are not based on prejudice, guesswork or sentimentality, but on scientific facts.

If Mr. Marshall and those who think with him cannot recognize the difference between the old and the new immigration, science can.

The proper method of determining an immigrant's mental fitness is by having the same mental tests applied to the immigrant that were applied in the army mental tests. "Great will be our good fortune," declared Majors Yoakum and Yerkes in the introduction to their account of the army mental tests, "if the lesson in human engineering which the war has taught is carried over directly and effectively into our civil institutions and activities." And great will be this country's and Canada's misfortune if they do not substitute human engineering for guesswork in saving their people from deterioration.

Doctor Sweeney's Findings

The manner of applying the army tests to immigrants has been investigated and ably explained by Dr. Arthur Sweeney, of St. Paul, in a pamphlet entitled Mental Tests for Immigrants, reprinted from the May, 1922, issue of the North American Review. Says Doctor Sweeney:

The psychological tests, which in the army developed heterogeneous millions of men of all grades of intelligence, education and social qualities into the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen, have furnished us with the necessary yardstick to measure the desirability of the immigrant. The same tests will reveal to us, with relative precision, those hidden qualities which will demonstrate the fitness of the intending immigrant for citizenship in this country, and will exclude those who are unfit. The army tests rated men according to their mental age, and classified them into groups. The educational and industrial capacity of these groups was determined, and they were assigned to positions according to their ability. The performance of these men during their months of service in their various duties corresponded very nearly to their psychological ratings, and confirmed the accuracy and value of the tests. The tests revealed the intellectual endowment of the men, and also, to a large degree, determined the [illegible] qualities of a soldier such as [illegible] reliability, adaptability and [illegible]

The tests are equally applicable to immigrants. It is feasible to determine the value of the immigrant by his intelligence, for all other faculties and qualities hinge upon this. If he does not possess a certain minimum of mentality, it is safe to predict that he will not be adaptable to the conditions of his new environment, and will not possess those qualities which are essential to good citizenship. If he cannot comprehend, by reason of his mental limitations, the obligations and duties which citizenship imposes, he cannot be other than a burden upon society. Fitness for citizenship is determined best by ability to comprehend its meaning, as well as the advantages that come from it. The examination of immigrants at the port of embarkation is feasible, inexpensive and simple, and will give results much more accurate than any other method. It is practical to examine groups of two or three hundred at one sitting, in less than one hour. All that is required is a staff of two or three trained psychologists at each port at which large numbers embark. The fact that the immigrants are illiterate or unable to understand the English language is not an obstacle, as the form of test known as "Beta" is designed to meet such conditions, and requires neither education nor knowledge of language for its comprehension. It is entirely objective. In this test the immigrant is asked to supply the missing parts of pictures, to trace his way through mazes, to count cubes variously arranged, and other simple tests that do not require verbal directions, but call only for observation. This is not easier than the "Alpha" test for those who can read and write, and gives results of equal value.

Judge Box Frees His Mind

The House seems willing to adopt any restrictive law that is framed by the House Immigration Committee. The House Immigration Committee numbers among its members able men, who have heard and digested tons of testimony concerning the evils of immigration, and whose defeat would be a feather in the caps of those who hope to see the immigration bars let down—men like Albert Johnson, Republican, of Washington, chairman of the committee; John C. Kleczka, Republican, of Wisconsin; William N. Vaile, Republican, of Colorado; John L. Cable, Republican, of Ohio; Judge John E. Raker, Democrat, of California; Judge Riley J. Wilson, Democrat, of Louisiana; Judge John C. Box, Democrat, of Texas. The House Immigration Committee works very hard. It holds frequent hearings and it frames restrictive bill after restrictive bill. It is thoroughly convinced that America is getting a bad lot of immigrants and that something drastic ought to be done about it. Party lines are almost abolished in the committee, and practically all the Democrats and the Republicans think alike on immigration. Yet the committee gets nowhere with a permanent law based on the needs of the country. At the end of months it throws up its hands and goes back to the old Three Per Cent Law.

Not only does it go back to the old percentage law but it fails to improve the old law by a few simple amendments which the Commissioner General of Immigration urges upon it as being absolutely necessary.

Judge John C. Box, of Texas, early in 1922, cried an ear-piercing cry against the futile wiffle-waffllings of his own committee. "After another year of failure to prepare a satisfactory law, or one which they are willing to have enforced uniformly," declared Judge Box with justified petulance, "this committee"—the Immigration Committee—"and this Congress are unable to even amend the act"—the Three Per Cent Act—"which the Congress has itself denounced and refused to have regularly enforced. We propose to continue for another twelve months the law which the majority have denounced as such a bungle that it should not, or cannot, be regularly enforced.

"Why this distressing legislative inefficiency?" continues the judge pointedly. "It is not because the friends of restrictive legislation do not control the committee or Congress. . . . In restrictive legislation they have the uniform support of an overwhelming majority of the minority party. They can shape and pass legislation according to their will. Are they without ability to know what they want to do?"

Senator Harrison's Good Work

Judge Box, from the viewpoint of most onlookers, has hit the nail on the head. The House Immigration Committee has worked hard at digging out information and has enough of it to know what it ought to do; but for some reason it doesn't seem to know what it wants to do.

It knows that it ought to pass a law that will admit to America only the immigrants that America needs. It is willing to restrict immigration, but it wants to do its restricting on a basis that won't hurt anyone's feelings, which is an impossibility as well as a false basis on which to proceed. The thing to worry about is not the feelings of several alien groups, but the future of the American people.

The only really useful activity of a well-informed committee comes when the committee sits down and does its own thinking. There would be some highly valuable action on the part of the House Immigration Committee if it were to appoint a small subcommittee, give the subcommittee $5000 for clerical hire, hand it all the data in its possession, and say trustingly: "Here's all the evidence and a year's experience. Now go to it and give us a

Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important precaution!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious thing you may be troubled with and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has brought the smoker pleasure. Again, halitosis may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

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decent law." The House Immigration Committee complains that there are so many angles to the situation that it is almost impossible to work out a satisfactory law in a short time. But Canada did it in a very short time. And the committee knows, and everyone else knows, that if all the immigration data in the committee's possession were turned over to energetic, common-sense, businesslike executives like Gen. Charles G. Dawes or Herbert Hoover, either of those men could turn out an air-tight, copper-riveted, A1, ring-tailed-snorting immigration law in two weeks' time; and it would be a law that would work with complete satisfaction, so far as this country is concerned, until Mars collides with the earth and pushes Boston Harbor into the middle of the Sahara Desert.

The chairman of the Senate Committee, Senator LeBaron B. Colt, of Rhode Island, is not, to put it mildly, an ardent restrictionist; and under his guiding hand the Senate Immigration Committee does nothing whatever toward getting a permanent immigration law. As Senator Harrison, a Democratic member of the committee, complained on the floor of the Senate on April 15, 1922, it had met only once in months and months.

On April 15, 1922, Senator Colt reported to the Senate a joint resolution extending the Three Per Cent Act for two years. "This extension . . . for two years," said Senator Colt, "it is believed, will give time to frame a bill covering constructive legislation along two lines—along the line of selection at the source, and along the line of distribution upon arrival in this country."

That was what the Senate Committee thought in 1921. A year, it thought, would be enough time in which to frame a permanent law. Unfortunately, it held no meetings during the year; and as is well known, a committee can't frame a permanent law without getting together and framing a permanent law.

Proceeding on the same system, the Senate Committee will get just as far in the next two years as it got in the past year; and that is nowhere. There can be only one ultimate result of such senatorial stalling and inaction: The Three Per Cent Law is fundamentally unsound and unscientific; and if it is kept in operation for a sufficient length of time, constantly weakened by exceptions based on personal appeals, it will lapse and the country will have no restrictive law at all.

Mr. W. W. Husband, the Commissioner General of Immigration, had asked for several amendments to the Three Per Cent Law in order to make it a more workable law. Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, aided by Senator Lodge, and Senator Swanson, of Virginia, fought for and got the two amendments—one fining steamship companies for bringing in more aliens than the law allows, and one requiring aliens to reside continuously in adjoining countries for at least five years before they can cross the border and walk into the United States without restrictions.

It was Harrison who fought the percentage down from five per cent to three per cent when the percentage law was being considered on the floor of the Senate in 1921. If it hadn't been for Harrison this country would now probably be operating on a five per cent law, which would be nearly twice as bad as a three per cent law—and the Three Per Cent Law is bad enough by comparison with what it ought to be.

Senator Colt, in reporting the joint resolution to the Senate, observed portentously: "I might say with regard to immigration that the facts are so complex that it is very difficult to frame even a reasonably perfect immigration law."

Senator Harrison replied: "Mister President, there is nothing complex about this proposition . . . we must have courage in dealing with these questions. This is the fifteenth day of April. The present law does not expire until the thirtieth day of June, so you have a long time to legislate if you will get busy."

There is one other little thing that the Senate Immigration Committee needs in addition to courage and getting busy, and that is the same understanding of the results of bad immigration that has led Canada to bar her gates as a protection to her people.

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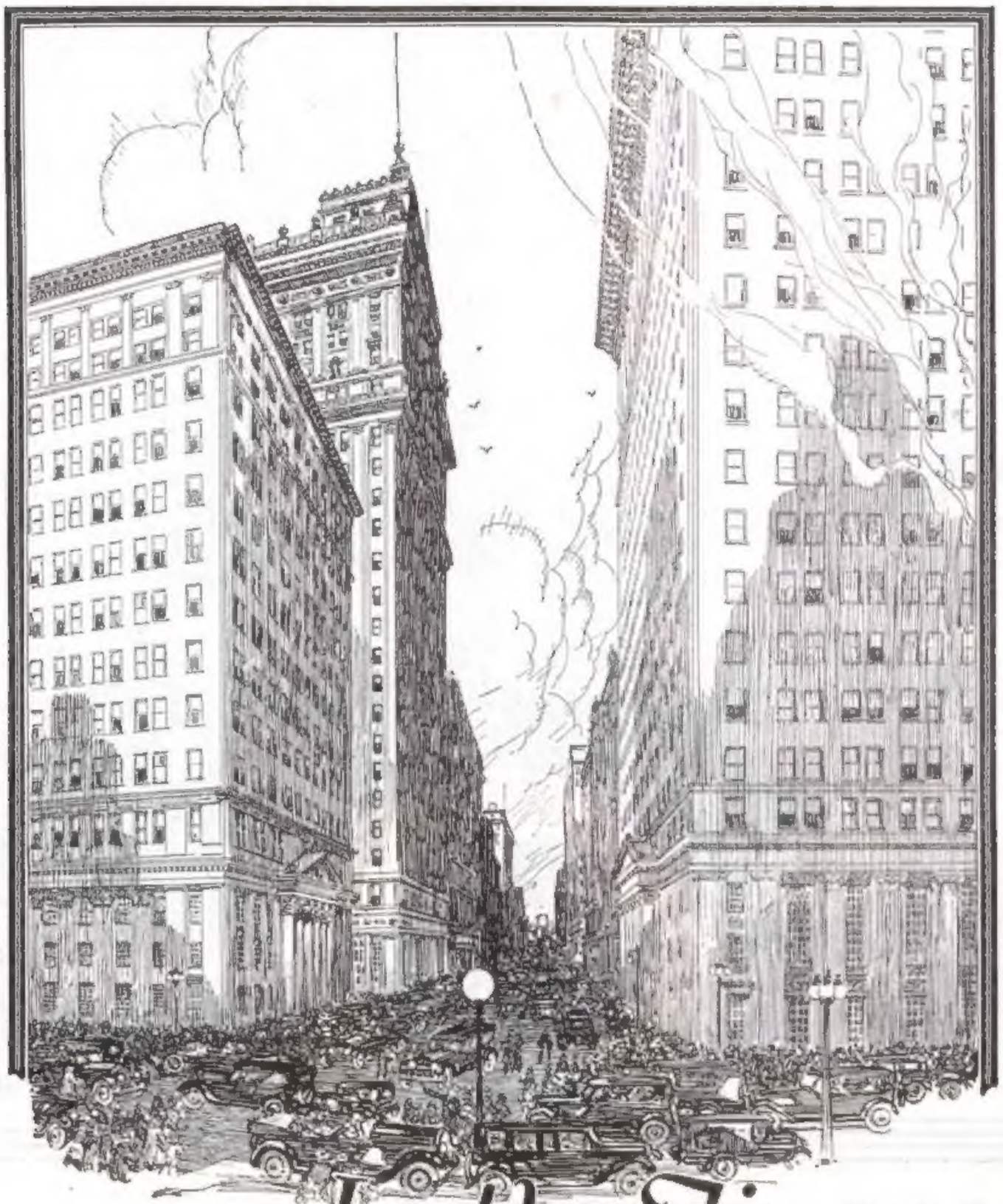

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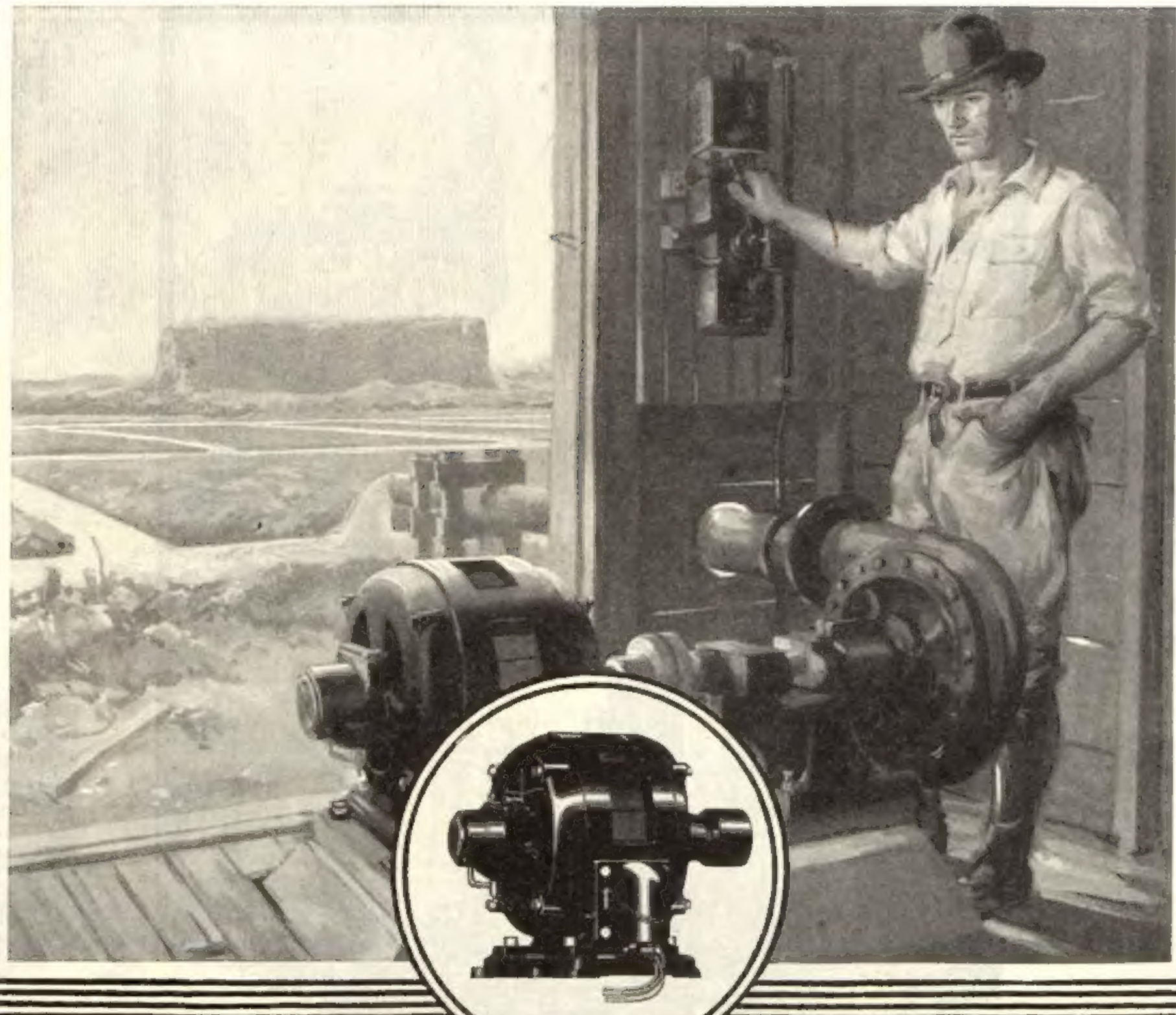

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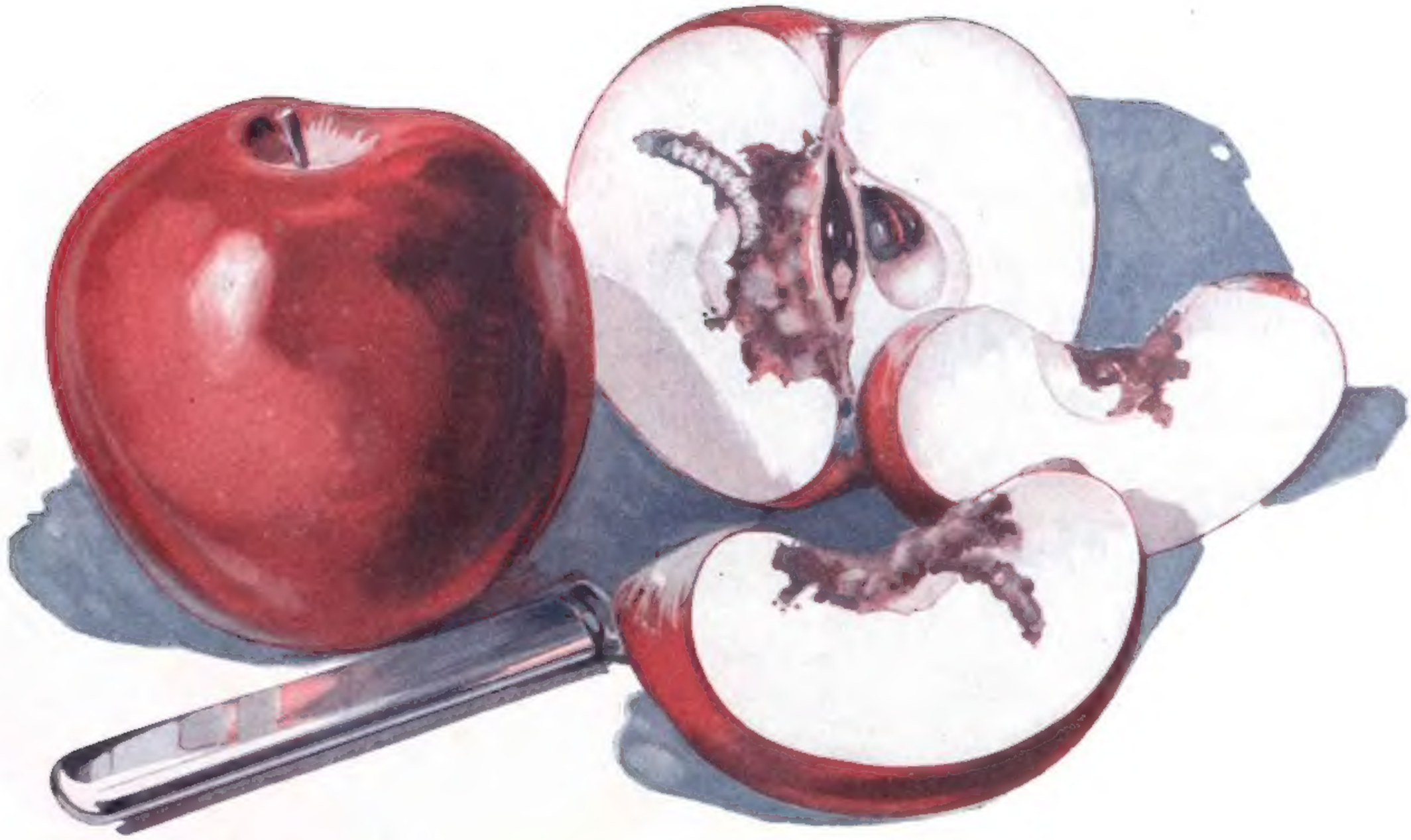

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